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LIVES
OF THE
PRINCES
OF
WALES
EDWARD OF CARNARVON.
ALBERT OF WINDSOR.

THE BOOK

OF THE

PRINCES OF WALES,

Peers to ye Crown of England.

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BY

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AUTHOR OF

"LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND OF THE HOUSE OF HANOVER,"

ETC.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

1860.

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942.0
Dor/Bo

To my Godson,

HAROLD HOLDEN WHITE.

THESE BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF

THE PRINCES OF WALES,

HEIRS-APPARENT OF ENGLAND,

Are affectionately Inscribed,—

TO HIM, THE HEIR-APPARENT OF GOOD EXAMPLE AND MANY VIRTUES,—

BY THE AUTHOR.

THE

ROLL OF THE PRINCES OF WALES.

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BOOK I.

PRINCES OF WALES

OF THE

HOUSE OF PLANTAGENET.

CHAPTER I.

WALES AND ENGLAND.

When the triumph of the Saxon invaders of Britain was consolidated by the death of the great Cadwallader, ex-British king, and monkish recluse at Rome, a prophecy went forth among the people of the land that they would never again recover their freedom until the bones of the "benign monarch" were restored to the soil over which he once reigned.

Awaiting this event, tribe after tribe, and people after people sunk in slavery to the Saxon. Cymru alone, that district which the invaders contemptuously named Wales —indicative of its being a strange or unknown land to them—became the fortress within whose limits there assembled the stout hearts who refused to despair of their country. A nation was there organized, the chiefs of which, occasionally styled "Kings," were more generally known as "Princes."

In the last quarter of the ninth century, the Principality, which had been hitherto governed by one sovereign lord, was divided between three brothers, in accordance with the will of their father, Roderic the Second. In carrying out this division, an agreement was made that throughout all coming time, the Prince of Gwyned, or North Wales, should enjoy a precedence of dignity and authority over his princely brothers and

c[illegible]s who ruled in South Wales, and over the turbulent but brave tribes settled in Powis land.

This division did not tend to strengthen the government of Wales. Within little more than half a century, the princes paid tribute of money to Athelstan, the English sovereign; and subsequently they furnished tribute of wolves to Edgar, monarch of England. The rod of the Saxon stranger was hard to bear, but the finger of the Norman weighed heavier still on the loins of the Welshmen; and in the fact that, about the open[illegible]g of the twelfth century, Griffith ap Conan rendered homage to William the Conqueror, for all Wales, we recognise a progress of humiliation hitherto unattained.

Further progress in a similar direction had yet, however, to be made. The Princes of Wales were not remarkable for peace or fair dealing amongst themselves. They did not respect each other's landmarks, and in mutual negotiations they disregarded truth to an extent which has never been equalled in a Christian country—till recently, perhaps, by Governments on the continent of Europe. Amid the anarchy which prevailed, one voice was ultimately heard, and one authority acknowledged, in the person of Llewellyn III., whose claim to be sovereign ruler was not in itself clearly legitimate, but was rendered indisputable by the sanction of the people. The accession of Llewellyn dates from 1246.

It was the not unreasonable custom of the English kings to take advantage of the anarchy which distracted the Welsh, in order to punish them for their arrogance towards, and their aggressions against, England. In the bloody encounters which ensued, the sons of the

episcopal heads of the Church assembled in Convocation at the Temple, begging to be excused, on the ground that "the place was not safe, and indifferent for him to appear at." His request was not granted; and then he explained, with a touch of humour in the explanation, that he was willing to repair to Westminster, if, meanwhile, his old neighbour the chancellor would betake himself to Snowdon, to remain as a hostage there for Llewellyn's safe return!

What could not be effected by the threats of an angry chancellor, or the official cajolery of a king, was accomplished by, or for the sake of, a beauty in distress. Llewellyn was true knight to his love, if false to his liege.

During the period of his connexion with the seditious or patriotic Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, he had been promised the hand of that earl's daughter, Eleanor. What opportunities the Prince had possessed of seeing the young lady, I know not, but the story descends to us with the assurance of his deep attachment to the daughter of that doughty noble. When the fortunes of De Montfort had suffered irretrievable shipwreck, Eleanor had accompanied her mother to Montargis, a royally endowed nunnery in France. At a period when peace seemed likely to be a guest for a season at the hearth of the Prince, he had besought Lady Leicester to grant him the hand of his betrothed bride. The widow of Simon thought the match no ill one for the daughter of a dishonoured lord, and forthwith despatched her to Wales, to preside over the household of Llewellyn. But it was precisely at this time that feud arose between that Prince and the King of England. Some sharp-witted Bristolians, probably anxious to

obtain the favour of Edward, watched for the coming of the bride by sea, and ungallantly captured her off the Scilly Isles. The rich prize was borne in triumph to the King, who treated Eleanor with a gallant courtesy worthy of the principles of chivalry which he was supposed to assume for his guide; but candied as were his phrases, he would not let her go; and in her gilded cage she was hung out, as it were, a lure or a menace to the perplexed lover over the Welsh Marches.

In presence of such a fact Llewellyn yielded. He consented to the hardest terms, agreed to pay an oppressive tribute, to render personal homage to Edward annually, to be—and each successive heir after him—the mere *locum tenens*, the steward and deputy of the King of England, in Wales. Many other hard clauses were there in the treaty, which seems ill-called by the name of "agreement;" but Llewellyn accepted them all, because of his great love for Eleanor de Montfort.

His actual presence in London, to render homage and confess himself subject to a master, was proof enough of the lowliness to which his pride had descended, and the height reached by his affection. I hope the Londoners respected this eager and faithful lover. They certainly did *not* the country gentlemen, rather savage and unfashionable barons, who came hither in his train. Some suspicion seems to have been entertained of these wild and proud followers, for they were located at Islington—a remote and perilous district at that time, with little about it to remind them of their distant home, save the hill to the north, the thieves in Hornsey Wood, and the pastures covered by cows yielding a milk for which Islington was long famous.

The cows, however, could not yield sufficient to satisfy the appetites of the thirsty retainers of Llewellyn; and at the ale supplied to them they turned up their noses in scorn, mindful as they were of the more soft and sparkling beverage of their own happier country. Of mead there was not a drop, a melancholy fact which must have passed for a proof of barbarism, in the minds of men at the court of whose Prince the Maker of Mead took precedence of the Physician. The wine of London was no compensation to them for the lack of mead; and the English bread sat uneasily on their proud stomachs. This is the more singular, as in those days the making and baking of bread formed a process strictly watched and artistically accomplished. Carte, the historian, quotes from the Mostyn manuscripts concerning the excitement caused by these Snowdon barons and their serfs. The Cockneys ridiculed the outlandish strangers as they passed through the streets and highways; while the angry, queer-spoken, and quaintly-dressed Welshmen vented inexplicable epithets of wrath in return. To this account other writers add that the wild Cymri replied to the rude people who took them for savages, in fierce but tuneful choruses, implying that when they again visited Islington it would only be in the character of conquerors.

Their lord, it may be presumed, kept better guard upon his temper; and he wore the air of as good a gentleman as any at court when, on an autumn morning of 1278, he entered Worcester Cathedral, there to espouse the lady whom he had long sought, and for whose dear sake he had made such large sacrifice. Edward himself, the Queen by his side, gave away the bride. It was the

second of the eleven visits which he paid to the shrine of his favourite saint, Wulstan; under whose patronage, with Bishop Godfrey Giffard for high official, the nuptials were celebrated with solemnity and rejoicing.

The feast over, the happy couple, in modern phrase, set out for their seat in North Wales. For a very short season they had a happy time of it, and the voice of an infant princess was heard crowing to the music of the harp-strings of the bards of Llewellyn. But her birth slew her mother, and she only survived to live a nun in the Lincolnshire Abbey at Sempringham. Treason at home and oppression from abroad ultimately drove this much-vexed Prince again to the field, and this time the quarrel was fought out to final issue. The contest for the possession of Wales was long and varied in its incidents of alternate triumph and defeat. Sorely did the thought of Wales and of the cost of its conquest sit on the bosoms of the friends, relatives, and those dearer than friend or relative, of English soldiers. "Beware," says a poem, "The Libel English Policy," in Hakluyt's collection:—

> "Beware of Wales, Christ Jesu must us kepe,
> That it make not our childers childe to weepe."

Gradually, however, the gallant Prince lost the fairest portion of his inheritance, and therewith the hitherto most faithful and enduring of his friends. These for the most part made terms with the King favoured by fortune, and Llewellyn was at last brought to bay by his pursuers.

The details of the last scene in which he played a part, I subjoin as given by Caradoc of Llangarfan, in

the century following that of the Prince's death, and translated by Dr. Powel in 1584:—

"In the meantime was the Earl of Gloucester and Sir Edmund Mortimer with an army in South Wales, where were many that served the King, and there fought with the Prince's friends at Llhandillo Vawhr, and gave them an overthrow, wherein, on the King's side, young William de Valence, his cousin-german, and four knights more were slain. And all this while the Prince destroyed the country of Cardigan and all the lands of Rees ap Meredith, who served the King in all these wars. But afterwards the Prince separated himself from his army with a few, and came to Buehlt, thinking to remain there quietly for awhile; and by chance, as he came by the water Wye, there were Edmund Mortimer and John Gifford with a great number of soldiers, and either party were abashed of other. Edmund Mortimer's men were of that country, for his father was lord thereof. Then the Prince departed from his men, and went to the valley, with his squire alone, to talk with certain lords of the country who had promised to meet him there.

"Then some of his men, seeing his enemies come down from the hill, kept the bridge called the Pont Orewyn, and defended the passage manfully, till one declared to the Englishmen where a ford was, a little beneath, through the which they sent a number of their men with Elias Walwyn, who suddenly fell upon them that defended the bridge, in their backs, and put them to flight. The Prince's esquire told the Prince, as he stood secretly abiding the coming of such as promised to meet him in a little grove, that he heard a great noise and cry at the bridge; and the Prince asked

whether his men had taken the bridge, and he said, 'Yes.' 'Then,' said the Prince, 'I pass not, if all the power of England were upon the other side.' But suddenly, behold the horsemen about the grove; and as he would have escaped to his men, they pursued him so hard that one Adam Francton ran him through with a staff (?), being unarmed, and knew him not. And his men being but a few, stood and fought boldly, looking for their Prince, till the Englishmen, by force of archers, mixed with the horsemen, won the hill, and put them to flight. And as they returned, Francton went to despoil him whom he had slain; and when he saw his face he knew him very well, and stroke off his head, and sent it to the King at the Abbey of Conway, who received it with great joy, and caused it to be set upon one of the highest turrets of the Tower of London. This was the end of Llewellyn, betrayed by the men of Buehlt, who was the last Prince of Briton's blood who bore dominion and rule in Wales."

Carte, in his General History of England, speaks only of the hand being cut off, and he adds that the corpse of the Prince lay for some time unburied. The friends of Llewellyn naturally desired to deposit the remains of their unhappy master in consecrated ground. But how could such burial be granted to a rebel who, dying unrepentant, lay there unsanctified by absolution? At length one with pious fraud and convenient memory—or it would have served him sooner—affected to remember, what indeed was not unnatural, that the Prince, ere he yielded his last breath, had asked for a priest. This circumstance was reported to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the charitable prelate accepting the request of

Llewellyn as a sign of his repentance, accorded the prayed-for absolution; and with maimed body, but not with maimed rites, the last of the British princes of the blood of Cadwallader the Blessed was appropriately interred.

The prophecy is still repeated, if not believed, that the Ancient Britons will not recover their freedom till they have brought back the bones of the old King from Italy. But this is a prophecy which is not likely to disturb the peace of the wearer of the crown of England, nor of the young heir thereto who bears the old title of Llewellyn—Prince of Wales. It would be as difficult to discover the bones of Cadwallader, as it would be to select a number of pure-blooded Britons sufficient to carry anything that remains of that monarch of blessed but sorrowful memory.

CHAPTER II.

EDWARD OF CAERNARVON.

BORN 1284. DIED (KING) 1327.

THE tide of the Welsh war rapidly ebbed after the death of Llewellyn, but a huge wave would occasionally rush and shatter itself into spray against the bulwarks reared by Edward I. expressly to check and break such assailants. Before the storm had quite lulled, the King manifested his sense of security by leaving his daughters, Eleanor and Joanna, to keep their little court in some Welsh castle alone, under ordinary guard, but with such good look-out as to insure the uninterrupted conveyance of supplies.

Pennant calls Caernarvon Castle the magnificent badge of his countrymen's subjection. This palace-fortress, the very shell of which reflects honour on the names of its various architects, was commenced, by order of the King, in 1282, and was completed in about forty years. As portions were finished, they were inhabited; and, in 1284, a legend says that Edward's consort was brought there for the purpose of working out a political end which the astute King had in view.

Hitherto he had been unlucky in his sons. He had had three, but two were dead; and the infant Alphonso, surviving in the early part of 1284, was in such poor health that he too passed away before the year itself had died out. On the other hand, the Princess Royal,

Eleanor, was at this time a handsome and healthy girl, reckoning in age just a score of years. Even in the lifetime of her sickly brothers she had been designated by Edward as his successor. But the sceptre was not destined, in this instance, to go to the distaff.

The Welshmen are reported to have longed for a native prince as vicegerent of their royal conqueror. The Queen of England was, in good old English phrase, in the family-way; and when she gave birth to a prince in such room as could be prepared for such an event in Caernarvon town, if not in Caernarvon Castle,* men speedily learned why the place was selected for such an achievement. When the messenger arrived at Rhudlan Castle, where Edward was residing, on political business, and announced to him that his Queen had given birth to a boy at Caernarvon on the preceding day, the 25th of April, 1284, Edward, in his joy, made a knight of the messenger, stuffed his pouches with gold pieces, and gave him house and lands to enable him to support his new dignity becomingly. Subsequently, after reaching Caernarvon, on which city he conferred the first English charter of rights and privileges granted in Wales, he assembled there certain leaders of the Welsh people who had clamoured for a native prince. If the legend be true, they were not very acute Welshmen to be caught in the trap laid for them by the King, who, after receiving from them the expression of their willingness to submit to a prince born within the country, of blameless life and free from prejudices, proceeded to the Queen's chamber, and, taking the infant prince in his

* The "Eagle Tower," said to be the birthplace of the Prince, was not yet in existence.

arms, brought him to the Welsh chieftains, claiming their allegiance to him according to promise.

A local tradition, picked up by Prince Pückler Muskau, states that when Edward, with the infant in his arms, approached the Welshmen, "he presented to them his new-born son, exclaiming, in broken Welsh, '*Eich Dyn !*' that is, 'This is your man !'" The verbal translation is simply "Your man !" and the expression would have been exceedingly appropriate, considering the occasion. The German traveller believes that these words were subsequently corrupted into *Ich Dien,* which is more questionable, and will have to be inquired into in a subsequent chapter.

The christening of the young Prince Edward was of the very gayest. He was held at the font by Anian, Bishop of Bangor. Never had officiating prelate a more royal and liberal fee for performing such an office. The King, so to speak, heaped upon him manors and regalities, in various parts of Anglesea and Caernarvon, adding thereto the ferries of Borthnan and Cadnant, over the Menai, which contributed no little increase of revenue to the bishop. Such a christening fee (which is duly recorded in a manuscript presented to the British Museum, in 1844, by the governors of the Welsh School) had never before been presented to a prelate admitting a young prince into the Church of Christ, but the liberal example set by the jubilant and grateful Edward has never since been followed.

Speedily after this remarkable christening, the Prince was removed from Caernarvon to Conway, thence to Chester, and subsequently to London,—all by easy stages of some threescore miles in a fortnight. Of his

infancy, as far as I can learn, there are no incidents worth the telling; but as influencing his after character, it may be stated, that it was the misfortune of Prince Edward to lose his mother, Queen Eleanor, when he was in his sixth year. All the affection of his first nurse, Mary of Caernarvon, could not compensate for the loss of such a parent; but Edward, nevertheless, did not forget the care taken of him by his Welsh foster-mother. When he became King, she went to London to behold him in his capital, and Edward gave her twenty shillings—equal to 15*l.* of our present money—to defray her travelling expenses. Of other nurses who tended him in childhood, we shall find him equally mindful—and such gratitude has been a common trait among our princes. Great, too, has been the love of these foster-mothers for their princely wards; love lasting beyond the grave, and, indeed, not confined to our country, or to a Christian one. It was the nurse of Domitian who mingled his ashes with those of Julia, and the foster-mother of Alexander united *his* with those of Patroclus.

During the years 1286, 7, and 8, King Edward was absent in Aquitaine, and the record of the young Prince's life would not be worth the telling, even if it could be written. At an early period his young eyes rested on three marvellously splendid shows — namely, the marriages of his three sisters, Eleanor, Margaret, and Joanna. In 1289, he was too young to understand why his sister Mary went through the solemn ceremony of becoming a nun at Amesbury. The little nun, who had entered on her probation in the year 1284, when her grandmother, Eleanor of Provence, took

the veil, and who now assumed the religious habit, with thirteen young ladies of noble families, against the inclination of the King and Queen, experienced the quietest and happiest lot of all; but, nuns or brides, the daughters of King Edward left their sire's palace without regret, for he was a stern and violent father alike to all his children. He had scarcely seen his daughters well-matched, and the Maidens' Hall at Westminster no longer tenanted, than he occupied himself with the project of uniting Scotland to England by a marriage between his son Edward and Margaret of Norway, heiress, through her mother, to the Scottish crown. This project was defeated only by the early death of the intended bride, and the King was left to work out the acquisition of the northern kingdom by other means than family unions. Meanwhile, the little Prince kept house of his own, long before he could have understood the method of its keeping. Thus, we hear, not only of his taking a conspicuous part at his sisters' weddings, appearing in gallant array, and showering coin liberally even on court-fools accompanying the bridegrooms, but we are told of the married couples visiting their precocious brother at his separate house at Mortlake. Mrs. Everett Green, in her "Life of the Princess Joanna," quotes, from ancient authorities, the incidents of two such visits made by the Princess and her husband, the Earl of Gloucester. That they do not appear to have been formal, but that there was some frolicsomeness and becoming jollity on the occasion, will be seen from what the authoress, just named, has collected touching two visits of the newly-married couple to the Prince at Mortlake.

"The first was on Thursday, January 22nd, 1293; when she remained with him until the following Saturday; the second on the 3rd of May, when she was accompanied by her husband. On both occasions a 'decent company' of soldiers, ladies, damsels, clerks and squires attended her. They received nothing from the Prince's stable, having brought their own horses' provender with them; but their presence at his table nearly doubled his ordinary expenditure, especially in the article of wine, the usual allowance of twenty-two measures per day being increased to forty or forty-two."

If Prince Edward partook freely of what was on the board, we may the less wonder that his health occasionally suffered. His house had a hard run upon it, for thither, too, went his sister Eleanor and her husband, Henry, Duke of Bar; also his sister Margaret and her consort, John of Brabant. From whatever cause, it is on record that the Prince and Lady Margaret, his sister, were laid up with tertian fever, in 1294, from the Feast of the Annunciation till Easter-tide, when the royal patients were slowly recovering.

For the cure of these and other maladies in the household of Edward, medical practice was not alone relied upon. When the young Prince or any of his sisters were seriously indisposed, St. Edmund, St. Wulstan, or some other saint dear to the line of Plantagenet, was appealed to, and the length or weight of the patient in wax-candles was burnt out at the shrine! If the desired result followed, the royal children had their purses filled with gold pieces, which they deposited on the altars of churches, to which they were allowed to pay a visit, by way of holiday.

The saints, certainly, could not have been so barbarous to the young Prince of Wales as his own doctor was. This sage was the favourite physician of Edward's step-mother, Queen Marguerite; his name was Gaddesden. When the young Prince was attacked by small-pox, the learned doctor assailed the disease according to a fashion which long after prevailed. "I ordered the Prince," such is his own account in his Latin work, "to be enveloped in scarlet cloth, and that his bed and all the furniture of his chamber should be of a bright-red colour; which practice not only cured him, but prevented him from being marked." So satisfied was Gaddesden with the efficacy of this practice that, according to his own words, he "treated the sons of the noblest houses in England with the red system, and made good cures of all." The saints must surely have saved Prince and young gentlemen, in spite of the treatment, and they merited all the golden acknowledgments that gratitude could lay upon the altar.

An entry in King Edward's Household Book records the purchase of a "Primer" for the Prince, when the latter was sixteen years of age. We are not to conclude therefrom, that he only then began to learn to read. The "Primer" may have been a gift made by him to one of his young half-brothers. We have a proof of the care taken for the suitable education of the heir of England, in the fact of the appointment of an eminent scholar of his day to be the young Prince's tutor. This was Walter Reynaud or Reynolds, subsequently a Privy Councillor, Bishop of Worcester, Chancellor, and Archbishop of Canterbury. Lord Campbell says apologetically of his great predecessor on the Woolsack, that the

tutor of Edward "cannot be held accountable for the defective character or conduct of his royal pupil, who, though he might have been expected to have inherited great talents from both his parents, was by nature of an understanding narrow, frivolous, and incapable of cultivation or correction."

Lord Campbell's judgment of the Prince is probably more unfavourable than existing testimony would warrant, though he is undoubtedly right in his estimate of Reynolds, who was one of those able and industrious men who having risen from a very humble starting point—the shop of his father, a Windsor baker—and progressively rising to the primacy of England, both in the Law and the Church, was scornfully spoken of by great men of small minds and little industry. If the Prince neglected the teaching of Walter, he at least never ceased to respect his old tutor; and when that tutor ultimately became archbishop, Edward attended at his enthronization, in proof of the regard he had for a man whose material interests he was always ready to promote.

The King had a poor library, and a meaner wardrobe. Edward's taste was of a more splendid character with respect to the gold and jewels among which his books were deposited. On this point the Prince had an example of magnificence before him, which he was not slow to adopt, to the heavy cost of his treasury; and he was more frequently the patron of Ade, the fashionable goldsmith of the day, than he was of the copiers of manuscripts and the limners of initial letters.

It would seem that when young Edward made gifts of cups and clasps to his sisters, or of jewels at the shrines of saints in favour at court, the liberality was not so extensive as would at first sight appear: an order upon

Ade the goldsmith was all that was necessary, and, in the spirit of the old Welsh law which enacted that the sovereign should, without grumbling, pay the debts of the etheling, Edward Longshanks settled the accounts of Edward of Caernarvon.

The latter, about this time, began to show that if he had not read history, yet was he not entirely ignorant of what it taught. He appears to have especially remembered the rights and privileges of the British ethelings, heirs to the sovereignty of Wales. Among other laws regarding the princes of this rank, it was enacted that the heir-apparent should be held in the greatest honour, after the King and Queen; that at table he should have the chief guest of the day on one side of him, to awaken his interest by stories of travel, and the chief falconer on the other, to amuse him with incidents of sport. At the fire, he had a right to one corner, opposite to that occupied by the sovereign; and if a solemn judge was placed next to him to fill him with judicial wisdom, he had behind him the Chief of the Bards, whom he could call upon for a song, when weary of the process of being filled with wisdom. There were even higher privileges than these enjoyed by the Princes of Wales before the Saxon era. It was the duty of their royal father (as I have before recorded) to pay all their expenses ungrudgingly; and never to grumble at any extravagance of banquet or amount of good liquor called for by the Prince and the companions who officially attended him. The servants of his very household were not paid for out of the Prince's privy purse, but out of that of his much-suffering and dutiful sire. The horses of his stud, his *carfach* or war-charger, not excepted, were provided after the same agreeable fashion: and the

only curb, or seeming curb, placed upon the Prince himself, was to be found in the regulation laid down, to the effect that the Prince was never to make a night of it out of the palace—unless he chose to do so! While he was away, his gentleman-woodman looked to the maintaining of a good fire in his bedroom; and when his royal highness returned, the same official put on another faggot or two, and carefully closed the door, in order to keep out the thieves, the wind, and the wolves.

The most pleasant portion of these old laws, young Edward seemed to think were still in force; for he soon took to himself false friends, fell into evil ways, and quarrelled with his sire, who was roused to anger by his son's lack of obedience and his astounding extravagance.

While yet a boy, the Prince's manners were marked by some rudeness, which was afterwards cited as a proof that the Prince was not the son of King Edward. When John the Tanner, after the death of Edward Longshanks, proclaimed himself as heir to the throne—and Edward of Caernarvon as an impostor—he partly supported the latter assertion by alluding to the churl-like want of grace and culture in the so-called Prince. But if young Edward possessed neither the grace nor talent of his sire, neither was he torn by the violent temper to which his father too readily gave way. One instance of this occurred about the middle of January, 1297, at a mixed, gay, and unpleasant scene at Ipswich, where the King kept court, and the Prince's sister, Isabella (or Elizabeth), married the Earl of Holland. The scene, in some respects, was one of much joyousness; and "Maud Makejoy" earned two shillings by dancing a lively measure for the express gratification, and in presence of "the eldest son of the King," in the great

hall at Ipswich. Minstrels and fiddlers, or *vidulatores*, were remunerated at above twenty times that rate, which seems warrant of their excellence; and official services rendered to the bride were paid by costly fees.

This was the most unseemly day for a father to fall out with the bride—that bride being his daughter—but at some cause of offence not now known, the excitable Longshanks snatched the coronet from the bride's head, and "the King's Grace," as the Wardrobe Book records, "was pleased to throw it behind the fire." The loss to the coronet was a large ruby and an emerald, which the King had to supply when his wrath had subsided.

The Prince had only just entered his "teens," in that same year, 1297, when he was present at a ceremony, which should have been rich to him in lessons of wisdom, had he but known how to learn and to apply them. His father, to provide for the expenses of his wars in Wales, Scotland, and France, had almost crushed every class of his subjects beneath an unparalleled burden of taxation. When *all* were equally oppressed, there was some chance of relief for the poorer as well as for the richer classes, and the cry of the former was heard as a cry of anguish by the latter, now that it happened to be their interest to listen to it.

On a new royal order, issued in the year above named, for an increase to taxes already insupportable, and decreed in order to enable Edward to carry on a foreign war, there arose an universal outcry of indignation. The nobles, the clergy, and the people, all shamefully plundered, lost all restraint of speech at this new trial of their patient loyalty. The officers appointed to enforce the levy declined to carry out their instructions;

and Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, and Bohun, Earl of Hereford, incited the citizens to disobedience, and encouraged them in their opposition. When this opposition had assumed a menacing aspect, Edward condescended to meet his people, and, by this acknowledgment of the force of public opinion, to confess that he owed them at least the explanation of a course of conduct which they bitterly denounced. A platform was erected in front of Westminster Hall, on which appeared the King and Prince Edward, with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Earl of Warwick. The Prince appeared there, because he had recently been appointed regent or guardian of the kingdom in his father's absence—a nominal appointment which was in reality exercised by the most celebrated prelates and lawyers, who were the Lords of a Council of Regency.

While Prince Edward stood silently near his father's side, the King addressed the highly-interested multitude before him, and by crafty words, and a display of sentimental no-meaning,—by representations of the perils of the country, of the blood-thirstiness of its enemies at home and abroad, of the sacrifice which he was about to make of his own life, if necessary, and of his love for his son, the Prince, for whom he besought their allegiance, should he himself perish in the field, he so wrought upon their feelings that the honest-hearted audience, forgetting altogether the question of taxes, burst, some into shouts, and some into tears, and dispersed, commenting the while on the noble spirit of the King, and the willing duty they owed to that princely boy at his side.

With that boy Edward withdrew, silent and rejoicing;

and, taking his sympathizing people in their humour, he left an order, as he departed from London for Winchelsea, where he embarked on his foreign expedition, for an immediate levy of the newly-increased tax.

The people at once swept all sympathy for the King and affection for the Prince out of their hearts; and, finding themselves deluded, they assumed an attitude of resolute resistance. Young Edward was then sojourning at Tonbridge Castle, but he was brought up to London by the Lords of the Council in order to appease, if possible, the outraged citizens. The latter may be said to have held the young guardian of the realm in their keeping, but they confined themselves to one object, to the accomplishment of which they were manfully helped by the nobles and clergy. That object was their exemption from all taxation, save by their own consent, given by themselves or their representatives. Nothing less would satisfy them, and, despite all open opposition and subterfuge, they gained their great and good object. Prince Edward was entirely under the guidance of Chancellor Langton, to whom, at Tonbridge Castle, he had recently presented a new Great Seal, in place of that which the King had taken with him beyond the Channel.

By the Parliament presided over by Langton, it was enacted that, in future "no tax henceforth be levied or laid by us (the King) or our heirs, in this our realm without the good will and common assent of the archbishops, bishops, and other prelates, the earls, barons, knights, *burgesses, and other freemen of our realm.*" The Act, of which the very pith and marrow are contained in

those words, received the signature, at all events the official sanction of the Prince, as the representative of his absent sire; and thus it may be said that one of the most important clauses in the roll of our freedom—a clause which was as a dead letter in the *Magna Charta* of King John, and which, with quiet felony, was omitted from that of Henry III., was restored permanently to the people, by the first Prince of Wales of English blood.*

In the year 1299, there was less of law than of love-making. King Edward's marriage with Marguerite of France was then being negotiated; and that of Prince Edward, with her niece Isabelle of France, was also in course of arrangement. When the former match was solemnized in the autumn of this year, at Canterbury, that of young Edward and Isabelle was formally agreed upon, at the same time and place. For some months previously, however, the Prince had himself been made to sign documents for the securing of this marriage; and from a royal manor on the eastern side of London, he, nominally, at least, wooed his young bride—then barely five years old—by deputy.

Stepney is not now a locality in which one would expect to find a prince, or to see a bishop's palace, or the gateway of the inn of a noble. Neither is "fragrance" a term which could now be applied to this dirty and destitute district. It was otherwise in days gone by. Six hundred years ago, the King had a manor here.

* This restoration was effected, not very willingly, under the auspices of the Chancellor Langton, whose ancestor, Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, was more illustriously connected with the establishment of Magna Charta itself.

Here, too, princes were located, and prelates and nobles here resided; here, in the woods of the diocesan of London, men and maidens, centuries ago, were wont to go a-Maying, and to carry home armsful of the fragrant booty. Here, in 1299, at the age of fifteen, was Edward located, and hence he issued the missive on one of the May days of that year concerning his projected marriage with Isabelle of France. In this missive, which Mr. Halliwell has taken from the Cottonian MSS., and printed in "Letters of the Kings of England," &c., the Prince of Wales states that peace and goodwill being then established between his father and the King of France,—to strengthen this happy condition of things, the espousals of himself and the young Princess had been resolved upon. The Prince then writes, or is made to write:—

"Wherefore we wishing and desiring humbly to obey the Apostolic Ordinary, and to comply with the wishes of our nobles (as we are bound), the advice and assent of our father being thereto added, do constitute and appoint a notable personage, Amadeus, Count of Savoy, as our true and lawful proxy and especial messenger, to contract the espousals, for us and in our name, with the aforesaid Isabelle; and to confirm the same espousals by certain oaths and penalties; and to swear on our behalf, upon our soul, whatsoever kind of oath is lawful; and to do all and every that ourself should or could do if we were personally present, even if they should require a special mandate from us: we holding and intending to hold good and ratified whatever may have been done, performed, or attornied by the before-named Count in the premises or any of them. And this we make known to

all whom it concerneth, or may or can concern, or will concern in future, by these our letters-patent, confirmed by the force and sanction of our seal. Given at Stepney, the 15th May, 1299."

In this way commenced the wooing of the first Prince of Wales. For some years, however, the affair made no progress. Meanwhile this year, 1299, was in other respects an eventful one to young Edward. It was the year in which Piers de Gaveston, probably, first appeared at court. This probability is founded on an entry in the household expenses of the King (Carlton Ride MSS.), which marks the period at which the old Gascon knight Arnold de Gaveston arrived in England. "To the Lords Arnold de Gaveston, R. de Caupenne, and Bertram Povisalls, who were lately in the King of France's prison and escaped, for their expenses in journeying through Brabant, and passing into England, 7*l.* 10*s.*" The accepted story has always been, that the father of Piers, having rendered important services to the King in Gascony, obtained as a portion of his reward the admission of his son into the royal household, where he enjoyed a companionship with the heir-apparent.

In proportion as the fortunes of the boy Piers, or Perot, as the Prince was wont affectionately to call him, brightened, so did those who envied his elevation hate him for the fact, and assail him as being altogether unworthy, from his alleged lowly birth and evil ways, to hold companionship with a Prince. What good, it was said, could come of friendship with a youth whose mother, it was added, had been burnt for a witch in Guienne?

The biographers, however, of Piers de Gaveston agree

in styling him of "gentle birth." Christopher Marlowe, in his long, rambling chronicle-tragedy, "Edward the Second," has adopted the popular tradition that the favourite was of humble origin, and he puts into the mouth of the enemies of the "minion" who led the Prince of Wales first into folly, and from folly into sin, some very hard, not to say, unsavoury terms.

The popular tradition, however, followed by the poet, can hardly be the true one. Prince Edward's early friend was the son of a gentleman of Gascony, who had performed such welcome service to Edward I., that the King readily agreed to make of the then boy Piers a friend and companion—half friend and half servant, that is—to the Prince of Wales. They lived together on terms of the freest familiarity. To such light studies as were in fashion then, they addressed themselves in company, and were united in learning or neglecting such lessons as each was expected to master. In their general tastes, the two boys are said to have closely resembled each other; but the stronger, at least the more imperious mind was with Piers; and in this case, as in all other such companionships, the more crafty and resolute intellect shaped, ruled, and here unhappily misled, the weaker understanding. It is not too much to say, nor is the term itself, as applied to the young Gascon, in any sense too strong, that the bosom friend of the first Prince of Wales led him into evil, laid enmity between him and his father, and finally set the Prince upon a course which tended to the destruction alike of the Gascon and his patron.

In all probability, nevertheless, Perot was not quite so vicious as he was described to be. And yet he was

an evil friend and counsellor to the Prince. Setting aside as totally untrue that he led the latter into crimes abhorrent to nature itself, there was evil example enough to arouse the better counsellors of the Prince to strongly reprove the youth whom the King had given to his son for a companion. Thus, Bishop Langton, according to the chronicle of Henry Knyghton, the Canon of Leicester, *often* rebuked the young Gascon for his evil conduct with respect to Prince Edward, by alluring him into much that was base and wicked, and into empty frivolities and contemptible follies. Perot, with true Gascon impudence, treated such rebuke and rebukers with an infinite disdain which secured for him bitter enemies. If he tempted the Prince into the path which led to their common ruin, he would seem, on the other hand, to have been met half way. Knyghton describes the Prince as one whose person exhibited a combination of grace and strength; but when alluding to his morals, he says—with a saving clause of "if what is commonly reported may be believed" ("*si vulgo creditur*") that the Prince was naturally inconstant,—which he certainly was *not* in his friendships, however wayward he may have been in other matters. The canon adds, that young Edward despised the society of nobles, and "stuck to" (*adhæsit*) that of buffoons and minstrels and players, and stable-folk, and labourers, and watermen and sailors, and to people of such low vocations generally. In addition, Knyghton records that he was addicted to drinking, and was so talkative in his cups, that he betrayed the secrets of his friends. Light of hand as of tongue, under such circumstances, he would strike bystanders for slight cause; and, in short, says the Leicester canon, the

Prince was ever more ready to follow the advice of others than his own counsel (which be it said has been often profitably done by the wisest of men); he was lavish in giving, we are told, magnificent in his convivial entertainments, and "more ready to promise than to perform."

On such a nature, the vivacious, bold, clever, crafty and ambitious Gascon could easily work to bad purpose. The more easily, perhaps, after the death of his father, which event is fixed by an entry from the same register which makes record of the father's arrival in England, and which, under the date of 1302, states that "two cloths of silk were granted by the King for the ceremony of the funeral of Arnold de Gaveston, knight, deceased at Winchester."

The Day Book of the Comptroller of the Wardrobe, (published last century by the Society of Antiquaries) enables us to learn something of the every-day life of the Prince at this time. On several days he is present in the old chapel at Windsor while the oblations made for the souls of deceased men of note are being divided. On other occasions, he has what would now be called musical parties. The names of the artists are not given, but due notice is taken of the sums paid for their minstrelsy. Then, anon, there is an incident which must have made the courtiers hilarious. The King, Queen, and Prince, had each his or her particular tailor—the *cissor* of that day working indifferently for men or women. John, the King's tailor, had received what was due to him for making robes for the King, but the Prince, seeming to think the pay exorbitant, impounded the tailor, and compelled him to make

another set of robes for the Prince, out of the allowance made to John by the King! Thus, the cheating of tailors was a fashion set by a high authority.

The other entries in this book refer to the expenses of the Prince for boating on the Thames—sometimes from Windsor to London. Then there is the famous entry "To William Bookbinder, of London, for a Primer bought of him for the use of Edward the King's son, 2*l.*" Some entries show him to have been a frequent writer of letters, fuller proof of which I shall show in a succeeding page. One item of 10*s.* to his nurse, Lady Eleanor of Moulton, adds another name to the list of ladies to whose good keeping the Prince was, in his childhood, entrusted. I have already shown that the Prince did not forget Mary of Caernarvon, and I find in Mr. F. Devon's description of certain hitherto unexamined rolls at the Chapter House, that four years later than the date of the above wardrobe account, the Prince, then at Wye, wrote to Henry Bray and the bishop, in favour of the Prince's nurse, Alice de Leygrave, directing them to take care that no harm come to her in the grant respecting the marriage of her daughter, thanking them for their courtesies to her, and praying their continuance. The Prince, it is well known, was extravagant in many of his pastimes; and there is one of the latter which has sorely puzzled the commentators. It is named in this very Wardrobe Book, where record is made of the large sum of 100 shillings being paid to John de Leek, the Prince's chaplain, as the cost of his Highness's playing at "*creag*," and at other games, "per vices." Some persons have concluded that the term implied fishing, while the

grave member of the Society of Antiquaries, who edited this wardrobe account, playfully, not to say audaciously, suggests that the word *creag* may, *perhaps*, serve to show that the first Prince of Wales was acquainted with "cribbage!"

In this wise, amid the storm and its lulls by which the kingdom was affected, the life of the Prince passed, for the most part, joyously on. Often, too, it must have been spent in a tranquillity for which he has not enjoyed much credit. During a portion of this same year, 1300, for instance, Edward was residing at Langley, with his step-mother, Marguerite. The circumstance is only worth noticing for the fact that whatever the locality afforded in other respects, it did not suffice to supply the royal table with fruit. Mr. Blaauw, in one of his numerous contributions to the reports of the Sussex Archæological Institute, quotes an entry, certifying that Nicholas de Gorham, fruiterer, sent the Prince, from London, pears, apples, nuts, and other fruits, to the value of twenty-one shillings, save a penny.

But the time was now approaching when the Prince was about to assume increase of responsibility with increase of dignity. Hitherto, he had been styled "Lord Edward," or "the King's eldest son," a title, which, like that of "Child of France," was, as Selden remarks, commonly given to the heir to the throne who had no other distinctive title. The same learned writer states that he was not acquainted with any letters of creation of a Prince of Wales earlier than the document which conferred that title and its privileges on the Black Prince. But the letters patent for the investi-

ture of Edward of Caernarvon have been since discovered, and it is to that fact that I now invite the notice of my readers.

That indefatigable archæologist, Mr. Wynne, searching among the Welsh Rolls in the Tower, found the enrolment of the original letters patent, by which Edward was raised to the dignity of Prince of Wales. A copy of the patent will be found in the "Reports of the House of Lords touching the dignity of a Peer of the Realm." It is in Latin, and commences to this effect:—"To the reverend the Archbishops, &c., health. Know ye that we have given, conceded, and by this charter we have confirmed to our dearly beloved son Edward all our lands of North Wales, Anglesey, and Hope; and also all our lands of West and South Wales; and, indeed, all the territory of Wales which is in our hands on the day of the completion of this deed, except the castle and town of Montgomery, with what may belong thereto, and which we assigned to our very dear consort Margaret, as her dower." The deed, which thus confirms the grant of the Principality, goes on to make equal concession of the county of Chester and some places of less note, with all rights and privileges and profits connected therewith, among which is enumerated that to be derived from wrecks at sea. So that in the olden time a wreck like that of the "Royal Charter," in October, 1859, would have been, in common parlance, a "God-send" to the Prince of Wales. It is then declared that this grant is made to the Prince and to his heirs, Kings of England, in perpetuity, as they had been heretofore held by the King himself. The King immediately claims such service for

these gifts as *he* rendered to his father of beloved memory, Henry III., who, it is to be remembered, conceded much which it was not in his power to grant. For what Edward of Winchester really held, he doubtless rendered the requisite homage; but he never possessed the Welsh territory completely, as his son Edward of Caernarvon did, by this deed. I refer my readers to the copy of the original document in the Lords' Reports, adding here the simple fact that it is witnessed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and five other prelates, five earls, and "by others;" and that it is subscribed as given "by the King's hand, at Netteham on the 7th of February," of the year 1301; the 29th of the reign of Edward.

It is observable, however, that throughout this charter, young Edward is not once styled "Prince of Wales;" the first time of the occurrence of that title in a solemn legal deed, is in that given at "Kemeseye on the 10th day of May, 1301." By that document he is made possessor of the town and castle of Montgomery, and the whole of the Principality being placed under his government, he is then, for the first time, distinctly styled, not, as before, simply "our beloved son," but "our very dear son, Edward Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester." From this tenth day of May, then, 1301, may it be said, in the words of an old Welshman, that Wales was conquered for its gain and undone for its advantage.

Mr. Courthope (Somerset Herald), in his edition of "The Historic Peerage," thinks it probable that "the grant of the Principality was immediately preceded by investiture with circlet, ring, and rod for the

Principality of Wales, and by the girding on of the sword for the Earldom of Chester;" and the learned "Somerset" founds his conjecture on the ground that "we have no account of any ceremony attendant upon the creation of Edward of Caernarvon to be Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester."

The ceremony of investiture, when a Prince first appeared in Parliament, presenting his letters patent, and taking his seat among the Peers, has always been one of great pomp and solemnity, although the circumstances of that pomp and ceremony have varied under different reigns. In early times, the chancellor administered the oath, and then placed on the brow of the Prince a wreath, for which, at a later period, a gold coronet was substituted; on one of the Prince's fingers the same official put a golden ring, and deposited in his hand the silver rod, emblem of princely rule. The whole ceremony was fittingly concluded by the father kissing his son, in token of affection as well as of congratulation; and a magnificent banquet crowned the glories of the day.

From the time that Edward of Caernarvon was created Prince of Wales, the accounts of the Principality in connexion with the lands he held and the fees due to him, were dated from the year in which the dignity was conferred on him. Mr. W. E. W. Wynne ("Archæologia Cambrensis," vol. i. 143) notices two instances—one in a receipt from Vivian de Staundon for his fee as constable of the castle of Harlech, Merionethshire, from Michaelmas, in the sixth year of *Prince* Edward (1306) to the same festival in the following year, the first of *King* Edward (the Second). The second instance is

afforded by a document signed by John le Colliere, referring to pecuniary matters extending from Whitsunday, the seventh year of Prince Edward (14th May, 1307), to the Michaelmas of the same year, the first year of "King Edward, son of Edward," a title, says Mr. Wynne, "commonly given to Edward II., and to him only."

Speed, in his "Succession of England's Monarchs," shows that, by whatever title called, the Welsh had always considered Edward as their Prince. His creation "so greatly contented the Welsh, because, in regard of his birth-place, they held him as one of theirs, that when all friends did afterwards forsake him, they always stuck most loyally unto him, expressing wonderful love and affection, and bewailing his heavy fortunes in woful songs, which neither the dread of his enemies, nor length of time, could ever make them to forget."

The Prince's household was now placed on a more splendid basis than it had been before his investiture. Its spiritual condition was cared for by the Pontiff, Boniface, himself. The Prince of Wales had asked a small favour, and the Pope accorded it in a grandiloquent letter. The Servant of the servants of God writes "to his noble and beloved son, Edward, the eldest born of our dearest son in Christ, the illustrious Edward King of England, health and benediction," and thus proceeds:—"We hold it to be a pious and agreeable thing to be prompt in granting favours which regard the health of souls, more especially to individuals exalted by their generous dispositions, distinguished by the purity of their faith, and who are devoted to God

and the Church. Being inclined, therefore, by thy supplications," continues Pope Boniface, "we grant thee this indulgence, by the authority of this present document, that the servants and officers of thy household, commonly owing thee obedience, whether they be clerics or laics, present or future, when they are unable to have access to their own priest, may confess their sins to thy own private chaplain. That official is authorized to enjoin them wholesome penance, unless the matter be of such moment as to specially regard the Holy See itself." The little epistle concludes with a thundering warning to all men not to impede the licence here granted, on pain of the wrath of God, and of His chief apostles, and the perilling of the salvation of the evil-doers.*

In a household so provided and favoured, the presence of a wife could not but be desirable; and though young, yet it must be admitted that in 1303 the Prince of Wales was better fitted than in 1299 to woo a princess for himself. This pleasant work, however, was still done for him by commission. In the present instance, perhaps such work can hardly be so qualified; for, although the suitor was in his nineteenth year, the bride was only in her ninth, and the preliminaries to the wedding were as uninteresting as they could be under such circumstances. The lady in question was Isabelle, daughter of Philip the Fair, King of France, and at this period, four years had elapsed since the sovereigns of England and France had determined on this unlucky match. But in 1303, the ceremony of affiancing took place, and the Earls of Lincoln and

* Rym. Act. Fœd. v. iii., A.D. 1301.

Savoy, procurators of the Prince of Wales at the Court of France, in set phrase plighted to the little bride the words of troth of Edward of Caernarvon. The child listened to the words repeated to her by Gill, Archbishop of Narbonne, whereupon she did as the prelate directed her to do—placed her little hand in his, in token of her assent to a union which had been sanctioned by the Pope. The actual marriage did not take place till after the accession of the Prince of Wales to the throne.

Between the wooing and the wedding, his sister, the Countess of Holland, became a widow, and remarried with Bohun, Earl of Hereford—a match which brought back to Bohun estates he had been compelled to surrender to the King. On the 30th of October, 1303, the first child of this marriage was born, and when Robert le Norreys, of the countess's household, brought word to the Prince of Wales of that interesting event, Edward manifested his pleasure, by putting into the hands of the messenger the then liberal donation of twenty-six pounds thirteen and fourpence. With his well-known love for music, we shall subsequently find him looking after the musical well-being of this sister's private chapel.

CHAPTER III.

EDWARD OF CAERNARVON. THE HISTORY OF A YEAR.

As an illustration of some passages in the life of the first Prince of Wales, and of the customs and morals of the times, there is a document in the Rolls House which is of the greatest value. The document or roll in question was discovered eleven years since, by Mr. Frederick Devon. It is of the thirty-third year of Edward I., 1304, the Prince of Wales then being twenty years of age, and it contains copies or abstracts of between seven and eight hundred of the Prince's letters.

Mr. Devon conjectures that "from what must have been the extent of this roll five centuries and a half since, and in its perfect state, it would be reasonable to infer the existence of a complete system of registration or enrolment of the private letters of the Prince." It is for us to hope that further discoveries of the familiar correspondence of Edward and other historical personages, who are less to be heard than heard of in history, may yet help to elucidate characters round which there have long settled much uncertainty, obscurity, and doubt.

In the roll illustrating this year of the Prince's life, he presents himself to us under various aspects. Frequently he is exerting himself in providing for old

disabled servants, or for particular friends—not at his own cost, however, except in rare instances, but at that of the persons or communities to whom the Prince addresses himself. For instance, he writes from Sunbury, on the 18th of May, to the Abbot of Chertsey a letter the purport of which is to recommend the bearer, Robert le Gaytere, the "beloved valet" of the Prince, to the reverend abbot. The "beloved valet" is described as being incapable of duty, from his wounds, and the abbot is requested to provide for the sufferer what his condition may require. It appears that the "valet" travelled under charge of the King's surgeon, Roger Cautin, who is also commended to the abbot's hospitality.

Two days subsequently, the Prince, then at Kennington, concerns himself touching the welfare of another "valet" of his household, one John Makerel, who had been named to the Prior of Twynham as a person who was to be provided for by the Prior. To a preceding letter no reply had been sent, at which the Prince much wonders, requiring at the same time such an answer now as may be satisfactory to John Makerel's patron.

Ere a week has expired—namely, on the 26th of May—the indefatigable Prince is again occupied with requesting others to recompense the fidelity of another of his servants. On this occasion, it is Walter "Reymond," the keeper of the Prince's wardrobe. Being no longer careful to look after robes, the Prince fancies he may be suitable for the Church. At all events, he writes from Langley to the Abbot of Westminster, to prefer "Reymund" to some ecclesiastical benefice, as soon as one should offer. He is not particular as to *what* benefice. Prince Edward, on this occasion, does not

seem to have expected that his demand could be immediately attended to; but meanwhile he is not forgetful of his client, but asks the Abbot of Westminster to assign to him a competent pension till a fitting benefice should be vacant.

The King's confessor, at this time, appears to have had charge of less delicate matters than the care of the sovereign's soul. Edward of Winchester left to him, occasionally, the settling of certain of his old servitors in comfortable offices or sinecures. The Prince heard that Father Lucas had been thus commissioned with regard to several of the King's sergeants-at-arms; and forthwith the heir to the throne bethinks him of a servant of his own, one Colin Artaud; in behalf of whom an epistle is sent from Langley on the 6th of June, begging provision for a man who had not only served the King, but the Queen, the Prince's brothers, and the Prince himself.

For ecclesiastical favours, the English priors and abbots are applied to in their several turns. Here, in June, a note is addressed to the Prior of Olveston, who is pleasantly besought to find a piece of preferment for the Prince's chaplain, Sir Geoffrey de Castre. The Prince modestly asks for *some* benefice in their gift, and "as soon as possible." A pension, meanwhile, from the prior's house is named as an arrangement that would agree with Sir Geoffrey's views; and as the Prince had hitherto applied to the prior on this subject without success, he now prays that his request may be graciously acceded to, and that the prior will speedily act in this matter in a way that will please the Prince.

Three days only have elapsed when young Edward,

again from Langley, turns to another abbot—of Eynesham, and having the advancement of Adam de Carleton much at heart, looks to the abbot to effect this in a liberal and courteous manner, "that his good wishes may be shown, and the Prince thereby bound to act well to him."

Though the Prince was about this time grievously out of favour with his father because of certain unprincely conduct hereafter to be noticed, the writing or dictating of letters continued without intermission. There were still *protégés* for whose welfare he was to trouble other people. He had knocked, as it were, at many a priory or abbey-gate, and it is now at the door-way of the convent at Coventry that a messenger dismounts with a letter from the Prince, written at Battle, and dated the 28th June. It is the old story. A "little thing" had been asked of the prior and convent for the Prince's "dear clerk, Sir William de Melton," and they had exhibited indications of presenting him to the church at Southam. The Prince is astonished, remarking at the same time that "the church is not worth thirty marks a year more than his pension; and therefore is not sufficient for his support." Urgent is the appeal for Sir William, and Prince Edward prays prior and convent to do what, he remarks, they had "often been required to do before."

There was seldom a benefice vacant, that Edward of Caernarvon did not think of some old retainer of his own who could, more or less satisfactorily, fill it. Thus, at the end of June this year, there died that shameless pluralist, Sir Giles Daudenard, who held prebends in Ripon, Chichester, and Hastings. The Prince of Wales

would fain have preferred to these his good friend, Sir Walter "Renaud;" but the triple appointment was in the King's hands, and the Prince of Wales was the last person likely to find favour at such hands. The Prince, however, in his character of solicitor, was never without resource. He accordingly writes from Wye, on the 2nd of July, to the Queen. He reminds his step-mother that he dared not make any request whatever to the King, but he prays her Highness to interest herself in obtaining one of the three benefices—the prebend of Ripon—for Sir Walter.

Having done this, he on the same day again shakes a priory gate with his solicitations, or rather sharp requests (for the Prince had hitherto begged in vain) to the Prior of the Hospital of Dover, to grant the right of a brother, and a yearly robe for life, to Nicholas Archer of that town, and he now reminds him of the neglect, and prays that it may be remedied.

I have noticed in a previous page (p. 33), the acts of kindness performed by the Prince in behalf of his nurse, Alice de Leygrave. In the same month, July, Edward applied to the Abbot of Chester, sending to him his old Welsh servant, Yeman ap Lewelyn, who is so feeble that he can no longer fitly serve the Prince, and praying the abbot to receive and support him in his house. How this request sped, it were bootless to inquire and would not profit us much to know; but it is clear that the desires of the Prince of Wales were often entirely disregarded by the persons to whom they were expressed. Even the smallest favours asked were sometimes silently neglected; and such a small matter as a "bedelry" in the Isle of Wight, which the Prince had asked of William Russel,

the warden of the island, for his "valet" Michael de Leybrok, having been uncivilly passed over, the Prince, in a letter from Sunning, dated 28th July, "wonders much that his previous request for the same had not been regarded."

On the 10th September, the Prince, who was constantly changing his place of residence,—not resting many days and nights in the same locality, was at Windsor, and thence, on the day indicated, he forwarded a missive—not to abbot or prior, nor for a dear clerk or a valet, but to the Warden and Scholars of Merton College, Oxford. This time it was to gratify not a friend or servant of his own, but one of a friend—namely, Sir John de Londres, a priest in residence at Windsor, at whose prayer the Prince requested the college authorities just named to receive John de Hoo and his brother William into their company, to reside as scholars. This request was probably made to help two dunces to a position which they could not easily have attained without the protection of the Prince.

On one occasion, young Edward's interference is exercised for a singular purpose. There was a common and notorious robber at large at this time, named Peter de Weswyk. Whether he had grown weary of his calling, or had a sincere desire to altogether reform and live cleanly—or whether he simply had strong and natural inclination to save his neck, Peter, for whatever reason, had applied to the Bishop of Ely, for permission to come in and make his purgation. To this course the bishop had assented. There seems to have been something in common between the Prince and the robber; and Edward wrote, in October, to the bishop to "hinder

his purgation as much as he can." The Prince puts the prelate on his guard against those who may speak for the bandit Peter, as persons likely to take false oaths; and of the robber himself, Edward remarks, that he has such hatred to the Prince that no favour should be shown him. The dislike must have been intense and mutual; and one might lose oneself in conjecture now at trying to divine what there could have been between a common and notorious robber and the Prince of Wales, that should induce the latter to stand between the poor wretch and his purgation, and to bend his neck in the direction of further crime and the gallows. Subjoined is the note itself:—

To the Lord Bishop of Ely [*Robert Orford.*]

"Greeting and affectionate love. Whereas we have heard that Peter de Weswyk, who is a notorious common robber, and who was committed to your prison as such, is about shortly to make his purgation, and that you have granted unto him that he may make the same; we do pray you affectionately, that, for the eschewing of the false oaths of those who are about to purge him, and other evils that may happen, you will put in the way of such purgation such impediments as, for the love of us, you may. For he has taken such a spite against us and ours, that we would not willingly have it that grace or favour were shown unto him. Given, &c., at Quenetone,* the 27th day of October."

We have seen the anxiety of Edward to place the beloved valets who had become incapable of serving him, in comfortable circumstances. He is no less desirous of

* Probably Kennington.

seeing them gratified (not at his own expense) while they are still of his household. As a sample of this may be mentioned the case of a "beloved" individual of this class, named Michael Le Taillur. Upon this highly-valued official, certain rude men of London had committed an outrage—some assault, probably, for the assailants had been condemned "to pay 20 marks as amends thereof." The convicted defendants must have been at large, and with no intention of paying the fine to the outraged and beloved Michael. Michael's master, however, was not so minded to let it pass. Resolved that the score of marks should, accordingly, compensate in Le Taillur's pocket for the anguish inflicted on his person, the Prince wrote to the Mayor of London, directing that official to bring the offenders to account, and to do all in his power to compel payment of the mulct, which had been often applied for, but which had not hitherto been paid.

When the Prince thus interfered for his valet, he was at Langley—the note is dated 8th June. On the 22nd of the same month he was at Midhurst, where he again interposed in a matter of justice. This time he wrote to Mr. Justice Brabazon in reference to a case which the Prince mentions as only having heard of, but in which he was, probably, more intimately interested. What he had heard of was to the effect that "Mankin the Armourer, a burgess of London, was in prison, by indictment of *some of his annoyers*," and the Prince begged Justice Roger Brabazon "to see that the inquest for his trial be not taken from his accusers, and that reasonable challenge of the jury may be allowed him."

For friends in trouble abroad, as well as for clients at

home, Edward was equally indefatigable. There is a pleasing instance of this in a letter addressed from Yateley, on the 10th of August, to Amaneu de Labret, Ambassador from the Pope to the King of England. Some time previously, a certain Berd de Friscombald had made himself so agreeable to the Prince by services, the nature of which is not mentioned, that on Berd falling into trouble in Italy, the Prince felt bound, as he says, to exert himself for Berd's rescue, in order that he might "see how his services have been valued."

The trouble into which Berd had fallen was of a domestic, but painful nature. The prior and monks of the Augustin convent at Florence had stolen from him his son, a boy thirteen years old; and in spite of his tender age, had clothed him in the habit of their order. The kidnapping was as complete in its way as that of the little Jew boy Mortara, in Rome, or of children here at home by respectable-looking priests, who commit the act of theft, and then unblushingly deny it. The good-natured and indignant Prince of Wales did for young Bonacors, the son of his poor friend Berd, what no Roman Catholic potentate has cared to do for later victims of this child-stealing system. Edward pointed out the cruelty of stealing the boy, and then shutting him up from his father and friends; kept so strictly, as he observes, that neither could Berd nor any other of the boy's relatives communicate with him; nor was the poor little friar in spite of himself, permitted to express any of his wishes to his friends. The Prince requires that young Bonacors should be restored to his home, that he might have an opportunity, in presence of his family, of freely stating whether he chooses to remain with

them, or to return to the religious brotherhood. It is most creditable to the character of the Prince of Wales, to find him urging this request, with a hearty hope that it will be complied with, for the sake of justice and his old friend Berd of Friscombald. The Prince had the affair deeply at heart, and not satisfied with writing to the Papal ambassador alone, he addressed notes equally urgent to Otho de Grandison and Lord Chastillon.

To Amaneu de Labret.

"To Monsire Amaneu de Labret, greeting and affectionate love. We do especially pray you, that you will be assisting unto Monsire Berd de Friscombald, in procuring a letter from our dear father in God the Pope, unto the Prior and the Convent of the Friars of Saint Augustin in the City of Florence, to the end that they may restore unto him Bonacors, his son, whom they have invested with their habit (and he is a young child of thirteen years, according to what we have heard); and when he shall be with his father and his friends, he shall choose the which he shall prefer, to remain with them, or to return unto the said order. For we hear that he is kept so strictly, that neither his father nor his friends can speak to him, nor can he make known unto them his wishes. And be ready so far to do, upon this our request, that the said Monsire Berd, to whom we are much beholden for the good services which he and his have done unto our lord the King, our father, and unto us, may be sensible that the same have availed him, and that we urge you especially to consult his wishes. Given under, &c., at Yateley, the 10th day of August."

This honest-hearted correspondence is not that of a

young man who has no respect for the head of his Church, or who sets his ecclesiastical superiors at defiance. Only a month previous to this humane intercession in behalf of a distressed father, robbed of his child, Edward had written from Chartham to the Lord Cardinal of St. Mary, in Via Lata, to congratulate that personage and his brother cardinals on having elected to be Pope, Bertrand, Archbishop of Bordeaux (Clement V.) The Prince declares that his spirit rejoices in the Lord at the selection of a man so useful and requisite for the government of the Church and people. To the expression of his own content, he adds that of the certain approval of his royal father, and the satisfaction of the entire kingdom.

To the Pontiff, thus qualified to administer justice, the Prince of Wales afforded a fine opportunity of distinguishing himself in the case of the kidnapped boy converted into a friar. I regret that I cannot record the result of Edward's intercession for the son of Berd. There is, indeed, a letter of the 12th of August, from Sunning, written to Sir John de Havering, the Prince's steward in Gascony, two days after the writer had stated the case of Bonacors to the Pope's representative in London. In this letter, the Prince expresses to Sir John the pleasure he had experienced in receiving from him such "good news respecting the Pope." This, I fear, had no reference, anticipatorily, to the affair of the kidnapping. Whatever it may have been, the Prince gives utterance to his desire to always hear such news, both as regards the Pope himself and his affairs. Sir John is exhorted frequently to write on these and similar pleasant topics, "as well as upon any other matters

which he thinks the Prince may wish to know." For Sir John's stewardship of the bailiwick, his success in quieting the turbulent, and maintaining the country in tranquillity, the Prince expresses himself much pleased; and exhorting the faithful steward to persevere, stimulates him to that perseverance by promising to closely look after Sir John's interests in England, while Sir John is furthering those of the Prince in Gascony.

Of letters that are immediately personal to the Prince, there are many that exhibit him in a remarkably pleasant light, manifesting an amiable and grateful disposition. Of what he had, he gave ungrudgingly to the friends he loved. On the 26th of May, from Langley, he announced a gift to Louis Count d'Evreux. The gift consists of "a fine trotting palfrey, together with some Welsh harriers, which can well discover a hare, if they find it sleeping;" thereto are added, "running dogs," probably gaze-hounds, whose swift chasing of the hare is vouched for. Should the young count not know how to manage these hounds, Edward is ready to send him any body or thing from Wales to help him to that end—even "gentz sauvages"—wild natives who are well skilled in the art of teaching the management of hounds to the young sons of great lords. The Prince concludes by thanking God for his good health, and trusting that the count is in equally satisfactory condition.

Some of Edward's letters are addressed singularly, considering the persons to whom they are written in connexion with the subjects treated of. It is not, at all events, likely that in these days a Prince of Wales would address himself to the Archbishop of Canterbury for the loan of an entire horse. Five centuries and

a-half ago it was otherwise, and the Prince having purchased the stud of the then lately-deceased Earl of Warren, and being desirous to improve his breed, was probably not wrong in asking the Primate for a horse, "bon pour estaloun." In case of failure, however, he applied also to some lay knights, and letters for borrowing the steed alluded to were addressed to Sir John de Northwode, Sir William de Etchingham (whose parish church is still the prettiest object to be seen between London and Hastings), and Sir Robert de Burghersh; all country gentlemen of the period, who had pride in their stables.

One evidence of the refinement of the Prince's taste is shown in several of these letters which denote a love for music. A man with such tastes is certainly, not consequently, a very good or a highly intellectual man: we have proofs among our own Princes to the contrary; but the taste is, nevertheless, a refined one. One of the notes treating of this matter would seem to indicate that the young Prince maintained a juvenile band—for, from Tenterden, on the 1st of July, he directs Walter "Reginaud" to procure, in London, for his "little players," who seem to be at Tenterden, a pair of trumpets, good and strong for packing, and a pair of little *nakaires*, or kettle-drums, for Francekyn, or little Frank, the Prince's "nakerer." This note was carried from Tenterden to London by Janyn, the Prince's trumpeter, who had with him also patterns of the instruments that Walter was to purchase.

A more pleasant instance still presents itself in a letter written at White Waltham, on the 12th of September. The Abbot of Shrewsbury retained, in his

pious and joyous household, a famous fiddler, whose fame had reached the ears of Richard, the Prince's rhymer. The latter became forthwith desirous to learn the art and mystery of the crowdy, crowthy, or fiddle; and Edward despatched him, with a note to the abbot, begging of him to direct his fiddler to teach the minstrelsy of the crowdy to Richard the Rhymer, and to maintain the said rhymer in the convent till his musical education was perfected. The Prince of Wales, not too liberally, adds, as his assured payment of such services, the obligation to be thankful for it!

Besides the musical excellence of his own household, he did his best to further that of the household of his kinsfolk; one letter here showing as much, in request (made at Kennington, October the 2nd) to that Sir John de Londres, for whom the Prince, it will be remembered, had done a good office, early in the previous month, praying that his clerk who had taught his children to sing, will go and stay with his sister Elizabeth, the Countess of Hereford, to teach the children in her chapel.

Mr. Frederick Devon, in his introduction to the report on these letters, remarks that they show how affectionately the Prince remembered and spoke of his "dear mother." True as this is, there is unfortunately a remark to be added that Prince Edward uses this tender and natural phrase not only when speaking of the mother whom he lost so early, Eleanor of Castille, but also, though not always, when speaking of his step-mother, Marguerite of France. A letter written at Langley, on the 6th of June, addressed to John de Drokenesford, keeper of the King's wardrobe, prays him

to help Ladalli to recover the money due to him upon the King's jewels, "for he only stays in this country on account of that debt; and the Prince is bound to help him for his good services done, and because he is of the country of the Prince's dear mother; therefore he wished him on no account to depart complaining of the King or of him. Trusts he will so act to show how he had this business at heart for love of the Prince."

I am afraid that Edward spoke of his "dear mother" as he did of his "dear clerk" or his "beloved valet;" nevertheless, his respect for the deceased Queen is manifested in a letter written at Windsor, on the 3rd of August, to Sir John de Berwick. In this document, the Prince having heard that some part only of the money devised by his "dear mother" to the Prioress of Bromhale has been paid, desires that the last will of his mother be fulfilled for the quiet and good of her soul, and prays that the money in arrear be paid as soon as possible.

On the very next day, we find the Prince treating his step-mother with the same degree of respect, as far as it could be conveyed, in the use of the term already referred to. The letter containing it is addressed to "Elizabeth, Countess of Holland." It is a remarkable letter, too, as containing a reference to Gaveston (*Vascon* or *Gascon ?*). The writer expresses his pleasure at hearing from the countess of the good estate of the King, the Queen, and herself; and thanks God that his own health is in good estate also. The Prince further notices that the King had allowed him two "valets" to live near him—viz., John de Hausted and John de Weston; and he proceeds to beg of the countess that

she will pray his "dear mother" the Queen, to pray the King to permit him to have two other "gentlemen" to live with him—namely, Gilbert de Clare and *Perot de Gaveston*. If he might have them also, it would much alleviate the anguish he had endured, and still suffers from day to day, owing to the directions of the King.

The reference here to Perot de Gaveston, or Peter of Gascony, as a "gentleman," may be accepted, perhaps, as settling the question of his quality, which has long been disputed; and although exalted by the historians, lowered by the poets and popular tradition.

To return to the letters, it is to be observed that the reference to Gaveston is not as to one who had not already been in the Prince's service, but to one who had abused his office and misled the Prince. The cause of the harsh "directions of the King," alluded to by the Prince in his Windsor letter of the 4th of August, is to be discovered in a letter from Midhurst (Sussex) of the previous 14th of June. This letter, addressed to the Earl of Lincoln, relates "that he arrived there on Sunday, the 13th, where he found the King, his father, and on the Monday, on account of certain words related to have been had between the Prince and the Bishop of Chester, he, the King, was so enraged with the Prince, that he had forbidden him or any of his household to be so bold as to enter his house; that the King had forbidden all those of his own household, and of the exchequer, to provide anything for the support of the Prince's household."

This narrative refers to a breaking into the bishop's park, in company with Gaveston—as tradition relates, and riding down the prelate's fences, and killing his

deer. The wrath of King Edward was fierce, but the Prince, albeit offending, waited its subsidence with hope and respect. He remains at Midhurst, he states, awaiting the King's pleasure; and to recover his father's good will, as he desires to do, the Prince will follow him humbly, at a distance. A prayer to the earl to come to him and give him the aid and counsel which he needs, is a promising trait in a young and seemingly thoughtless offender.

The anxiety of the Prince appears less intense in fact than in words. He was soon occupied in the business I have before alluded to, of getting the Archbishop of Canterbury to help him in the improvement of his stud, and on the 22nd of June, a letter to Walter "Reynaud," of whom he was a frequent correspondent, not only shows a mind gaily at ease, but betrays one of the weak points in the Prince of Wales's character—his love of finery. On this occasion, he has heard that Marie, Queen of France, and Louis, her son, are coming to England. He must of course welcome their arrival and escort them inland. To do this as becomes a Prince, he needs must have good palfreys and fine robes. Accordingly, Walter is directed to purchase "two fit and good palfreys, and two saddles, with the best reins kept by Gilbert de Taunton; and that he purchase the best and finest cloths he can find in London, for two or three robes, with fur and *cedeux* for the same, and to send them to him as soon as he can."

In about a month, a letter from Lambeth to the Countess of Gloucester, contains the Prince's thanks for the good offices of his sister; and further, a comforting assurance that the information she had received of the

King's harshness towards him was unfounded. His father had at least allowed him the necessaries which he had once refused. Father and son, however, were not yet reconciled. On the 1st of September, at Windsor, we hear of thanks from the Prince to the Queen for the trouble she had taken in his affairs. He was then employing Sir Roger de Clifford to negotiate between him and the King; but the Queen was made previously acquainted with the nature of his commission, in order that she might instruct him in the way most likely to find favour with the offended father. Edward prays his step-mother to listen to the knight, and as she loves her step-son, to counsel him in this matter, and to reply by Sir Roger, as to her wishes with reference to the Prince. He would seem also to have engaged an intercessor in his sister Mary, to whom, on the 7th of September, he sent a hare, by Robert de Wygmore, with a prayer for her favourable offices in the business in which he was then concerned. The Princess was, at the time, forbidden to visit her brother; but subsequently the prohibition was raised, and Mary was to have an interview with Edward at Amesbury. The Prince, then at White Waltham, was pleased, yet perplexed. He evidently experienced some awe of his irascible sire. A Parliament was about to assemble, and the King might at any moment command the Prince's presence. That he might not fail to attend, if summoned, he dared not depart from White Waltham, and was reluctantly compelled to abandon the idea of yet meeting his young sister.

The administration of the Prince's affairs seems, at this period, to have been completely in the hands of the

King. *So* completely was this paternal control exercised even over the Prince's household, that he could not, of his own free will, lend the services of one of his gentlemen, who held his appointment of the King and not of the Prince of Wales. This is exemplified in a letter from Kennington, October 2nd, to an earl, supposed to be of Lincoln. This nobleman was about setting out on a mission to the Court of Rome, and he desired to have Miles de Stapleton to manage his household. The Prince's reply to this letter states, that he would willingly permit the earl to take any knight or squire of his establishment that he might choose—always excepting Sir Miles; to whom he cannot give leave to transfer his services to the earl, seeing that the King has charged Sir Miles with the direction of the Prince's household and affairs generally. He can do nothing without the command of the King, to whom the Prince refers the earl.

Notwithstanding this control, the Prince of Wales was evidently master of his actions in some of the affairs of his estate and household. This is observable in another letter written from Kennington, on the 26th of October, to Walter Reynaud, to whom the Prince often wrote, with remarkable variations in the spelling of Reynaud's name. The letter is to the effect that the King, in the twenty-ninth year of his reign, had granted to the Prince the land of Wales, and subsequently all the debts due to the King in that principality. Under this grant, the Prince had received from Joan, widow of Owen de la Pole, 120*l.* as part of a fine due to the King on her marriage. Meanwhile, the King's Court of Exchequer had distrained the property of Joan for this

debt. The Prince denied the right of the court to do this. He clearly and properly held, that whatever portion of the fine remain unacquitted was due to him, and not to the King; and he accordingly directed his agent Walter to repair to the Barons of the Exchequer, and obtain the release of the distress.

Acts of this nature showed that the first Prince of Wales lacked neither spirit nor generous feeling. Indeed, men who had suffered wrong had recourse to him to see them righted, and Edward of Caernarvon does not appear to have been dilatory in performing the services required. We have an illustration of this in a matter regarding the Earl of Ulster and Eustace le Poer. The former, styled by Prince Edward his "dear cousin," with his friend Eustace had had some feud with certain "men of the Court," who must have been personages of great influence, for they were powerful enough to throw the earl and Eustace into prison, and to call down upon them some over-rigorous measure of "justice" at the hands of the King. For false imprisonment and other grievous wrong, thus inflicted on them, they turned to the Prince for redress. King Edward was not then on very friendly terms with his son; but the Prince, albeit unable to mediate with his father in person, determined to do so by deputy; and he accordingly wrote to John de Benstede, praying him to present to his father, "at a fitting time" (for who knew the wayward and irascible temper of the King better than his son?) the petition of the earl and his co-sufferer; and with it the Prince's own letter to De Benstede. The King had already assigned justices to try the matter on which the respective parties were at issue, but the Prince

manfully desires John to beg of the King, in his son's name, that he would assign such justices as would redress the grievances of those who had been wronged.

With these evidences of active good-will before us, we may the less wonder that the Prince possessed friends warmly attached to him. For small services from these he returned thanks gracefully and promptly, and repaid the services themselves with interest. He was at Purbright on the 19th of September, when Sir Hugh le Despenser forwarded to him, by a servant, a present of some grapes. The Prince not only gratefully acknowledged the kind homage, but entered into details which showed his appreciation of the pleasant and useful gift. Sir Hugh's man, he says, arrived opportunely, on Sunday morning, before the Prince had broken his fast, consequently, he could not have arrived at a better time; to eat grapes, fasting, being a healthy regimen. The Prince rewarded the attention tenfold, by sending Le Despenser a horse. He confessed, indeed, that it was but "a poor beast;" but he will send Sir Hugh a better as soon as he has the power to do so.

In less than a week he was again kindly busy, and apologizing for failure in having been so; as may be seen in a note to the "Lady Mary," his sister, whom he prays not to take it ill that he has not sent the wine and the organs to her convent, according to his promise. The latter he had ordered, but though they were at Langley, they had not yet been sent to him. With regard to the wine, he had ordered his men in London to purchase a quantity, but they had hitherto been unable to find any *sufficiently good in quality* to send to the Lady Mary's convent—a noticeable fact! The con-

vent in question was that at Amesbury, where the Lady Mary had taken the veil in the year 1289. It was there that she was to have been permitted to see her brother when he was in disgrace, and he was afraid to profit by the permission, lest a summons should be sent to his residence from the King, and he should give offence by failing to pay it the required obedience.

I have thus indicated the nature of these notes or letters, most of which are, by the neat hand of a secretary, written in Norman French; the less familiar and more official letters are in Latin, or an abstract of them is given in that language. The letters addressed to relatives are certainly creditable to the character of the Prince, if they really represent his sentiments, and were, at least, dictated by him. There is room for suspicion, perhaps, that the letters written in reference to his quarrel with his father, were written as they are, because the Prince hoped that the persons to whom they were addressed would lay them before the King. This does not necessarily make a hypocrite of young Edward; for as he dared not write to his father, he might naturally wish that the King should know of his loving and obedient spirit through missives addressed to his sisters or friends.

I proceed, in the next chapter, to give some further samples of those early royal letters, hitherto unpublished.

CHAPTER IV.

EDWARD OF CAERNARVON. HIS CHARACTER AS DEVELOPED IN HIS LETTERS.

PREVIOUS to gathering from the letters of the first Prince of Wales manifestations of his character in its moral, social, and various other aspects, I will beg permission to return my best thanks to Mr. Blaauw, Mr. W. E. W. Wynne, and Mr. T. Duffus Hardy, for various services and suggestions which I owe to their kindness; and especially are my acknowledgments due to Mr. Henry T. Riley, the learned editor of "The Chronicle of Croyland," and of the "Liber Albus," for his co-operation in the examination and translation of these time-worn and time-honoured documents.

From the mass, which affords a wide field to archæological inquirers, I submit the following. The first letter has reference to the quarrel between the Prince of Wales and his father.

To (Henry de Lacy) the Lord Earl of Lincoln.

"Edward, &c., to the Earl of Nicole [*sic*], health and dear friendship.—Know, sieur, that on Sunday, the 13th day of June, we came to Midhurst, where we found our lord the King our father, and on the following Monday, on account of certain words which were told him, that had been between us and the Bishop of

Chester, he is so angry with us that he has forbidden us that neither ourselves nor any one of our suite should be so bold as to enter within his household; and he has forbidden all the officers of his household and of the Exchequer that they should neither give us nor lend us anything whatever for the sustenance of our household; and we have remained at Midhurst, in order to wait for his good pleasure and his pardon; and we will at any rate proceed after him in the best manner that we shall be able, as at ten or twelve leagues from his household, until we may be able to recover his good pleasure, for which we have great desire. Wherefore we especially entreat you that on your return from Canterbury, you would come towards us, for we have great need of your aid and your counsel. Given under our Privy Seal, at Midhurst, the 14th day of June."

On the day that the reproof alluded to in this letter was given, the King left Midhurst for Cocking and Chichester, subsequently passing by Arundel and Lewes to Canterbury. The Prince followed out his penitential programme, and kept the same road, but at the respectful distance indicated in his letter.

Disregard to an officer of the King was a serious offence in the eyes of Edward, whose anger at his own son for using insulting words—as some say to the Bishop of Chester, in the bishop's court, or in a court where that prelate was present—was so well known, that notice of it is made in the report of a trial which took place soon after that incident, as an illustration of the iniquity of the offender, one William de Brewes, who had insulted a Baron of the Exchequer for pro-

nouncing against William in a suit at law. De Brewes was severely dealt with, on the ground that such disrespect to the royal officers was "especially odious to the King, as was openly shown of late when the said King had removed his first-born and dearest son Edward from his household for nearly half a year because he had uttered certain gross and bitter words to a certain officer of his; nor would he permit his own son to come into his presence until he had made satisfaction for the offence to the said officer."

The Prince strove hard to provide for the friends in his household after the King's ebullition of wrath; and he had to petition warmly for himself. Thus, on the 14th of June, he writes to his old tutor, Walter Reynaud:—"Inasmuch as our lord the King is so angry with us on account of the Bishop of Chester, that he has prohibited us or any one of our suite from entering his household, and has also forbidden the officers of his household and of the Exchequer, to give or lend us anything for the sustenance of our household, we send to you, that you may devise means to send us money in great haste for the sustenance of our household, and do not in any manner show anything of the wants which touch us to the Bishop of Chester, nor to any person belonging to the Exchequer."

I have noticed the Prince's rapid movements from place to place. These changes were sometimes to suit the pressure of circumstances, compelling him to seek hospitality; sometimes they were made to bring him meekly nearer to the King; and occasionally they seem to have been made at the royal command, obedience to which ameliorated, for a less or longer period, the

unpleasant position of the offending son. Thus, in the letter (already referred to) to Elizabeth, Countess of Hereford, he writes:—

"To the sister of the Prince.—Very dear sister, do not be dismayed at these news which you tell us they chatter in the parts where you are, about our lord the King, our father, and us; for it is quite right that he should say and do and ordain concerning us whatever pleases him, and we shall be always ready to obey all his wishes, for whatever he does at his own pleasure, so is it for our profit, and for love of us; and be pleased not to listen to anything to the contrary whatever they may tell you. May the Lord preserve you. Given at Tenterden, July 1."

And again, three weeks later, he writes from Lambeth to the Earl of Gloucester, who had evidently aided the young offender in his need:—"Because you have so kindly given up your goods to us, we thank you very dearly, and we let you know that our lord the King, our father, does not consider himself so ill-treated by us as some people perhaps have made you believe, for he wishes and has commanded that we should have of his bounty what is needful for us."

Throughout, there is a manifestly honest desire on the part of the Prince of Wales to appease his father, not only by obedience, but by not exposing himself even to an act of involuntary disobedience. I have before given the abstract of the note to his nun-sister Mary, stating why it was out of his power to meet her at Amesbury. Here is a similar note to his sister, the Countess of Gloucester, who had invited him to

her residence. The note is dated "August 6." "Know, my very dear sister, that we would willingly come to you, but my lord the King has commanded our stay in these parts, near Wyndesore, between this and the Parliament, or until otherwise is ordered, and we wish to obey his commands in all things, without doing anything to the contrary.—Very dear sister, may the Lord have you in his keeping!"

That the son was correct in stating that his father was not harsh beyond measure with him, and wished to starve neither his son nor his son's household, is proved by an extract, made by Mr. Blaauw, in the second volume of the Reports of the Sussex Archæological Institute (from the C. R. MSS. E. B. 2042), to the effect, namely, that the sum of 100 marks (66*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*) had been advanced by the King's order for the Prince's expenses. The stoppage of supplies, too, for the Prince and his attendants, had reference apparently only to substantial meats, and not to sauces, fruits, condiments, or lights, wherewith to enjoy themselves. In the last work named above, the reader, curious in such matters, may peruse a long list of deliveries made this very year to the Prince of Wales's household out of the stores of the King's wardrobe. The list includes ample supplies of almonds, rice, sugar, fruit, jellies, and gingerbread, candied orange, powdered cinnamon to strew on bread or fish, aromatics, various peppers, nutmegs, and pickles, baskets of figs, raisins, dates, and currants—and 1727lbs. of wax, to shed light over the consumers of these dainty articles.

For more substantial fare, the Prince, naturally hungry, applied to the Earl de Warenne, his "dear cousin," entreating him "to be pleased, for the love of

us, to give one or two does to our well-beloved John de Monteney; and may the Lord preserve you!" And here may be cited the text of the letter, showing how, in the love of venison, he forgot not his love for his friends; and in which he asks his sister to ask the Queen to ask the King to grant him a very great favour, the companionship of his valet Gaveston:—

"Edward, &c., to his very dear sister, my Lady Elizabeth, Countess of Holland, Hereford, and Essex, health and dear friendship.—Right glad are we of the good health of our lord the King, our father; and of our lady the Queen, and of yours, which we have learnt by your letters; and as to ours, we let you know that we were in good health, thanks to God, when these letters were written; and inasmuch as our lord the King has granted us two valets, John de Hausted, and John de Weston, we entreat and request you especially to be pleased to beg our lady the Queen, our dear mother, that she would be pleased to beg the King to be pleased to grant two more valets to dwell with us; that is to say, Gilbert de Clare and Perot de Gaveston; for if we had these two with the others whom we have, we should be much relieved from the anguish which we have endured, and yet daily suffer, from the restrictions at the pleasure of our lord the King. Very dear sister, may our Lord preserve you."

The Gilbert de Clare, mentioned as equally dear to the Prince of Wales as Gaveston, was probably the Prince's cousin. They were subsequently knighted together. Two days after the above letter was despatched the Prince wrote to the Queen, thanking her

for her happy success in obtaining for him "the greater part of the servants of his chamber to live with him, *as they used to do.*" But the writer urges the Queen to intercede further for Clare and Gaveston. It was this persistence in behalf of the latter, especially, which ultimately brought on—if we may believe the chroniclers—a fearful scene between the monarch and his son.

To her Ladyship the Queen of England.

"To his most dear lady and mother, from Edward, her dutiful son, all reverence and love.—Most dear lady and mother, forasmuch as our lord the King, our father, has granted unto us the greater part of the servants of our chamber to live with us, as they used to do; and we well know that this is at your request, for which we do thank you as affectionately as we know how to do; we do pray you, most dear lady and mother, that you will still be willing, if so it please you, to labour for us, and to pray our dear lord and father that he will grant unto us two attendants [*valletz*] in addition to those whom we have; that is to say, Gilbert de Clare and Perot de Gavastone. For truly, Madam, if we had these two in addition to the others, we should be greatly comforted and lightened of the anguish that we have endured, and do still suffer, by reason of the ordinance of our said lord and father. Madam, if so it please you be willing to have this matter at heart, and bring about the same in the most gracious manner that you may, so affectionately as you do love us. Madam, our Lord have you in his keeping. Given under, &c., at the Park of Windsor, this 6th day of August."

The next note exhibits in its request some love for venison, and his own inner-man. It appears to have been a secret enclosure in the preceding letter.

"Most dear Lady and Mother,—As to the matter contained in this letter, be willing, if so it please you, to believe our dear servant, Guillemot Pointz, as to what he shall tell you by word of mouth on our behalf. And whereas, my most dear lady and mother, you gave unto us the last year, in your affectionate kindness, the fat deer of the forest of Odiham, and we took thereof two stags only, we do pray you affectionately that, if so it please you, you will again give us the fat deer of the same forest for this year; and that you will send unto us by the said Guillemot your wishes hereupon."

The following are samples of (sometimes) his readiness to serve his friends, at others, to interfere with the course of justice, or to support the rights of ecclesiastics, and (often) of his general business-like qualities:—

To Simon de Leiburne.

"Whereas we have heard that one Henry de Norfolk, your servant, has lately committed violence and outrages upon our dear clerk, Sir Walter Reginald, at his church of Angreham, such as beating down his corn, and selling and destroying it in other ways at his will, and wasting and carrying away other chattels there found in his manor; and that his people threaten in many respects to subtract from and disturb the rights of his church, to the great contempt and grievous damage of himself—we do command, and do pray you in especial,

that such grievances and acts of violence you will chastise, and will send word unto him and your other bailiffs, and command that the { liberties / franchises } of the said church shall be saved unto the said Walter, according to the feoffment of the first founders, and in such manner as all his predecessors have held and used the same for all time; and that you will in due manner redress what has been done therein, for the love of us, that so we may be the more especially [gratified] therein, in that the said Sir Walter has no occasion to seek redress against him elsewhere. And what you are ready to do as to this matter you are to send us word by your letters, through the bearer hereof. Given at Langele [Langley] &c., 25th May."

To Sir Ralph de Hengham.

"Edward, &c., to his dear clerk, Sir Ralph de Hengham, Justice of our lord the King, health and good love.—We do pray you in especial that you will hear our dear and well-beloved Roger Loveday, and well and kindly aid him in his business, that so his right may be saved unto him; and that you will pray Roger Brabanzon* also, as though it were yourself, that if any wrong has been done unto the aforesaid Roger, he will in due manner redress the same. And so much do therein for our entreaties, that the said Roger may feel that he has been aided thereby, and that we may be bound to thank you for the same, and to acknowledge our obligations. Given at Langele, &c., 26th May, in the 33rd year."

* A brother-justice of Hengham's. This Hengham was subsequently punished for taking bribes.

To Sir Eustace de Hacche.

"Edward, &c., to his dear and well-beloved knight Monsire Eustace de Hacche, health and good love.—We do thank you affectionately for the good will which you entertain towards us, and always have entertained, and for that you keep better worked [*mieuz emploie*] your manor of Peckesham,* with the appurtenances, and that for our benefit rather than for any other man† in the world; and that it is not your wish to make any bargain with us except at our own will; as our dear servant Rothiry d'Espaigne has informed us on your behalf. Wherefore we send you our dear clerk John de Bohun, and do pray you that you will cause to be shown unto him all the lands and fields, mills, and other rents and homages, and all other appurtenances that to the said manor pertain, and the certain value of each thing, all in writing. For we wish to be advised upon all things that unto the manor belong. And with him we send our servant John de Karleford, to survey the said manor and the lands; and the said John, our clerk (with your aid therein) will know how to make the necessary deeds secure, such as befit such a feoffment. And upon all [these] things signify unto us your will, which *we know for certain is favourable unto us.* Our Lord preserve you. Given under, &c., at Langele, 26th May."

* The manor of Peckham, *in Kent.* Peckham in Surrey was included in that of Hatcham, which was then in the hands of the Burnett family.

† From this and the concluding words, it would seem that the title to the lordship *in capite* of this manor was then in dispute. De Hacche was only a tenant.

To Sir Peter de Maulay [and others.]

"To Monsire Peres de Maulay, Monsire Edmond Deincourt, Monsire William le Vavassur, Monsire John del Isle, Justices of our lord the King, health and good love.—Whereas we have heard that a great assault has been committed upon Robert de Stoteville, a servant [*vallet*] of our dear cousin Madam Joan Wake, whereby the said Robert is maimed for life, by one William de Saint Barbe; we do pray you in especial, that you will be aiding unto the said Robert in recovering his fair rights and proper amends for the said assault. For we have his matter much at heart, by reason of the good and loyal service which he has done unto our cousin aforesaid. And do so much herein at our request, that he may be sensible that our entreaties have well availed him. Given at Langele, the 27th day of May."

To Sir William Ormesby.

"Edward, &c. to his dear and well-beloved Monsire William de Ormesbi, Justice of our lord the King, health and good love.—Whereas we have heard that Mahen of the Exchequer is imprisoned by your command, we do pray you affectionately, that you will send your letter to Sir William de Carletone, in due manner, as speedily as you can, that he may cause the said Mahen to be delivered upon good mainprise; and we will acknowledge ourselves greatly indebted to you for the same. And if the offence is so great that the law will not allow of his being delivered upon mainprise, you are to send us word, for certain, as to the truth, by the bearer of this letter, why he is thus detained in prison. Given at Langele, under, &c., the 3rd day of June."

To the Mayor of London.

"To the Mayor of London, greeting, &c.—We do pray you in especial, that you will, for the love of us, show unto our much-beloved Hamond Gresse, who is imprisoned in the City of London, as we have heard, all the favour, aid, and friendship that, for the love of us, you fairly may, to the end that he may be sensible, and may perceive that our entreaties serve him in good stead with you, as we do desire to be the case. And we shall be especially bound to thank you for the same, and to acknowledge our obligations therein. Given at Langele, under, &c. the 5th day of June."

To Sir William Howard [*and another.*]

"Edward, &c., to his dear and well-beloved Monsire William Howard and Monsire John de Ashtone, greeting. Whereas our lord the King, our father, has assigned you his justices to inquire upon oath of the reputable men of the county of Northampton, as to a great injury which has been done unto our dearly beloved in God, the Friars Preachers of Northampton, by the Mayor and many other misdoers of the town of Northampton, and to hear and determine upon the said offence, according to the law and the usage of this realm; and we have it greatly at heart that this offence should be speedily and effectively punished, and full redress given, by reason of the great affection that we have for the Order of Friars Preachers, for many causes moving us thereto, and by reason of the insolence that the said mayor has shown us; seeing that since we besought him by our letters in behalf of the said friars, he has done them still more injury than he had done them before:—we do pray you

in especial, that you will attend to make inquiry, hear, and determine as to the said offence with all haste that you may, and use all pains and diligence that it may be punished, and redress given as effectually and peremptorily as possible, for the love that you bear unto us; that so we may be enabled to acknowledge our obligations to you therein. Given at Langele, on the 5th day of June."

To the Mayor of Northampton.

"Edward, &c. to the Mayor of Northampton.—We besought you of late by our letters in behalf of our dear and especially beloved in God, the Friars Preachers of Northampton (unto which order, for many reasons, we are especially indebted) that you would be favourable unto them, and aiding them in all matters which they might have to transact with you; and in particular, that you would not allow any innovation to be made or begun to the detriment or the aggrievance of them. And now we have heard that, despising our said entreaties, you yourself, in your own person, together with many other misdoers, have broken the doors and locks of the said friars at Northampton by force of arms, and have beaten down their trees there growing, and have committed other great injuries and outrages against them; to the very great contempt of us, seeing that you have committed more outrages and mischiefs against them, since you received our said letter, and were aware of the good will that we entertained towards them, than you had done before, to the very great injury of the said friars, and against the peace of our lord the King. Wherefore, it would be well that such insult and such injuries were so speedily, so duly, and

so peremptorily redressed, that no further evil could arise therefrom, and that you send us word forthwith how you were prepared to make amends for the same. For we shall take counsel how to cause the same to be redressed in such manner that others may be the better warned henceforth, by your example, to refrain from the commission of such insults. Given under our Privy Seal at Langele, the 5th day of June.

The subjoined letter was written in behalf of a lad of foreign birth, in whom the Prince of Wales evidentl took considerable interest. She was probably a prett young widow at this time. There are several letters o the roll, having reference to her case, but the detail throw no additional light on the case itself, except tha we may gather therefrom that a portion of her trouble was caused by disputes about property. The barony o "Mortimer of Richard's Castle" is mentioned in Nicola It is uncertain whether the "Sanderdene" from whic this letter is dated is in Sussex or Kent, or if it b Sandown in the Isle of Wight.

To the Mayor and Sheriffs of London.

"Edward, &c., to his dear and well-beloved, th Mayor and the Sheriffs of London, health and goo love.—Whereas we are bound to aid and advantage ou dear and well-beloved the Lady Mortimer, of Richard' Castle, by reason that our most dear lady and mothe had her given in marriage in this country; and we hav heard that she is imprisoned in the City of London upo the indictment of her persecutors, and that they ar

inflicting upon her more duress than they ought, seeing that she is not convicted of the things of which she is accused, as it is said:—we do pray you affectionately that for the love you bear unto us you will cause command to be given that she shall be relieved from the duress that is so unreasonably inflicted upon her, and shall be treated in the most courteous manner that right will allow of; that so we may perceive that [redress] has been done unto her by your order, and may feel ourselves bound to acknowledge ourselves indebted therefore. Given under, &c., at Sanderdene, the 29th day of June."

And again, touching this lady.

To Adam de Kyngesheinde.

"Edward, &c., to his well-beloved Adam de Kyngesheinde, greeting.—Whereas we are bound to aid and assist our dear and well-beloved lady Dame Maut [*Maud or Matilda*] de Mortimer, of Richard's Castle; and we have heard that she has been too hardly treated at your suit, and without any fault of hers, as we have been given to understand: we do pray you that you will abstain from inflicting duress or aggrievance upon her, against reason, and we will hold ourselves indebted to you therefore. Given under, &c., at Chartham, this 8th day of July."

To the Bailiffs of Bruges.

Edward, &c., to his dear and well-beloved, the Bailiffs and Echevins of Bruges, health and good love.—We do pray you affectionately that for the love of us, you will give all the good counsel and aid that you may,

for the deliverance of Boydyn Vayn Lapscure, servant of Reginald de Thunderlee, our well-beloved merchant, who is in prison at L'Escluse [Sluys] in Flanders, without any fault of his; that so our said merchant may have to congratulate himself upon what you shall have done for his servant at our request, and we may hold ourselves indebted to you therein. Given under, &c., at Chartham, this 8th day of July."

To her Ladyship the Queen.

"To the Queen, greeting.—Most dear Lady, forasmuch as we greatly desire the advancement of our dear clerk Sir Walter Reginald,* keeper of our wardrobe, as we are bound to do for the long services which he has done us; and we have heard that our late clerk, Sir Giles Daudenarde, who held a prebend in Rypon, another in the church of Chichester, and a third in Hastyngges, has been called unto God, whereby the donation of these three prebends belongs to our lord the King, our father; to whom we cannot, and dare not, make any request, of ourselves, hereupon or upon other matters, as you are aware:—Madam, we do pray your Highness that you will be pleased to be aiding us as towards our lord and father, as though, Madam, it

* Walter Reginald (or Reynaud) was also the Prince's treasurer, and seems to have been in high favour with Edward, who was at this period eternally worrying prelates, abbots, and holders of advowsons, with entreaties for his advancement. Of letters of this description there are probably about twenty in the roll. Immediately following the above, there is a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, asking him, in behalf of Reginald, for the Church of Croyndone (Croydon, no doubt), now vacant through the death of Giles Daudenarde.

had been on your own behalf; and that, for you, he will consent to advance the said clerk to the prebend of Rypon, the more especially as he has often made promise of his advancement. Most dear Lady, may our Lord save and keep you by his power always. Given under, &c., at Wy, this 2nd day of July."

To Sir Lambert de Trikynham.

"Edward, &c., to his well-beloved Sir Lambert de Trikynham, Warden of the Archbishopric of York, upon the vacancy of the see, greeting.—Whereas we have heard that by the sufferance and maintenance of John, your under-bailiff at Southwell, a blacksmith has begun to raise a forge, and other persons are about to raise other edifices, abutting upon the walls and enclosures of the burying-ground of the church of Southwell, in places where there were no such edifices before, to the great prejudice of the said church, and to the aggrievance of the canons who dwell there; and we well know that our lord the King, our father, does not wish that any innovation should be begun by his officers in this time of vacation, to the prejudice of the said church, or to the injury or aggrievance of the said canons; we do pray you that you will not suffer any forge or other new edifice to be raised where no such used to be before, or any other innovation to be begun, to the prejudice of the said church or aggrievance of the said canons, so far as you can in due manner prevent the same. Given under, &c., at Wy, this 6th day of July."

The consequences of the reduction of the Prince's

household, by order of the King, and his own temporary want of money, are especially indicated in the two following letters, the first of which is a good specimen of the earnestness with which the Prince of Wales sought to provide for the lowest as well as the most dignified of his dependents. The allusion to "Little London" I cannot explain. Mr. Riley suggests that such may have been the name of a spot at Langley, where the Prince kept his stud, and perhaps something else—an establishment, it may be, like that of the "Jericho" of Henry VIII., in Essex.

To William de Doncastre.

"Edward, &c., to William de Doncastre, burgess of Chester, greeting.—Whereas Thomas de la Chaumbre, who has been in our service, has a great wish to work and to be apprenticed in your Company, as he says; we send him unto you, and we pray you that you will receive him among your people, and will put him into some office where he may be serviceable unto you, and learn, to his own profit and yours. And we shall acknowledge ourselves indebted to you therefore. Given under, &c., at Ospringe, this 14th day of July."

To the Bailiff of Langele (Langley).

"Edward, &c., to Robert le Parker, his bailiff at Langele, greeting.—Whereas our lord the King has charged us that we should cause to be removed all those who have their abode at 'Petite Lundres;' that so no one may dwell there, but the place be kept in such manner as it was in the time of our dearest lady and

mother, whom may God assoil; we do command that you remove all those who have their abode there as regards us, if any such there be; and *in particular Sir Thomas, the chaplain,* for this he has commanded us. And cause the place to be kept in the manner aforesaid; and see yourself that the parker performs his duties. Given under, &c., at Chartham, this 12th day of July."

To her Ladyship the Countess of Gloucester.

"The Prince announces his thankfulness to the Countess of Gloucester for her gift of things, and the use of her seal; and that, contrary to what she had been told, the King had not continued to act so harshly with him; for he had wished and ordered that his son should be sufficiently supplied with what was necessary for him." This abstract of the original letter, which is in Latin, concludes by announcing that "The King hath sent back the Prince's seal by Ingelard de Warle, cleric, to whom the same seal was delivered under the King's signet, on the 21st of July, in the chamber of the archbishop, at Lambeth, in presence of Sir William de Leybeirne, Roderick of Spain, William de Melton, and many others. It is to be remembered that the seal was delivered there on that same day, not under signet; the Lord Chancellor doing that with the seal of the King."

To his Lordship the Bishop of Durham.

"To the honourable Father in God, his very dear friend, Sir Anthony, by the grace of God, Bishop of Durham, Edward, &c., greeting and affectionate love. We do thank you very affectionately for that you have

so well managed our business with our lord the King, our father; and we do pray you, and do well know, that you will at all times bestow upon our affairs all the aid and good will that you can, as being one who is entirely and for certain our friend. Given under, &c., at the Park of Wyndesore, this 23rd day of July."

To the Lord John of Britanny.

"To Monsire John of Britanny, greeting and affectionate love. We have carefully listened to the message which you have sent us, and we admit ourselves to be culpable as to what was contained in the same message, and do pray your pardon thereon. Still for all that, at our next interview we will tell you such things that you will hold us as excused thereon, and will be fully satisfied as to the same. Our Lord have you in his keeping. Written at the Park of Wyndesore, this third day of August."

To Sir John de Berewyk.

"Edward, &c., to his dear clerk, Sir John de Berewyk, health and good love. Whereas we have heard that of the devise which our dearest lady and mother, (whom may God assoil,) whose executor you are, made to our dearly-beloved in God the prioress and the convent of Bromhale, a part is paid, and that a great part thereof is still in arrear, and we do greatly wish that her last will was fulfilled, for the rest and welfare of her soul: we do pray you in especial, that so much as is in arrear of the devise made unto the said ladies, you will cause to be paid in due manner as speedily as you can, for the love which you bear to us;

and we shall acknowledge ourselves greatly indebted therefore. Our Lord have you in his keeping. Given under, &c., at the Park of Wyndesore, this third day of August."

Rothery or Rotherik (Roderic) d'Espagne was his chamberlain in August, as mentioned in a letter to the Sheriff of Bedford of the 5th of that month.

To the Mayor of London.

"To his well-beloved Sir John le Blund, Mayor of London, health and good love. Whereas we have heard that certain persons of the city of London are bound unto our well-beloved servant Michael Le Tailleur, in a certain sum of money for the assault which in the said city they committed upon him, we do pray you that you will be assisting unto our said servant, that he may recover the debt which is so due to him, as speedily as in due manner, for love of us, you may be enabled to effect the same. Given under, &c., at Yatele [Yately], this 12th day of August."

To Almaricus (Emery) de Friscobald.

"Edward, &c., to Emery de Friscobald, greeting. Whereas we are bound unto our well-beloved Emeric Martyn, a merchant of Gascony, in the sum of 70 pounds sterling, for wines which were bought of him for our use, and consumed in our house; for which he has letters obligatory of our dear clerk, Sir Walter Reginald, keeper of our wardrobe: we do command you, that you will cause to be paid unto the said Emeric the said 70 pounds as speedily as you may, receiving from him the said letters obligatory. And we send you our

letters written unto our chamberlain at Chester, by which we command that, upon receiving from you these letters together with the said letters obligatory, he shall cause to be paid unto you the said 70 pounds without any delay. Given under, &c., at Sunnynge, the 13th day of August."

To Sir Walter Reginald.

"To Sir Walter Reginald, &c., greeting. We send you our letters of credit, written to Barouncyn, a merchant of Luke [Lucca]; by which we pray him that he will give you credit for that which you shall mention to him, and do that which you shall request him to do on our behalf, in the matter of making us a loan of money until some convenient term. And we do require of you, that you will make it your care to say such words unto him, and make of him such request in our behalf as concerning the said loan, as you know that the state of our affairs demands; and until such term as you shall be sensible that we shall be enabled well and easily to repay the same. Given under, &c., at Sunnynge, this 15th day of August."

To Baroncin, the Merchant.

"To Baroncin, the merchant of Lucca. Whereas we have charged our dearly-beloved clerk, Sir Walter Reginald, &c., to tell you certain things by word of mouth in our behalf, and to request that you will make us a loan of money until some convenient term, for weighty matters that concern us: we do pray that you will confidently believe our said clerk as to that which he shall tell you, and do that which he shall request you in our behalf, as concerning the loan above men-

tioned. Given under, &c., at Sunnynge, this 15th day of August."

To Sir Hugh le Despenser.

"Edward, &c., to his dear and well-beloved Monsire Hugh le Despenser, health and good love. Whereas we have heard that our well-beloved John de Bonynge is indicted for a trespass that has been committed in your Park of Wokkynge [Woking?]; for which trespass he has come unto you to ask your pardon: we do pray you affectionately that herein you will be unto him so gracious and so merciful, that he may be sensible that this our prayer has availed him, and that we may feel ourselves bound to thank you and to acknowledge ourselves indebted therein. Given under, &c., at Sunnynge, this 16th day of August."

To John de Foxle.

"To John de Foxle, greeting. We do command that you send unto us a sparrow-hawk, in full wing, for partridges, and that you lend unto us a spaniel; and that you send the same to-morrow by a man who well knows how to carry the said hawk. And also, send unto us to-morrow one of the foresters, from whom we may have advice as to our sport in the forest. Given under, &c., at Sunnynge, this 16th day of August."

To Sir Walter Reginald.

"Edward, &c., to his dear clerk, Sir Walter Reginald, &c., greeting. We do command that you cause to be paid unto Adam le Poleter, of Redinges [Reading], bearer of these letters, the money which we owe unto him, of which you well know, and as to which we have

already commanded you to pay the same; that so he may not have hereafter to return to us for the said payment. Given under, &c., at Sunninge, this 16th day of August."

To Sir Robert de Touny.

"Edward, &c., to his dear and faithful friend Monsire Robert de Touny, health and affectionate love. For that you did not speak to us lately, when you were at our house (*hostel*), we hold you excused; and we do pray you that you will come to speak to us as soon as, in due manner, you may; and that, for so long as we remain in the forest, you will lend us a horn that you have, and will send it by some one of your people, if you yourself cannot bring it us at an early moment. Our Lord have you in his keeping. Given under, &c., at Baggeshete, the 21st day of August."

To Sir Roger le Brabanzon [and others].

"Edward, &c., to his dear and well-beloved Monsire Roger Brabanzon, Monsire Peter Malorre, and Sir Gilbert de Roubire, justices, &c., health and good love. Whereas we have heard that Simon de Pinkenye, and Christina his partner (who is sister to our dear and well-beloved in God, brother John de Lenham, our Confessor,) have been indicted by the procurement of one Edmund Cok, their persecutor; we do pray you as especially as we can, that if so be that they shall have to come for judgment before you, you will show unto them all graciousness and friendship, favour and kindness, that law and reason will admit of, for the love that you bear unto us; and that the inquest that shall be taken as concerning them shall be of other persons than of

those who indicted them, or of the kindred of those who caused them to be indicted. For we desire greatly that their deliverance were made to their honour, by reason of our said Confessor. Given under, &c., at Sunnynge, the 30th day of August."

To Sir Hugh le Despenser.

"Edward, &c., to his dear and faithful friend Monsire Hughe le Despenser, health and affectionate love. Whereas we have made request of you heretofore as to the matters that concern our dear servant, Master Richard de Clebury, our cook, in reference to the bailiwick of Kynefare; and, for the love that you bear to us, you have been a good friend to him, so that his business has been wholly completed by your aid: we do further pray you, in especial, that you will be assisting him, and that you will speak to Monsire John Fitz-Philip, (who is an old man, as we have heard, and has no power to help himself in keeping his bailiwick,) that he give up his office to our said servant for a certain sum which you shall think proper to name, and which shall be suitable for the one and the other. For well know that the said Monsire John will do at your request all things that are reasonable. And we do pray you that you have this matter so much at heart, that our said servant obtain a certain income; for we ourselves have his interests and his advancement much at heart. Our Lord have you in his keeping. Given under, &c., at the Park of Wyndesore, this third day of September."

To Sir John Fitz-Philip.

"Edward, &c., to Monsire John Fitz-Philip, health

and good love. Whereas our lord the King, our father, at our request has given the bailiwick of Kynefare, after your decease, unto our dear servant Master Richard de Clebury, our cook; and we have heard that you are in so feeble a state of body that you cannot help yourself in safely keeping the bailiwick; we do pray you in especial that you will make him certain of the bailiwick in such manner as your friends and his shall look upon as reasonable for yourself and for him. • And whatever you shall do for him at our request, we shall be much bound to thank you for the same and to acknowledge ourselves indebted therein. For know that we have his interests and his advancement much at heart, for the good and praiseworthy services that he has done us heretofore, and still does from one day to another. And as to what you shall be pleased to do at this our request, you will send us word by your letters, by the bearer hereof. Given under, &c., at the Park of Wyndesore, this third day of September."

To Sir Walter Reginald.

"We command that the monies which you have received on loan, to our use, of Baroncyn, merchant of Lucca, you cause to be paid unto our creditors, in the district of Langele, to the amount of 200 marks; to those, namely, who shall have the greatest need thereof. And we send you our letters, written unto the said Baroncyn, whereby we thank him for the loan which he has made unto us, and the which we desire you should make of avail unto him. Given under, &c., at the Park of Wyndesore, this fourth day of September."

To the Bailiffs and Commonalty of Bruscels [Brussels].

"Edward, &c., to the bailiffs and commonalty of Brussels, health and good love. Whereas we have heard that the Pope has given a place unto our dearly-beloved in God, the brethren of the Order of Friars Preachers, which belonged to the Friars of the Sack, in the same town of Brussels; we do pray that, as to such place, you will for love of us allow them to enjoy the same to their profit in all due and proper manner that they may; and we shall in especial hold ourselves indebted to you therefore. Given under, &c., at the Park of Wyndesore, this fourth day of September."

To his Lordship, the Abbot of Abyndone.

"Edward, &c., to his dearly-beloved in God, the Abbot of Abyndone, and the convent of the same place, health and affectionate love. Whereas, at the request of our Lord the King, our father, you have granted unto our dear servant, Master Simon, our cook, ten marks per annum, to be received of your house, as we have heard; we do pray you in especial, that, in addition thereto, you will give him your robes. For we are sensible, and do well know, that he will both wish and know how to show himself well deserving of the same. Given under, &c., at the Park of Wyndesore, the fifth day of September."

To his Lordship, the Abbot of Redynge.

"To his dearly-beloved in God, the Abbot of Redynge, and the convent, &c., health and all due honour. Whereas our well-beloved John Lalemand, keeper of one of our chargers, has had one of his hands

badly wounded, and we have heard that there is a good surgeon with you; we do pray that you will receive him to remain in your house until such time as his hand is cured, and that in the meantime you will find him his sustenance, and see that the said surgeon takes good care of him, for the honour of ourselves. And we do desire in especial to be bound to thank you for the same. Given under, &c., at the Park of Wyndesore, this fifth day of September."

To Henry de Say.

"To his dear servant, Henry de Say, his brother, &c., greeting. Whereas, we have heard that our dear servant, Laurence de Baggeshete, our palfreyman, is about shortly to have his daughter married; we do command that you will cause to be delivered unto him one tun of wine as our gift for the nuptials of his said daughter. And we will cause that due allowance shall be made you, therefore, in your account. Given under, &c., at the Park of Wyndesore, this fifth day of September."

To Sir Walter Reginald.

"To Sir Walter Reginald, keeper, &c., greeting. Whereas we have heard that you have not yet delivered unto Gunnore, our laundress, her gown which she ought to have had of us for the feast of Christmas last past; we do command that if the same is still due to her, you will cause her to have the same in due manner as speedily as you may. For we have heard that she will shortly have her daughter married; wherefore it is our wish that this matter should be the more expedited. Given under, &c., at the Park of Wyndesore, this fifth day of September."

To Sir Roger Sauvage.

"To Monsire Roger le Sauvage, constable of Wyndesore, &c. We do pray you that you will let John Gounage, servant in our butlery, who is dwelling at Wyndesore, have two fitting oaks for timber, from the Park of Wyndesore, on our behalf. Given under, &c., at the Park of Wyndesore, this fifth day of September."

To Sir Hughe le Despenser.

"Edward, &c., to Monsire Hughe le Despenser, health and affectionate love. We do pray you in especial, that you will hasten unto us as soon as, in due manner, you can, and that you will send us word by your letters where you will be the Sunday next to come. Given under, &c., at the Park of Wyndesore, this seventh day of September."

To his Lordship the Earl of Lincoln.

"To the noble man, his dear cousin, Monsire Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, health and affectionate love. We do pray you in especial that you will be tender of our business touching us at this next Parliament; and more particularly as to Gower, that our jurisdiction and our rights there may be saved. And be pleased to be aiding and counselling unto our well-beloved Monsire William de Langetone, who will maintain our suit before you in the said Parliament for the saving and maintaining of our rights. Our Lord have you in his keeping. Given under, &c., at the Park of Wyndesore, this tenth day of September."

To Master Robert de Cisterne.

"To Master Robert de Cisterne, our physician, greet-

ing. We do command you that, upon seeing these letters, you forthwith come unto us, wherever we may be, in the vicinity of Wyndesore. And this omit not, in any manner. Given under, &c., at Bray, this fifteenth day of September."

To her Ladyship the Countess of Hereford.

"To the noble lady, his most dear sister, Madam Elizabeth, Countess of Holland, Hereford, and Essex, on part of Edward, her brother, health and affectionate love. Dearest sister, whereas we have a beautiful white* harrier dog, we pray that you will send us the white harrier bitch that you have; for we have a great desire to possess some of these dogs. Dearest sister, our Lord have you in his keeping. Given under, &c., at Bray, this fifteenth day of September."

To his Lordship the Earl of Lancaster.

"To the Earl of Lancaster, health and affectionate love. Most dear cousin, we hold you well excused in that you have not come to see us; and we are greatly grieved at your illness, and if we could have come to where you are, we would have done so willingly, for the purpose of seeing and comforting you. Most dear cousin, our Lord have you in his keeping. Given under, &c., at the Park of Windsor, this twenty-second day of September."

To Sir John de Drokenesford.

"To Sir John de Drokenesford, health and affec-

* The word is "*liverer*." It is doubtful whether it means "harrier," "retriever," or the one known as the "levinner," or "lyemmer," by the old naturalists, also called the "lyme-hound," probably a sort of bloodhound.

ionate love. Whereas you have promised us a cartload f walnuts, we pray you that you will send your letter vritten to the keeper of the place where the nuts are, nd we will send thither a cart to fetch them. Our Lord have you in his keeping. Given under, &c., at he Park of Windsor, this twenty-fifth day of September."

To Reginald de Thunderlee [and another.]

"Edward, &c., to Reginald de Thunderle and to William Cosin, Sheriffs of London, health and good love. As by our letters we made entreaty of late for our well-beloved Robert Poun, that you would make him serjeant to carry the mace before you, we do pray you again that you will receive the said Robert, and make him your said serjeant, for the love you bear us. And we will in especial be bound to thank you and to acknowledge ourselves indebted for the same. Given at Kenytone [Kennington], this third day of October."

To the Abbot of Saint Edmund's.

"Edward, &c., to his dearly-beloved in God, the Abbot of Saint Edmund's, health and good love. Whereas we have heard that some outrage has been committed by the people of your Abbey upon the people of the town of Saint Edmund's; which offence your said people are putting upon our servant, Robert Sauvage; we do pray you, that you will by no means allow that anything should be put upon our said servant, other than is consistent with reason and truth, and that you will cause an inquisition to be held thereon, of good and lawful persons of the said city;

and that when the same shall have been so taken, you will send us a copy thereof under your seal, that so we may know the true state of the matter. Given at Kenytone, this fourth day of October."

The following are cited on account of the singular sirnames contained in them:—

"To Richard Oysel, warden of Kingestone-upon-Hulle, health and good love. We do pray you in especial in behalf of our well-beloved John Rotenherynge, of Kyngestone, that in the matters which concern him before you, you will, for the love which you bear to us, show him the favour and friendship that rightfully you may. And we will be especially indebted to you therefore. Given, &c., at Quenetone,* this 25th day of October."

"Edward, &c., to all bailiffs and officers of our lord the King, and to our own, greeting. As our beloved Hamond Dandy, bearer of these letters, who is with us of our household, is on his way towards his country of Cestreshrie (Cheshire), we do pray that when he shall come your way, you will hold him as recommended unto you, for the love of God, both in going, sojourning, and returning; and that you will not do unto him, or suffer to be done unto him, so long as he is among you, any evil, mischief, or molestation, without reasonable cause therefore. These letters to continue in force until the

* I have little doubt but that this is merely an affected way of writing, "Kenytone" meaning "Kennington." In several cases I have met with it, the letters of the day before and the day after being dated from "Kenytone." It is just possible, however, that "Quenetone" (Queen's Town) may have been some now forgotten adjunct of "Kenytone" (King's Town).

Feast of the Nativity of Saint John the Baptist next ensuing. Given under, &c., at Langele, this 11th day of May, in the year of, &c., 33."

To Sir Walter Reginald.

"To his dear clerk, Walter Reginald, keeper, &c. Whereas we have heard that you have bought of John Launcegruel, of London, a horse at the price of 30 pounds; of which 15 pounds are paid him, and the other 15 pounds are still to pay; we do command that, if so it is, you will cause to be paid unto him the other 15 pounds which are so in arrear, in due manner, as speedily as you may. Given under, &c., at the Park of Wyndesore, this fourth day of September."

The following two notes show his regard for one of his old nurses:—

To Henry de Bray.

"Edward, &c., to his well-beloved Master Henry de Bray, greeting and good love. Whereas we have heard that some persons, by your abetting, are about to molest our dear and well-beloved Dame Alice de Leygravé, our nurse, in reference to a wardship which our lord the King, our father, had given to her, lately belonging to Fraunke Scolaunde, to whom the daughter of our said nurse is married; we do affectionately pray you, and do command that you will wholly abstain from doing, or causing to be done, by yourself or by others, anything that may turn to the hurt or damage of the said daughter of our nurse, or to the hindrance of the gift aforesaid, contrary to what is right—for we are greatly

troubled that she, or hers, should incur evil or damage unreasonably—so far as it is in our power duly to give our counsel thereon; for the saving of the right of our Lord the King, and the good services which our said nurse has borne us. Given under, &c., at Wye, the 5th day of July."

To the Bishop of Bath [*Walter Haselshaw*].

"To the honourable Father in God, his dear friend, Sir Walter, by the grace of God Bishop of Bath, Edward, &c. We do thank you affectionately for the honours and courtesies which you have oftentimes done unto our dear nurse, Dame Alice de Leygrave, as to the which she has spoken unto us in terms of high commendation; and we do especially request, that the benefits which you have so begun you will continue, if so it please you, in such manner that we may be still more beholden to you. Our Lord, &c. [have you in his keeping]. Given under, &c." (as above as to place and date).

The subjoined is one more case of interference in the matter of his tailor.

To Sir Roger Brabanzon [*and others*].

"Edward, &c., to Monsire Roger Brabanzon, and his companions, justices of our Lord the King, greeting. Whereas certain persons of the city of London lately beat, wounded, and maltreated Michael, our tailor, against the peace; and we did thereupon, by our letters, demand of the Mayor and the Sheriffs of London, that all those who were present at this assault, and who should by inquisition be found guilty, should be

attached and imprisoned; to do the which, the said mayor and sheriffs were bound by virtue of their office. And of late we have heard for certain that one Walter Balloke, who was in such manner attached and imprisoned for the said offence, has made plaint before you of false imprisonment, and has sued the sheriffs who made the attachment aforesaid, as unto their office pertained:—we do pray you in especial that you will not suffer any grievance or duress to be inflicted upon the said mayor and sheriffs for the attachment which they made upon the misdoers aforesaid by our command in form before-mentioned. And whereas we have heard that he is prosecuting the said sheriffs by reason of the malice of certain persons, it would please us much that you should take this matter wholly under your supervision, until such time as we shall come into the neighbourhood of London, that so you may then be fully informed by our people, who are acquainted with the truth of the said matter. Given under, &c., at Chartham, this 8th day of July."

To Michael the Tailor.

"Edward, &c., to Michael, his tailor, greeting.—Whereas we have heard that you have lately agreed before our dear and faithful Monsires Robert de Hausted, our seneschal, and Sir Walter Reginald, keeper of our wardrobe, to look to our wardrobe for payment of a debt which you claim from Osbern de Gray and his sureties for the assault which was committed upon you in the City of London; we do command you that if so it is, you will not molest or cause to be molested or aggrieved, by reason of the

said debt, the said Osbern or his sureties, against the tenor of your agreement aforesaid; and that you will take measures speedily that their houses, which for this reason are shut up at your suit, be given up to them, that they may consult their profit as to the same. Given under, &c., at Chartham, this 8th day of July."

One of the latest-dated letters exhibits strong signs of the country gentleman, in the concern of the writer for a suitable steed.

To the Executors of the Earl de Warenne.

"Edward, &c., to his dear friends the executors of our dear uncle the Earl de Warenne, whom God assoil, health and loving friendship.—Inasmuch as our people have already spoken to you in our behalf, that we wished to have the steed that belonged to the said earl for the value as it shall be appraised by honest persons, we again entreat that the same steed may be kept for us wherever the earl had it, and fix a time sure and convenient, when our people and your people may examine the said steed, and fix both a certain price and day to make the payment. And we pray you that the said steed may be nowhere removed from where it is, until our people and your people have examined it, as is before said. Give credence to our dear clerk Sir Robert de Chishell in what he shall say to you in this matter. Given under our privy seal at Langley, the 20th day of November (1304.)"

Edward had a real love for horses, and in this he imitated his friend the Archbishop of Canterbury. The high position of Robert of Winchester, however,

could not protect him, in 1306, when the Prince of Wales was in greater disfavour than ever with the King. That the Prince had a good friend in so good a man as this archbishop, shows that young Edward could admire other companions than the wretched crew catalogued by Knyghton, the Canon of Leicester. It is true that both seem to have had one taste in common for horses. But it was the intimacy of the relations between the prelate and the Prince that caused the former to be charged with the crime of treason. He made an abject submission to the King, who seized on all his property, and prohibited all persons from giving him aid or shelter. Had it not been for some good monks of Canterbury, who disobeyed the King's orders, the primate would have died of starvation.

Having illustrated the character of the Prince by these samples from his correspondence, I return to the course of his life, and have to state that the day of Pentecost, 1306, was long remembered in London for its glories and its cost. On the previous first of April, the King, before setting out for Scotland, had summoned all noblemen and gentlemen, bound by fee to take such service, to repair to Westminster in order that they might receive the honour of knighthood. At the same time notice was given to them that their costumes on the occasion would be furnished from the royal wardrobe. The royal tailors and embroiderers must have had a busy time of it, for the candidates for knighthood amounted to several hundreds, and the costumes, including caps and mantles, were as brilliant as purple velvet, gold, and

other costly finery, could make them. The number of recipients was larger than usual, because the Prince of Wales was himself to be received into the order of chivalry. There were so many—the lowest number is given at 300, which did not include twice as many attendants—that there was no one room in the Palace of Westminster spacious enough to contain them. Recourse was had to the New (the present) Temple Gardens. Here walls were levelled, apple trees pulled down, and tents and wooden booths erected, the bill for which the young Prince had to "settle" some time after his accession to the throne. Edward and his companions —that is to say those of the noblest birth among them— kept their vigils, on the eve of the day of the great ceremony, in the cathedral church at Westminster. Such vigils, in ordinary cases, comprised (after bathing) prayer, fasting, and meditation. How these customs were observed by the mere gentlemen who kept their vigils at the Temple, I cannot say. Mr. Planché, in his "History of British Costume," simply records that the young knight-companions generally "crowded in their glittering dresses the gardens of the Temple which were set apart for their reception, and received much injury in this novel service." Of what occurred at Westminster, a more distinct account is given in the seventh volume of the "Archæological Journal." From this account, founded on ancient documents, we learn that the vigils were of a rather uproarious character. In place of silence or prayer, trumpets were sounded, pipes squeaked forth a treble accompaniment, and unruly shouts now and then ascended to the roof, creating altogether such confusion that the monks at either side of

the choir could not hear the voices of those who were seated opposite to them.

On the Whit-Sunday, the Prince of Wales was dubbed knight, by his father, in the Palace at Westminster. After which solemnity the Prince proceeded to the abbey to confer knighthood on his riotous companions of the vigils. To these were now added an immense crowd of spectators who had obtained possession of the abbey, and through whom armed men on horseback in vain endeavoured to ride and keep clear the way. Such an indecent sight of crowding and peril could only be seen in these days at a modern Drawing-room. At Westminster, however, there was something more than peril, there were fatal accidents. Each knight companion was escorted towards the altar by two knights, who had charge to take care of him during the ceremony. Some idea of the tumultuous scene may be had from the fact that, even with this protection, the struggle through the crowd was so fierce that several knights fainted, and two of them were actually killed. The Prince of Wales himself was so closely surrounded that he was unable to use his arms in order to belt the newly-made knights. So intolerable was the pressure that he was at last compelled to mount on the altar itself, and on that unusual stage he performed the ceremony of making knights of the fatigued and fainting young nobles who could fight their way to his feet. No wonder is it, if, after a night of such vigils, and a day of such toilsome seeking of knighthood under difficulties, they enjoyed a cool and joyous evening in the Temple Gardens, where they made the blossoms shake for it.

The scenes of the Prince's private life were sometimes

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in strange contrast with the splendour of those which marked his appearance in public. The restoration of Gaveston to his service did not, of itself, content him; and this dissatisfaction brought on a particular scene of violence, of which we have a record in the Latin chronicle of Hemingford, and in which the King and the Prince are the chief actors.

Hemingford relates that young Edward had raised De Gaveston from the lowest condition—of poverty, if not of rank—and had enriched him to the utmost of his power. To riches, the Prince wished to add honours, and fearing, as he invariably did, to ask his father, in person, to confer a favour on a friend, he applied to the King's especial favourite—Walter de Langton, the royal treasurer, whom Edward had elevated from a subordinate post in the wardrobe to a seat on the episcopal bench—to petition for this favour in the Prince's name. The favour was no light one, it was to the effect that young "Perot," *Little Peter*, as the Prince was accustomed to write and speak of him, might be exalted to the dignity of Count of Ponthieu!

The Bishop of Chester was an agent who had carried many difficult commissions to a successful conclusion, but he accepted the one imposed on him by the Prince with ominous reluctance. He went straightway, however, to the King, and briefly and without interlocution, explained what had brought him into such presence.

"My lord King," said he, "I come here on the part of my lord, the lord Prince, your son, and unwillingly enough, as the living God is my witness. He requires that I should solicit, in his name, that the title of Count of Ponthieu should be conferred on the Lord Peter de

Gaveston, his bachelor, if such might be done by your good permission."

The King burst forth into a fit of uncontrollable wrath. "And by the living God," he exclaimed, "who art thou who darest ask such a thing? Had I not the fear of God before me, and the remembrance of what you said, that thou art an unwilling agent in this matter, thou shouldst not escape rough treatment. But now I will see what he has to say who sent thee hither! And stay thou, meanwhile, where thou art!"

Prince Edward was accordingly summoned, and speedily obeyed the command. On seeing him, his father exclaimed, "What business is this that thou hast sent this man upon?"

The Prince at once replied, "To ask, with your permission, that Lord Peter de Gaveston might be created Count de Ponthieu."

At this cool rejoinder, the King became wilder in his wrath than before, and even flung unsavoury names at the deceased Queen Eleanor, whom he had certainly loved and respected. "Oh, ill-begotten son of a wanton mother," shrieked the foolish and false-spoken King, "*thou* art in the mood to give away lands, *thou* who hast never won any!" Then turning from this sarcasm on the non-military disposition of Edward, he cried out, "God alive! were it not that the kingdom might fall into anarchy, I would take care that thou shouldst never come to thy inheritance." And from these violent words he passed to violent deeds. Seizing the Prince by the head, with both hands, he tore away his hair by handfuls, or as much as he could—"in quantum potuit," to use the phrase of the chronicler; and forthwith he

ordered the Prince to be kept under arrest. Then summoning such of his Council as had accompanied him on the expedition to Scotland, and conferring together, they came to a resolution which is explained by what followed. Peter de Gaveston was called before the board and made to swear that, be the King living or dead, he (Peter) would never accept a gift of lands from the Prince. He was then made to listen to a decree of perpetual exile—a certain day being named, by which time had he not voided the kingdom, his life would be forfeit. The Prince of Wales was also obliged to make oath that he would never confer on Gaveston titles and estates, which the latter had sworn he would never receive, even if proffered.

The chronicler Knyghton states that Gaveston in his exile waited near the sea and in Flanders, for the death of King Edward. The Prince meanwhile made more open manifestation of his special love for his absent friend, and of his hostility against those who had been the more immediate cause of his favourite's banishment.

At length came the period, 1307, when King Edward was arrested by death on his progress to Scotland, on which progress he was accompanied by his son, who at Lanercost was summoned to the bedside of his dying father.

The traditionary account of the last scene between Edward and the Prince of Wales introduces us to an eloquent dying King, and a silent, self-willed heir, whose respect for the will of the sovereign when dead, was shown like that of the French Regency for the will of Louis XIV., by entirely disregarding it. The young Prince was enjoined to exercise the virtues of mercy,

justice, courtesy, and truth; to have fellowship with the good, and condescension for the lowly; to love his half-brothers Thomas and Edmund, but especially to love and reverence their mother, Queen Marguerite. His heart the King bequeathed, he said, to the trusteeship of 140 knights, who should bear it with them to the Holy Land (since he could not fulfil a vow to go thither in person), and find prosperity in battle, according as they kept the deposit safely and honourably. "I have provided two and thirty thousand pounds of silver for the support of these knights," said Edward; and—uncomfortable remarks in the ears of such a son—he calmly observed that he trusted eternal damnation would be the award of him who turned this money-legacy from its destined use. The Prince of Wales was, probably, equally uneasy under another portion of the counsel given by his dying father. This related to Gaveston, concerning whom, the Prince was told that, unless he would incur his father's curse, he should never recall the pernicious favourite, who had abused the tender years of the Prince with wicked vanities. The King remembered that he had bound the Prince of Wales by oath, not to recall or receive Piers without his royal sanction; and now to bind him, when that sanction could not be given or refused, he enjoined the Prince never to summon his former friend to England without the common consent; seeing, said the King, that he was banished by common decree. Edward further endeavoured to control his son's impatience, by counselling him not to hasten to take the crown of England till he had revenged the injuries the King had experienced at the hands of the Scots. The moribund King was not fain to be at peace with all men. He

could forgive every one save his enemies and a few individuals, dislike for whom he could not surmount. Revenge on the Scots was uppermost in the royal heart, and the Prince of Wales was enjoined to accomplish that end; and even to "carry" (as Walsingham and Speed assure us) "his father's bones about with him in some coffin till he had marched through all Scotland, and subdued all his enemies, for none should be able to overcome him while his skeleton marched with him."

Although this account is vouched for by more than the historians I have cited, it has been doubted by others; while a third class maintain that the Prince of Wales was not present at all at the deathbed of his father. Perhaps the most terribly circumstantial of all the historians and chroniclers who record the incidents, real or imaginary, of the last scene between father and son, is Froissart. That picturesque gossiper writes, that the Prince of Wales, standing in presence of the King, the latter made him swear before all his barons, "by the saints, that as soon as he should be dead, he would have his body boiled in a large cauldron, until the flesh should be separated from the bones; that he would have the flesh buried, and the bones preserved; and that every time the Scots should rebel against him, he should summon his people, and carry against them the bones of his father, for he believed most firmly, that as long as his bones should be carried against the Scots, these Scots would never be victorious."

Such a minute description was enough to excite the disgust, if not terror, rather than sympathy of the Prince for the King. But perhaps it is as apocryphal as what is said to have taken place immediately after the death

of the sovereign who had expressed to his son his intense desire for wreaking vengeance on the Scots. It is a Scottish poet historian who now speaks, in the "Buik of the Chronicles of Scotland, or a Metrical Version of the History of Hector Boece, by William Stewart," who deposes that—

> "Right as the soul did from the body draw
> An English knight into a vision saw
> Great Lucifer, the master-fiend of hell,
> With many demons furious and fell,
> Some at the head, and others at the feet
> Of King Edward, there raving out the spirit;
> Then flew with it, with many rueful roar;
> Judge ye yourself, for I cannot tell where."

That some such mission as that said to have been delivered to the Prince by the dying King, was really assigned to him, seems to be confirmed by a speech of Robert Bruce, reported by Matthew of Westminster—"I am more afraid," said he, "of the bones of the father dead, than of the living son; and by all the saints, it was more difficult to get a foot of land from the old King, than a whole kingdom from the son." Edward himself did not more severely satirize the unwarlike disposition of the Prince of Wales when he ridiculed him—a man who knew not how to win territory, for wishing to confer it on a worthless favourite.

There is one incident to be mentioned by which we are enabled to measure the extravagance of the first Prince of Wales. His debts, at his father's death, amounted to 28,000*l.* sterling—a sum which would be represented by nearer a half than a quarter of a million of money of the present value. This testifies to a vast expenditure on the part of a young man

not much above twenty years of age, and whose household expenses were chiefly supplied — but perhaps only nominally supplied—by the King. However this may be, the latter could hardly reproach his son on the score of extravagance; and among the first acts of Edward of Caernarvon, after his accession, was the drawing of a bill on the Exchequer to the amount above named, for the discharge of his debts when Prince of Wales. At the same time, and in the same way, he satisfied his father's creditors; and then, with impoverished treasury, commenced a new career of costly extravagance.*

Twenty miserable years with a few brief days of extravagant joy, and a few, very few, of calm felicity, intervened between the accession of the first Prince of Wales to the throne and his death, 1307—1327. There was a brilliant marriage with Isabelle; a prodigality of luxury with a poor treasury to meet the cost, and a revolt of the barons, which soon dispersed all thoughts of inglorious ease. To be the King's favourite was but to inherit death, though the fate of one brought with it no experience to his successor—Despenser perishing as miserably as Gaveston. The military reputation of England was humiliated at Bannockburn; famine followed upon defeat; sickness attended famine; and the children of Edward were born when particular calamity was pressing upon England or the King. The end of all was that dreadful scene at Berkley Castle, the horrors of which contrast

* Archæologia, v. xxviii. p. 248.

so strongly with the joyous shouts that welcomed Edward's birth at Caernarvon. Around his cradle, gay and gallant groups of ladies, priests, and nobles; around his death-bed, a couple of murderers and their assistants. Cries of joy hailed his birth, his own shrieks heralded his death; but they were heard far over the village near the castle, and the startled inhabitants there listened in terror, and prayed for the poor soul that was passing away in such unutterable torture.

Thus the first English Prince of Wales was the first King of England who was deposed and murdered.

CHAPTER V.

EDWARD OF WINDSOR, SECOND PRINCE OF WALES.

BORN 1312. DIED (KING OF ENGLAND) 1379.

IN a painted glass window, in one of the canon's houses in Windsor Castle (the window is over the cloisters adjoining the chapel), there is a horoscope or astrological scheme of nativity. It was cast to show the aspect of the heavens at the moment of the birth of the first child of Edward II. and the youthful Isabelle of France. That child, subsequently the renowned Edward III., was born at Windsor, at twenty minutes to six on the morning of the 13th of November, 1312. The horoscope informs us that the sixth degree of Scorpio was then ascending, and the eighteenth degree of Leo was, at that auspicious moment, culminating. What this foretold it would be difficult to say, but in the Scorpion and the Lion, those who placed faith in horoscopes affected to see—when Edward of Windsor had completed his career — a foreshadowing of the Prince who was made to depose his father, and of the King who raised the fame of the military glory of England to a height it had never reached before.

King Edward II. was then sorrowing for the loss of his favourite Gaveston, who had been executed by the barons a few weeks previously. But the birth of a son made some amends for the death of his bosom friend; and a life-annuity of twenty pounds conferred on

the happy couple of the Queen's household from whom he learned the long-desired intelligence, proved the value at which he estimated the news.

The birth of a Prince at Windsor was considered of such importance that the Queen herself notified the auspicious circumstance in a letter to the Mayor of London, purporting to be from her own hand, and written on the day that the Prince was born. The letter, a copy of which, in Norman French, is preserved in the British Museum (Add. MSS., 15,664) is to this effect:—

"Isabelle, by the grace of God, Queen of England, Lady of Ireland, and Duchess of Aquitaine, to our well-beloved the Mayor and Aldermen of the community of London, health.—Because we believe that you will hear the good news with alacrity, we make known to you that our Lord, by His grace, delivered us of a son, on the 13th day of November, to the safety of ourselves and of the child. May our Lord keep you! Given at Windsor, on the above-named day."

This missive was entrusted by the Queen to John de Phalaise, the tailor of her household. The date above given fell on a Saturday, but the tardy tailor did not reach London till the following Tuesday; and he found, to his chagrin, that the joyous news had been made known to the mayor and aldermen, by another announcer, on the day previous—the Monday. The earlier Martinmas Mercury had set the whole City in an uproar of delight, and John the tailor arrived with his letter when the rejoicings were nearly half over. On the Monday in question, the mayor and aldermen and a great crowd of the commonalty assembled at the "Gyhalli," (as

we are told in the "memoranda" appended to the copy of the royal letter) at vesper time, they set the bells a-chiming, manifested a world of joy, and went processionally through the City by a resplendent light from torches, to the sound of trumpets and other gladdening minstrelsy. And on the Tuesday morning early, long before the lagging tailor had reached the City, the special holiday had commenced. Orders had been proclaimed that no sort of work, labour, or opening of shop should be done that day. Accordingly, every one apparelled himself in the most honourable fashion with which he was acquainted (in las plus honurable maude q'il saveit), and repaired to the "Gyhalli," whence the mayor and good people went "togetherly," or *ensemblement*, as the original has it, to St. Paul's, for two especial purposes—to give praises and "offerings," in honour of God who had bestowed on them this grace—of a Prince, and also to show their reverence for the child so recently born. This done, they returned to the Guildhall, and there did what was devised, and amused themselves till the hour of afternoon service.

At this later period there was another joyous and God-praising assemblage, again on their way to St. Paul's, with the chief magistrate and aldermen at their head. In the cathedral, the metropolitan bishop himself officiated, singing, as we are told, with great *sollempnete*. Again the citizens deposited their thank-offerings, and then the bells were again swung, and carillons of brazen gladness were "fired" over the City. A musical procession was then formed to the Guildhall, where the good people separated, and each man went in peace to his own house.

Meanwhile that slow-paced tailor had made his appearance; and, laggard as he was, it was not thought convenient to allow a Queen's messenger to go unrewarded, even for news which no longer possessed the quality of novelty. On Wednesday morning, therefore, the City authorities met together, and inviting her Majesty's leaden-heeled herald to appear before them, thanked him for the information of which he had been graciously made the bearer by the Queen; and in acknowledgment thereof, presented him with "*xii* disterling," and a silver cup of four ounces in weight. John de Phalaise accepted the present sulkily, kept it for a day, and on the Thursday morning "returned the gift, because it appeared to him to be too little" (*remaunda la dour avant-dit pur cet q'ili sembloit trop poi*). The unreasonable tailor was probably offended because he was not presented with the freedom of the City in a gold box studded with diamonds!

What came of his discontent is not recorded. It did not, at all events, check the hilarity which had not yet concluded. On the following Monday there was a wonderful cavalcade from the City to Westminster, in which aldermen went fearlessly on horseback, and the draper-mercers especially distinguished themselves by their equestrian efficiency and the splendour of their dresses — in a troop, where mayor and aldermen rode like knights, and were apparelled like monarchs. At Westminster they made fresh thank-offerings in the abbey, and thence returned to the Guildhall, where they dined in state; and probably dined exceedingly well, for the old writer of the "memoranda" states that, after dinner, the good fellows went *en karole* joyously

throughout the City, not only during the rest of the day, but during a great part of the night! It was altogether a glorious Monday, for the conduit in Cheap ran with wine, of which all who chose might drink; and at the jousting-cross before St. Michael's Church, in West Cheap, a tent was raised in the middle of the street, beneath which stood a lusty butt of wine for every passer-by who desired to quaff thereof to the health of Prince Edward of Windsor.

Those were something like popular rejoicings for the birth of an heir to the throne! The people were not only bidden to feel joy, but the wine was provided for them that should make their hearts glad.

It was not a mere passing joy, for on the morrow after Candlemas the fishermen of London, in bright and costly dresses, carried up to Westminster a superb ship which they had constructed, and freighted with offerings, and presented it there to the royal mother of the little Edward. And it happened that, on that very day, the Queen set out on pilgrimage to Canterbury; and the citizens of high degree, commonalty and all, turned out, dressed in their best, escorting the Queen, or otherwise doing her honour as she passed. In such wise did the Londoners rejoice for the happy birth of the second Prince of Wales.

The royal father soon conferred more brilliant gifts upon the little Prince. Before the latter was two days old, the King formally granted him the counties of Chester and Flint, reserving certain specified manors. He also presented to the unconscious boy a gift of the castle and manor of Holt; and on the evening of the second day after the Prince's birth, the King had signed a deed in

which the Prince was styled—"Edward, Earl of Chester, our dearly-loved son;" *Edwardus, Comes Cestriæ, filius noster charissimus.**

It does not appear, however, that the little Earl of Chester was baptized under that Christian name till four days after his birth. Indeed, there had been some difficulty in reference to the name he was to bear. The young Queen's nephew, heir to the throne of France, was a Prince Louis; and the young Queen's uncle, Louis, Count of Evreux, was then residing, an honoured guest, at Windsor. This visitor was to be one of the godfathers of the heir of England; and he suggested to his niece that the name which was borne by himself and by the eldest "Child of France," was a very fitting one to give to his English grandnephew, the Earl of Chester. There were many French nobles and ladies at Court who warmly supported the suggestion; but the suggestion itself, however highly approved by Isabelle of France, was most distasteful to the father and kinsmen of the Earl in the cradle. It would not have been more acceptable to the English people at large. To lay so thoroughly foreign a name on the head of a Prince descended from Alfred the Great, would have been unkind to the heir, and almost an insult to the nation; and accordingly that heir was carried to the ancient chapel of Saint Edward, where Arnold, Cardinal of Santa Prisca, received him at the font, and christened him by the name of his father and the royal "Confessor." The chroniclers of the day have omitted to record the list of godmothers on this occasion; but, on the other hand, we possess that of the godfathers, which com-

* Tighe and Davies: Annals of Windsor.

prises seven persons—three bishops, Richard of Poictiers, John of Bath and Wells, and William of Worcester; one duke, John of Bretagne; one earl, Aymer de Valence of Pembroke; and that doughty and ill-fated old knight, Hugh le Despenser. Under these auspices was the infant christened; and Prince Edward was then processionally taken back to his apartments, as handsome and vigorous a baby as was ever sprinkled with holy water by the hand of cardinal or priest.

Edward of Windsor grew in strength and beauty, and the chroniclers unite in informing us that Edward was well instructed in all things that seemed "necessary or proper" for princes to excel in. He was of vigorous parts, improved rapidly, and his judgment, nature, and discretion are said to have been of excellent quality.

The Prince's next brother, John, came into the world at Eltham, when King Edward was prosecuting the war which came to such fatal end at Bannockburn. In 1318, when England was yet suffering from the famine that had succeeded the war, the Princess Eleanor first saw the light; and in 1322 another sister was born, also amid circumstances of gloom. The Queen's uncle, the Earl of Lancaster, had just before been condemned by the King to suffer death as a traitor; and the two Mortimers, one of whom was the evil genius of Isabelle, were lying, prisoners, in the Tower. In that palace and prison, the royal family, all except the King, were then residing, and there the Queen gave birth to "Joanna of the Tower." There was discomfort there, as well as gloom abroad, and John de Cromwell was removed from the constableship of the fortress, "because he neglected to look at the

dwelling-places of the Tower, and because the rain came down upon the bed of the Queen of England, when she gave birth to the girl named Johanne;" or, as the pleasant author of the Liber Albus (vol. ii. 409) graphically expresses it—"Johanne de Crombewelle . . . a Constabularia Turris . . . amotus, eo quod male custodiebat domos Turris, et quia pluviebat super lectum Reginæ Angliæ, puellam nomine Johannam parturientis ibidem."

With his brother and sister, Prince Edward was for no considerable period associated; but, as heir of England, there were appointed certain noble youths as his "companions;" and in his early boyhood his position with respect to the principality seems to have been marked by the appointment of a young Griffin, son of a "Sir Griffin of Wales," to be one of the companions of the youthful Prince Edward of Windsor. Of the influences of this and other companions we know nothing. It is otherwise when we come to speak of the Prince's tutor; this was Richard de Bury, or Aungerville — the latter being his family name, the former that of the Suffolk town in which he was born. He was an excellent divine, an efficient philosopher, a holy and a cheerful-hearted man. Lord Campbell traces to the tutor that love for literature and the arts which the royal pupil ultimately displayed. Richard was, at all events, a brilliant wit; but he was an indifferent Latinist, if we may judge from his own work, the "Philobiblon." His services to Prince Edward, however, gave great satisfaction, and this poor priest, of a knightly family of Bury, rose to be Treasurer of Gascony, Bishop of Durham, and Chancellor of England.

Prince Edward "loved him, as he said, beyond all the clerks in the realm;" and in after life when striving to obtain preferment for him from the Pope, he supported his application, on his experience of his old tutor as one ever ready to aid him, and as being a man foreseeing and far-seeing, pure of life and conversation, rich in learning, and circumspect in the conduct of affairs. Altogether, it may be said, that Prince of Wales had never a tutor better qualified (save in Latinity) for his responsible task.

Aungerville was especially distinguished for his love of books. In his *Philobiblon*, that agreeable rhapsody on literature and literary works, he glorifies himself, as it were, that he was attached to the Prince's house, inasmuch as it afforded him leisure and opportunity for looking after the sole game which he cared to hunt for. He does not especially refer to his tutorship and the Prince's pupillage, but he slily intimates how Philip of Macedon blessed God that his son was born when Aristotle was alive to be his tutor! We may infer from his book something of what he taught, or of the spirit of his teaching. Throughout all Greek and Latin history, he says, rather boldly, that there was no instance of a prince of true nobility who was not well skilled in literature. He is especially glad that Julius Cæsar wrote his own Commentaries, and some poetry to boot; that Tiberius composed lyrics, and Claudius verses of various quality; that Julius and Augustus invented secret modes of writing by transposition of letters, and that Titus was so skilful in imitating other people's handwriting, that he might, had he chosen it, have been the most successful forger in the world! These examples

presented to the Prince failed, however, to make him either the historian of his achievements, or the bard of his own deeds.

Edward could hardly avoid being influenced by the enthusiasm of his tutor for books. At every spare moment of his time, whatever his ostensible or positive duties may have been, his relaxation and his delight was to visit monasteries, cells, monks, and dealers in manuscripts and books, in search of his beloved volumes. For this search he abandoned palaces and companionship with the great—though for the latter he affected to be working—laying down as a law that literature and learning generally became a prince, statesman, judge, and cleric, but that other people had no claim to the privileges indicated by those two words. He liberally gave all his own books as the foundation of a lending library at Oxford. He did it, he said, for the good of his own soul, the souls of his parents, and of his pupil Edward of Windsor, and some others; but the volumes were prohibited from being lent to any but clerical students; ledgers he held to be the proper books for laymen—and yet his epigraph on the "Philobiblon" is "*Non quæro quod mihi utile est, sed quod multis*"—"I do not seek what is useful to myself only, but to many." It was not of the spirit of the times that the Prince's tutor should be desirous to be profitable "to all." Such was the tutor to whom the tall, well-shaped, stoutly-built Prince of Wales was indebted for his knowledge of Latin and of law, history, and divinity—French, Spanish, and German he acquired from other teachers, and altogether, this vivacious and graceful young Prince was exceedingly well informed.

Of the amusements of the Prince with his "companions," there is no record on close or patent roll, nor any trace elsewhere with which I am acquainted, except one, perhaps, in the Topographical Collections, MSS., vol. iii. p. 153, in the British Museum, wherein I find the roll of accounts of "John de Crumbewell," that lieutenant or constable of the Tower, who lost his place for not keeping the rain from the Queen's bed. This official, who received 100*l.* a-year—a salary which was often taken up in his absence, by his thrifty wife Idonea, rendered an account of his thirteen years' stewardship on resigning his charge. The roll has considerable interest, but there are two entries only which are connected with my subject. The first runs thus:—"In support of the leopard of our lord the King, being in the Tower, and of his keeper, from Sunday before the feast of St. Hilary, viz., the 11th of January, in the eighth year of Edward II. to Easter day following, the 13th of April—fourscore and thirteen days, at 3*d.* per day, 1*l.* 3*s.* 3*d.*" "The leopard of our lord the King," was doubtless a spectacle for the young Prince and his companions; and was, perhaps, a descendant of the family of three leopards sent by the Emperor Frederick to Henry III., as a living illustration of the English shield of arms. Prince Edward seems to have had some love for collecting animals, as he subsequently added to the single leopard maintained in his father's time; and after he became King, there was not only the old leopard, but "one lion, one lioness, and two cat lions," says Stowe, "in the said Tower, committed to the custody of Robert, son of John Bowre." Thus the second Prince of Wales may be said to have been the

true originator or origin of the menagerie in the Tower, which was only abolished in the year 1834, and the exhibition of which did not tend to edification, seeing that nearly five centuries after the establishment of Edward's leopard, any person was allowed to enter *gratis*, who brought with him a little dog to be thrown to the lions!

The second entry on the Constable's Roll shows that the new dignity which now seemed natural to heirs apparent had had its peculiar influences—the lane outside the Tower Gate being called "Petit Wales." The Constable acknowledges "9*s.* received from Walter Coleman, Esq., for the King's tenement in the lane called *Petit Wales*, without the Tower Gate." In Stowe's days, the ruins of stone mansions in Petty Wales testified to the ancient splendour of the locality; but he is inclined to give credit to a tradition of his time that "this great stone building was sometimes the lodging appointed for the old native Princes of Wales when they repaired to this city; and that therefore the street in that part is called Petty Wales, which name remaineth there most commonly unto this day, even as where Kings of Scotland used to be lodged betwixt Charing Cross and Whitehall, it is likewise called 'Scotland;' and where the Earls of Bretagne were lodged without Aldersgate, the street is called Britain-street"—now "Little Britain."

One of the characteristics of royal life, at this time, seems to have been perpetual restlessness. The sovereigns and their children were never long together in the same place. When Prince Edward was seven years old (1319), and the King was advancing on Ber-

wick, he resided with his mother at Brotherton. There an attempt was made by Earl Douglas, to carry off the whole family, prisoners; but before the earl, at the head of a large force, could reach the royal residence, information was despatched to the Queen, of the peril she was in; one of the scouts of the earl having been captured, and examined by the authorities, to whom he was communicative in proportion with his own risk. Officers having been sent with the alarming news, the Queen was enabled to carry off her children in safety to York, and, subsequently, for greater security, to Nottingham.

In these flights, and indeed in the ordinary course of constant travelling, the illustrious wayfarers generally sought or constrained the hospitality of the monasteries. If the heads of these had given any offence to the travellers, their liberality was taxed to the utmost. This seems to have been the case with the abbot of Peterborough, whose guests the royal family became, to his very sore cost. This renowned personage was even made for a time—a long eight weeks—the guardian of the Prince and his two sisters, with their attendants, all of whom were quartered on the abbot, converting the tranquil abode into a noisy locality, and causing an outlay of money which heavily grieved the community.

Of the extreme childhood of Edward little more is known; and what befel him when his parents had quarrelled and held separate households, it were fruitless to inquire. The King, estranged from his wife, rested on the friendship of the Despensers. The Queen, who is supposed to have formed an acquaintance in the Tower with Roger Mortimer, the forager on the Despensers'

Welsh lands, cared now little for her husband, but very much for Roger. Miserable were the dissensions that ensued, and the misery was increased by the intelligence from France, of the intention of the new King Charles the Fair, to seize on the territory held there by Edward, unless he immediately rendered for them the accustomed homage. Isabelle must have exercised some influence still over the King, or the latter and the Despensers must have been glad to be relieved of her presence, for, when the difficulty was at the greatest, the resolution was acted on that the Queen should repair to France, and mediate for a peace between the two monarchs.

Meanwhile, in 1322, was held that Parliament at York, the earls, barons, and "communities" forming which, granted to the King one-tenth of the goods of the community of the kingdom, and one-sixth of those of citizens, burgesses, and tenants of ancient demesnes. The gratification of King Edward was considerable, and it is a tradition that it was in this Parliament the investiture of Edward of Windsor took place as Prince of Wales. No documentary evidence of the fact exists, and, therefore, some writers assert, that Edward of Windsor is nowhere found to have used that title, although he is almost universally reckoned as the second Prince of the illustrious line. On the other hand, that accomplished archæologist, Mr. Wynne, says that in not one of the minister's accounts for Wales, nor in any other authentic document of the reign of Edward II. that he has seen, "does it appear that at any time during that reign, Wales was under the government of a Prince."

This doubt may permit us to observe greater brevity in narrating the outlines of the Prince's life. When his mother set out for France, in March, 1325, she parted apparently on good terms with Edward, and was gracious towards the Despensers, whom she hated. She went unaccompanied by the young Prince, but certainly not without the intention of causing him to follow her. To dupe her husband was no difficult task, but she duped the favourites also, and from the day she sailed across the Channel, the King began to slip from the throne on which the young and innocent Prince was so soon to replace him.

From the day of Isabelle's landing at Whitsand, near Calais, till that of her arrival in Paris, about three weeks had elapsed. She landed on Saturday, the 9th of March, and reached the capital on the 1st of April following. Sir Thomas de Londres accompanied her, with 1000*l.* in hand for her expenses, and power to draw, in Paris, on the King of England, for more; but even this did not suffice for the cost of the expedition, as she had designed it. Slowly she crept on from town to town, and on her devious route passed by that field of Cressy where her son and her son's son were, hereafter, to reap so golden a crop of what men gloss over by the name of "glory."

The details of her route and residence may be read in ledger-book correctness in the Archæologia. Her outward life was that of an extremely fashionable lady of her day. She gave superb dinners at her apartments in the Castle of Vincennes, her brother, Charles the Fair, helping to load the table with viands. The most sumptuous banquets were those at which she entertained

the bishops. One of these dinners cost her not less than 32*l.*, more than double the ordinary amount of her household expenses for a day. Conferences with the King, her brother, and correspondence with the King, her husband, and communications to her son, the Prince, proceeded from day to day, all on the subject of the homage to be rendered by Edward to Charles. Meanwhile, the Queen made pleasant excursions into the provinces, visited churches and shrines, made trips to view various relics, and entered prodigally into the other dissipations then in mode, such as having gay little parties of ladies, where wine and sweetmeats were the aids to communicativeness.

It required two months to enable her to bring about a peace, under condition that Edward should personally render homage for his possessions in France. This conclusion was made on the 31st May; and, for more than three months that ensued, Edward was for ever preparing to perform the arduous task, and never advancing a step sincerely towards accomplishing it.

At length came that apparently innocent proposal from the Queen, that her son, the Prince of Wales, should repair, as his father's representative, to France, and pay the homage owing by his sire. This little formality concluded, Isabelle and the boy would immediately return to England together; there would be peace then at home and abroad.

There were two things of which Edward stood in dread—his wife's influence over their son, and the boy's being drawn into a marriage distasteful to the King; and yet he adopted a course which led inevitably to the catastrophe which he was most desirous to avoid. There

is something touching in the memory of his anxiety, his helplessness, and his fitful joy. The last feeling was occasioned by his hopes of success in bringing about a betrothal between the Prince of Wales and a Princess of Spain. But whatever his transient joy, his fears and his weakness were paramount. In August he had formally appointed the Prince to exercise royal authority in England, under certain guidance, during his own absence in France to pay that hateful personal homage; but soon after, he gladly revoked the appointment, resigned his Continental dominions to the Prince, and resolved to send him, as suggested by the French faction, in his stead. It was falling into the net spread for him, and spread by cunning fowlers, for, as Fosbrooke remarks, in his History of Berkeley, "Ladies and gentlewomen were great practisers in the rebellion against Edward II."

In September of this year, 1325, the King accompanied the Prince to Dover, and on the progress, and especially before parting with him by the seaside, he laid down rules for his conduct, and particularly impressed on the boy the misery into which he would plunge, were he to be married, by any intrigue of his mother, and against his father's sanction. The Prince answered with good will and simplicity, that "he would not transgress nor disobey any of his father's injunctions in any point, or for any one." To new counsel and new warnings given by the perplexed father, that the young Prince should neither contract marriage, nor suffer it to be contracted for him by others, without the King's knowledge and consent, the boy, probably even more perplexed than his father, replied, "that it should be

his pleasure to obey the King's commandments, as far as he could, all the days of his life." Edward again impressed the Prince with the necessity to remember that he should not only never marry without his consent, but that if such a fatal course was laid open to him, he should at once seek for his advice. The idea of such a marriage was abhorrent to him. "No other thing that you could do," said the King, "would occasion greater injury or pain of heart to us."

Edward did not fail also to warn his son, although he was formally put in possession of the King's duchy of Aquitaine, not to make any alterations, injunctions, or ordinances without his father's advice and instructions. To this warning, the Prince replied in the spirit of the dear and well-beloved son such as he had been hitherto to his father. And thus Edward parted from the boy whom he never beheld again. His own after-expression that the prince was of "too tender an age to guide and govern himself, and therefore ought to be under paternal care," absolves from guilt the really most innocent of usurpers.

The Prince of Wales carried with him 2400 florins of 50*d.* each to defray his expenses. They appear not to have sufficed, even with his mother's allowance, to accomplish the ends which that mother had in view. It must have been to further such accomplishment, that after the arrival of the Prince in Paris, towards the end of September, his tutor De Bury, or Aungerville, followed him with a large sum of money, which King Edward must have considered as feloniously carried off, for as soon as the flight of the Prince's tutor was discovered, the King's lieutenant, with twenty-four

lances, was despatched after him to Paris. The search was hot after the alleged delinquent, but he was well-protected, and during a whole week of the pursuit, he was quietly ensconced in the belfry of the convent of the Brother Minors, reading his dearly beloved books, and little troubled by the turmoil made about him, below.

On the 24th of September, the Prince of Wales performed the long-delayed service of homage at the castle in the wood of Vincennes. The solemnity was followed by a rare Michaelmas dinner, given by the Queen, as if she rejoiced to see a Prince of Wales at the feet of a King of France. For this commemorative banquet, Charles the Fair sent four does to his sister's larder, and when the intelligence reached Westminster, Edward II. hoped that the worst was over, and that the Queen and the Prince would now return to England.

Isabelle did not see that the convenient period for such return had yet arrived. Two whole months she spent in excursions and visits to various parts of France; and on her again reaching Paris, made various pretexts for not setting out for England with the Prince. The English commissioners whom Edward had placed about her, she treated with contempt; and for a whole year there was a cry of anguish from the King at the loss of his son, and of indignation and remonstrance at the conduct of his wife. He had but one friend near the Prince's person, Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter; and he saw himself exposed to such peril from the enemies of the King, surrounding the Prince and his mother, that he hurriedly and privately withdrew, and, on reaching

England, increased the terrors of Edward, by revealing to him the treasonable intrigues then in progress—to which his innocent son was unconsciously lending power.

Then commenced those appeals, now frantic, now touching, all more or less pitiful—in the old acceptation of the word—and which did not cease till a terrible certainty had alike crushed hope and suspicion. These appeals were addressed, alternately, sometimes to the Queen's brother, more frequently to the Queen, and very frequently and earnestly to young Edward himself. On the day, December 1, 1325, on which the King had written from Westminster to Isabelle and her brother, he wrote also to the Prince, reminding him of the promises of love and obedience by which he had bound himself before parting from his father at Dover—and adding, "Since your homage has been received by our dearest brother the King of France, you must be pleased to take your leave of him, and return to us with all speed, in company with your mother, if so be that she will come quickly; and if she will not come, then come *you*, without further delay, for we have great desire to see you and to speak with you; therefore, stay not for your mother, nor for any one else, on our blessing."

The replies of the Prince of Wales to his father's letters have not been preserved, or have not been discovered, but their sense is to be collected from the epistles again despatched by the King. From these, which are printed in Halliwell's "Letters of the Kings of England," it appears that the Prince acknowledged the force of the pledges by which he was bound,

but pleaded that his inability to return was because of his mother. This, says the King, in a letter written from Lichfield, on the 18th of March, 1326, "causes us great uneasiness of heart that you cannot be allowed by her to do that which is your natural duty, and which not doing will lead to much mischief."* The father subsequently alludes to the possibility that the Prince was not under so much restraint as his letters affirmed him to be, and says impressively that, if he has done his utmost to obey his King and father, he has "done wisely and well, and according to your duty, so as to have grace of God, of us, and of all men; and if not, then you cannot avoid the wrath of God, the reproach of men, and our great indignation." King Edward's utmost wrath was excited, however, by the course adopted by Isabelle, who had declared to her brother, the French sovereign, that she dared not return to England, for fear of peril to her life, at the hands of the King's favourite, Hugh Le Despenser. "By God!" writes Edward to Charles the Fair, "if either Hugh or

* Such, at least, is the sense given by Mr. Halliwell, but the original which is, indeed, imperfect, wanting a word or two, would seem to imply that the Prince was moved by a tender feeling towards his mother. "As for what you say to us, that it seems to you impossible to speedily repair to our presence, as we commanded, because of your mother, who suffers, as you inform us, from sickness of heart, and that you cannot leave her as long as she is in such a condition, nature and duty commanding you ..." In the original thus:—Et quant a cesque vous nous maundez q'il vous semble que vous ne pouez si toust venir par devers nous come vous avons maundez, par cause *qe vestre* mère q'est suque vous dites, a tris grant mesaise de cuer, e que vous ne la purriez lesser taunt come ele est en tiel point, pur natura e faire vestre dever."—Rymer, "Act. Foed.," vol. iv. p. 196.

any other living man in our dominions sought to do her ill, and it came to our knowledge, we would chastise him in a manner that should be an example to all others." Edward vouches for the demeanour of Hugh as being exactly what it ought to be "in all points to so very dear a lady." This very dear lady, while professing to the Prince of Wales and King of France that her fear for her life kept her from approaching a court where Hugh Le Despenser triumphed, was writing friendly epistles to Hugh himself, "loving letters," exclaims her husband, "which he has shown to us." Edward pointed out to his son the difference between two such men as the Despenser, whom he loved for his service and fidelity, and the Mortimer, in whose society Isabelle kept the young Prince. "The Mortimer, our traitor and mortal foe, proved, attainted, and adjudged—him she accompanies in the house and abroad, despite of us, of our crown, and the right ordering of the realm. . . . And worse than this she has done, if worse than this can be, in allowing you to consort with our said enemy, making him your counsellor, and you openly to herd and associate with him, in the sight of all the world, doing so great villainy, and dishonour, both to yourself and us." Thereupon come mingled prayer and injunction to the Prince to return home. "We are not pleased with you," writes the father, "and neither for your mother, nor for any other, ought you to displease us. We charge you, by the faith, love, and allegiance that you owe us, and on our blessing, that you come to us, without opposition, delay, or any further excuse, for your mother has written to us that, if you wish to

return to us she will not prevent it, and we do not understand that your uncle the King detains you against the form of your safe-conduct."

This was written in March, 1326, about which time the Queen's agent, Orleton, Bishop of Hereford, had carried his agency to such a successful point that the barons, confederated in England against the King, sent a deputation to Isabelle, with the assurance, that "if she could raise a thousand men and would come with the Prince to England, at the head of that force, they would place the Prince on the throne, to govern under her guidance."* It is not astonishing that the King, who knew of confederacies against him, although he may have been unacquainted with the extreme objects contemplated, was more anxious than ever to secure the safe return of his son. To the mother, as to her brother, he had ceased to make appeals. To the former he had represented the dishonour she was bringing on herself, her child, and husband; he had promised her that on the matter of income she should be generously treated, if she would only bring with her that dear son, Edward, whom he longed to see, and *with* whom he as dearly longed to speak. To Charles, he had appealed, begging of him not to believe, ("saving his reverence,") half that Isabelle might say against him; imploring the King to compel her to return and live with him as became a lady with such a lord; and affording some justification for the assertion of Isabelle that she even dreaded the effects of her husband's temper, by reminding Charles, that if he wished her well, he "would chastise her for this misconduct, and

* De la Moor.

make her demean herself as she ought, for the honour of all those to whom she belongs." The last appeal of all was made to his young son, Edward. It comprises all the prayers, entreaties, and monitions contained in former letters, concluding with the words :—

"Edward, fair son, you are of tender age: take our commandments tenderly to heart, and so rule your conduct with humility as you would escape our reproach, our grief, and indignation, to advance your own interests and honour. And follow no advice contrary to the will of your father; knowing this, that if we find you hereafter disobedient to our will, we will take care that you shall feel it to the last day of your life, and that other sons shall learn from your example not to disobey their lord and father."*

The Prince, however, was unable to obey his father's commands. Outwardly there was no apparent constraint upon him. He was even permitted to visit Guienne, while the Queen was in Paris, or engaged in visiting shrines and relics. But his absence was brief, and no doubt there was a watchful eye upon him, as constraining as bonds themselves. The King tried persuasion and menace in vain; at last, to recover his son, Edward scattered gold profusely. By that powerful aid, he is said to have bought the reproof administered by the Pope to the King of France for detaining the Prince and his mother. By the same

* "Entendant certeinement que si nous vous troessons desors contrair eu desobeissant (par qi conseil que le soit) a nos volontez, nous ordonnerons par teile manière, que vous le sentirez à tous les jours de vostre vie; e que touz autres Fittz, par tant en prenderont ensaumple, de desobeer a leur seignurs et pieres."—Rym., tom. iv. p. 212.

help, the King of France was brought to the conclusion that the reproof could not be withstood,—and the Prince, Queen, Roger de Mortimer, and that John de Cromwell who had been so inefficient a groom of the chambers when Isabelle was ill in the Tower, were compelled to leave France. For the furtherance of her son's cause, however, she took with her 28,000*l.* borrowed from Italian merchants, the Bardi, and repaid out of King Edward's treasury after his murder. Charles of France had, moreover, secretly provided for the Prince and his companions an asylum in Hainault, and thither the pretended fugitives bent their way. They departed from Paris in the month of July, at which time every effort had been made to impress on the mind of the Prince that his mother was the worst-used of women, and that he was the son of a father conspiring to deprive him of his inheritance. In Hainault, the party was received by the sovereign count as cordially as the friends of the King of France *could* be; and *there* were carried out all the preparations which were to bring about the ends of which King Edward stood in the utmost terror—the triumph of his wife and the marriage of his son.

From this period to the moment when the young Prince was proclaimed King, he only appears occasionally on the scene, playing the part for which he had been dexterously cast by others. There was a predetermination on the side of the Queen and Mortimer to marry Prince Edward, then in his fifteenth year, to Philippa, daughter of the Count of Hainault, who was his junior by some months. The count had three other daughters—Margaret, Joanna, and Isabel; but

Philippa was evidently put forward—if Froissart's description of the wooing of this boy and girl be the true one—to win the young heir. She was the most demonstrative of attention to him, insinuated herself into his society when her sisters kept aloof, and so charmed him by her conversation that the young Prince soon grew, naturally enough, to care more for sitting by and talking with her than with any of her sisters. For one fortnight the gentle and graceful Edward was thus in the company of the tall and buxom young lady—ruddy as the sunkissed cheek of an apple, of whom, in the following year, he became the husband.

The above brief period of love-making and treacherous plotting having elapsed, the Prince embarked, the nominal head of that expedition which landed near the mouth of the Orwell on the 25th of September, and which, through so much crime, was to lead to such imperishable glory. The invaders were met, not only by friends who believed they were aiding a young wife to reconciliation with her husband, and a young Prince to a home where domestic felicity was to be established, but by partisans who had other ends in view, and also by the very men—nobles, priests, soldiers, and civilians—commissioned by Edward to do their utmost to resist this army of invasion.

The King was not paralysed; his decrees and letters show him to have been frantically active, although varying in his humours and perplexed even immediately after resolution. There is, however, in all his decrees at this time one circumstance demonstrating his own gentleness of nature. When denouncing his kingly wrath against the traitorous invaders, he invariably

makes exception in favour of the persons of the Prince his son, and the Queen his wife.

The exception did not avail him, nor touch the heart of the beautiful fiend who was dragging that son forward to destroy his father. She affected, indeed, to believe that to return to the society of the King, as he invited her and the Prince to do, would only be followed by peril to her life. And accordingly she hurried onward, announcing that she and her son came only to free the country from the tyranny of the Despensers which weighed heavily on every class, and which stood in the way of the King being reconciled with his son and herself.

As the invaders advanced, the King fled, and the Queen followed in eager pursuit. The Queen and Prince occasionally rested by the way, and, on one of these occasions, they found themselves at Oxford, where Isabelle ordered Adam de Orleton, Bishop of Hereford, to preach a sermon to the University, herself and Prince Edward being present. Historians are not agreed as to the text. Some say that the bishop selected the words from the nineteenth verse of the fourth chapter of the Second Book of Kings—"My head, my head *dicheth!*" As these words are incorrectly quoted, probably Lingard is right in stating that the bishop selected for his text that passage in Genesis—"I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed. She shall bruise thy head." These words were made applicable to the Queen and the Despensers, and Lingard adds, "that many thought that they discovered in the sermon"—what, let us hope, was not understood by the Prince—"dark and

prophetic allusions to the fate which afterwards befel the unfortunate Edward." This dark and prophetic allusion was probably in the concluding observation, which the young Prince himself could hardly fail to comprehend, and in which he was told, of his father, "that when the head of a kingdom becometh sick and diseased, it must of necessity be taken off without useless attempts to administer any other remedy." The words probably startled the young listener; for, as the *dénouement* of the drama drew near, his co-operation in it was only secured by assuring him that his father was anxious to resign his crown, and to hail his successor in his son.

London declared for this son, and Bristol would not protect the King's favourites. It was there the Despensers were captured, and in presence of the Prince, the older favourite was condemned to a cruel death, which he suffered, it is said, in presence of the Queen. The younger Despenser suffered an equally cruel death on the march of Isabelle and the Prince to London. King Edward made a vain attempt to escape, and it was during his absence that he was tauntingly summoned to reappear and assume the government. The kingdom being left without a ruler, young Edward, "Duke of Aquitaine," as he was called, was appointed guardian of the kingdom, in the name and by the right of his father. "A Parliament was summoned to meet at Westminster, December 15th, in which Isabelle, Queen Consort, and Edward, son of the King, the guardian of the realm, and the lords may treat together." When the King was captured, the Parliament was summoned to meet on the 7th of January, 1327,

"to treat with the King himself, if he were present, or, else, with the Queen Consort, and the King's son, guardian of the realm." This summons was tested by Edward, as King, who was thus made to convoke a Parliament which only met to pronounce his deposition and the accession of the Prince his son—a son, says Barnes, who was made to believe "that his father had freely and willingly resigned the government;" and besides, says the historian, on behalf of the innocent Prince, "We are to consider the tenderness of his age, he being not then fourteen years old; whereby he might very easily be imposed upon by the treacherous subtlety of Mortimer and his accomplices, who were always about him."

The proclamation that was issued on this occasion told the people that the old King had willingly, and of his own spontaneous movement, given up the crown to his son! At the subsequent coronation, medals were flung among the crowd, on the pile of which was seen the young Prince, crowned, his sceptre lying on a heap of hearts, and the inscription "He gives laws to a willing people." On the reverse, was a hand receiving a crown which was falling from Heaven, and the inscription here was, "He does not snatch it—he receives it." In such way did contemporary statesmen and artists illustrate the history of their times.

A reign of half a hundred years followed this usurpation. During that period, Edward avenged his father by slaying his father's murderers, and keeping his mother in a sort of captivity at Castle Rising:—

> "Where the Queen looked looks of passion,
> From behind her prison bars."

He triumphed over his enemies both in France and Scotland; victor by sea as well as conqueror by land and bringing home Kings as his prisoners and guests With glory abroad he possessed happiness at home Feared beyond the limits of the kingdom, he maintained within it a chivalrous and feudal splendour such as had never hitherto been attained. His proud spirit successfully withstood the Pope; but it was not equally successful in withstanding the people, who resolutely refused to be taxed without the consent of the Common in Parliament. After years of conquest, glory, and brilliant progress, Edward of Windsor encountered the destiny of most men of his especial vocation—defeat and humiliation. Of him, his career, and his end, the lines of Shakspeare are strikingly illustrative where he says:—

> "Within the hollow crown
> That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
> Keeps death his court; and there the antic sits,
> Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp,
> Allowing him a little breath, a scene
> To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks.
> Infusing in him self and vain conceits,—
> As if this flesh which walls about our life
> Were brass impregnable. And humoured thus,
> Comes at the last, and with a little pin,
> Bores through his castle-wall,—and farewell kin

It was so with Edward, who was indebted for much of his glory to the valour and the virtue of that son whose story and character are so familiar to English minds, that a sketch of each may be more appropriate here than a lengthened detail.

CHAPTER VI.

EDWARD OF WOODSTOCK, THE BLACK PRINCE.

BORN 1330. DIED 1376.

THE third, and the most celebrated of the Princes of Wales, was born at Woodstock, at ten o'clock in the morning of the 15th of June, 1330. The young father, who was then only in the eighteenth year of his age, manifested his paternal delight by conferring money and lands on the announcer of the intelligence to him, and by settling an annuity of 100*l.* on the Prince's nurse, Joan of Oxford, and a tenth of that number of marks on his Yorkshire "rocker," Maud of Plumpton.

Old Joshua Barnes, of Emmanuel College, who wrote the life of the father of this Prince nearly two centuries ago, appears to have consulted as many chronicles as he wrote lines on the birth of this illustrious baby, and the conduct of his admirable mother. According to this united testimony, the infant was "very fair, lusty, and well-formed." Great hopes were immediately conceived of the royal babe," says the old bachelor of divinity, "by all that beheld the beauty of his shape, the largeness of his size, and the firm contexture of his body." Queen Philippa nursed the stout boy herself—as, indeed, she did all her children—and "for all that," says the erudite Joshua, "her beauty and flower of youth was nothing impeded thereby;" and he impresses this fact

on the "delicate madams" of his time, who thought the tender Philippa's example beneath their care to follow.

The boy took kindly of the maternal bounty, and flourished thereon abundantly. When the brother of the first Prince of Wales, Thomas of Brotherton, refused to take similar nutrition from his mother, Marguerite of France, or from any French nurse engaged to supply the Queen's place in this respect;—and when the obstreperous baby was only to be tranquillized and satisfied by placing him on a fair English bosom, pleasant jokes were made, by his sire, as to the future warlike consequences of this manifestation of sympathy and antipathy. The omens thus conjectured were never realized; but Philippa was a Queen fit to be truly the mother of men; and at the fountain from which the future hero of Cressy and Poictiers drew his strength, subsequently quaffed and waxed strong, or grew up in beauty and virtue, that "long lad Lionel," of Antwerp, who stood seven feet two out of his armour; John of Gaunt, sinewy as a giant; his next brother, Edmund of Langley, Duke of York; Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester;—four other sons, whom death claimed early; and then of daughters, the fair Elizabeth, the tender Joanna, Blanche of the violet eyes, and Margaret, the pearl of princesses.

When Philippa became mother of the eldest Prince of this family, a fairer mother and a more beautiful child were not to be found in Christendom. Artists acknowledged the divine quality of that beauty by taking matronly young Queen and infant Prince as models for their groups of the Madonna and her Son. And art

had some justification for this apparent flattery, seeing, as Barnes truly puts it, that "now, as if all things conspired to make this blessing more acceptable to the nation, a new face of things began from this time to appear; and all publique affairs happily succeeded henceforward both to the King and his people."

The first ten years of the life of Edward of Woodstock present an epitome of all that followed. In his third year he was created Earl of Chester, with ample means to enable him to support the dignity. Four years later, the young Prince was distinguished by a higher creation —that of Duke of Cornwall. On this latter occasion, he was invested with the sword only; and he was the first Duke created in England. Youthful Duke as he was, and as yet no knight himself, he celebrated the creation of his dignity by admitting twenty new candidates to the order of chivalry. Greater powers than these were invested, or seemingly invested, in him. During the absence of his father in Flanders, the boy twice presided over Parliaments held at Northampton and Westminster, during two successive years, 1338 and 1339. He occupied the throne at these times as his father's representative; and, probably without comprehending much about the matter, saw taxes imposed in wool or in cash, and gave his sanction to the levying of those aids as a matter of course.

It is just possible that he was not altogether unconscious, mere boy as he was, of the importance and nature of these proceedings; for since the time he was able to read he had been confided to the care of his mother's old almoner, who had undertaken the charge of tutor to the heir to the throne. This responsible office was undertaken by Dr. Walter Burley,

or Burleigh, of Merton College, Oxford; according to the not useless fashion of that time, the doctor, while especially instructing one illustrious individual, taught also a compact little class of pupils. These latter consisted of sons of noblemen, and therewith a boy, kinsman of the tutor's, one Simon Burleigh, who subsequently became distinguished and unfortunate. The tutor was himself a man of erudition, and his good offices and instruction were not lost upon the Prince. Had the latter been idle or impertinent, he was too sacred, of course, for chastisement, however thoroughly he may have deserved it; but then there were his fellow-pupils, any one of whom the doctor might, and did, whip as often as the august class-fellow merited the infliction.

If the princely boy was not unlearned, neither was he untravelled, having visited Antwerp when his sire held court there in 1340; and by his grace, good looks, and precocious gallantry, made an impression on all juvenile hearts of Flemish damsels who were in the least degree susceptible of being impressed—as the hearts of young lords and ladies in those days were willing or ordered to be, at an exceedingly early period.

In little tournaments, too, he gave token of stout-heartedness which well promised for the future man; and, at ten years old, could doubtless have kept the Tower of London itself—as, indeed, he was once left to do—albeit, against no foe. This incident occurred after his return from Antwerp, where he resided in the metropolitan fortress with his sister Elizabeth, his brother William, and a household and guard to correspond. The King and Queen, with long Lionel, then two years old, and John of Gaunt, a baby of great vivacity and

vigour, had left Flanders without proclamation of their coming, and ascending the Thames during a dark December day, cast anchor before the Tower long before they were either expected or welcome. De la Beche, the Constable or Lieutenant of the palace-fortress, was absent in London, being intent upon wooing a maiden beyond Cheapside. With such an example before them the men-at-arms followed the bent of their inclinations also, and scattered themselves in the vicinity in pursuit of drink, or of those who would pay for it; and thus the proudest and most wrathful of kings stepped ashore, and walked unwelcomed, ungreeted, and undesired into the palatial bulwark that defended his capital! Only the royal children and their ordinary household were there to offer love or respect to the new comers; and it would have gone hard with the philandering Lieutenant on his return, had it not been for Queen Philippa, whose tender heart had sympathy for loving couples, and whose intercession saved the Constable's life, if not his office. The chief offender pardoned, the punishment of the tippling guards, as they dropped in from drinking, was not to be thought of; and nothing worse occurred than a general reprimand all round.

Thus dignity, duty, glory, study, court-life, and perils, marked the path of the Prince during the first ten years of his life. The time soon after commenced when each succeeding period of ten years was the stage or station of a new path of glory unparalleled. And never yet did other Prince live who so well merited the praise due to *this* Edward for acquiring his glory only by pursuing his duty, trusting nothing to chance, exercising prudence, providing for all con-

tingencies, calming rather than arousing his valiant and eager heart; confidently leaving the issue to God, and giving Him the praise when the duty was accomplished and the glory achieved.

Young Edward of Woodstock was created Prince of Wales in the thirteenth year of his age, on a Monday morning in the month of May, on the twelfth day of the month, and in the palace at Westminster. In full Parliament there, the boy was invested with coronet, gold ring, and silver rod, and to these emblems of his princely power were added grants of money and of lands, of profits prospective, and of privileges immediately to be enjoyed, which, added to what he already possessed, rendered him a rich and powerful Prince, albeit so young.

Since the Principality had reverted to, or continued in, the King, many a Welsh tenant had been in arrear, and many a rich fee and fine remained unpaid. All such debts and arrears were at once made over to young Edward of Woodstock, as also, according to the chroniclers, "all victuals, arms, horses, oxen, cows, and other things in and upon all castles and lands which he held by the King's grant." In honour of the event, too, a score of young noblemen were made knights on this occasion; but the knighting of the Prince himself was deferred till a less festive and a more solemn occasion, which presented itself about two years subsequently. I must not omit to notice that the author of the "Chroniques de Londres" (p. 93), states that the title of Prince of Wales was conferred upon Edward "by *assent* of all the nobility of England. On the morrow of Hokkeday" (the anniversary of an English victory over the Danes), "the Parliament was opened at Westminster,

and there Sir Edward, the King's son, Duke of Cornwall, was made Prince of Wales by the assent of all the nobles of England"—"par assent de touz les grauntz d'Engleterre." I notice this circumstance, because, subsequently, when the Parliament assumed a right to have a voice in the creation of a Prince of Wales, that assembly was informed that such right resided in the King only.

Edward of Woodstock was the first Prince of Wales who, while Prince, nobly distinguished himself in the field—*so* distinguished himself, in fact, that none of his successors, however brave (save Henry of Monmouth), has equalled him in valour, or approached him in glory. Early in life he ran tournaments under the encouraging eye of his mother, and gained as much honour as is to be reaped by hard hitting. His repute in this respect must have been considerable, or he would never have been loaded with such responsibility as rested on his young shoulders, when he was but in the fifteenth year of his age. He was then called away from playing the puppet in Parliament, representing his father on the throne there, to carry arms, and lead a battalia in his father's presence. His brother Lionel, then eight years old, succeeded to the part of mock-monarch, and Edward crossed the seas to France. In that country the King was pursuing his unjust claim to the throne; and from this period till the first foregoing of the claim at the peace of Bretigny, the evil pretension was splendidly supported by the arm of an English boy.

The first station of the glory of that boy was on the heights above La Hogue, where in open field he was knighted by his father, with several others little older

than himself. This knighting was not a recompence but an incentive; and they who received the honour were bidden to remember it, when serious work drew near to hand, and King Edward was about to force the well-watched ford on the River Somme.

"Let him who loves me follow me!" is said by old Samuel Clarke, the logogriph, to have been the cry of Edward when he dashed into the stream. He was accompanied, rather than followed, by the Prince of Wales, who acquitted himself well on the other side, without having, however, much opportunity of showing himself brilliantly worthy of the spurs that had so recently been clapped to his heels. That opportunity was afforded this "proper young gentleman" on the memorable 26th of August, 1346—the day of Cressy, and on the land that belonged to his grandmother Isabelle.

Rarely indeed has it ever occurred for the van of battle to be entrusted to one so young. But his father knew the boy's mettle, and must have had faith in his prudence too, confiding to him the first line, but wisely placing with him valiant old Chandos and wary Warwick, as resources to which he might apply, if he found himself at fault.

In such condition, however, it was never his fate to find himself. The Prince never suffered a defeat; and though a valiant enemy may have placed him in momentary peril, his prudence and his courage, the combination that makes up the true *bellica virtus*, never failed to secure the victory. To him may most aptly be applied the words by which Tully described young Pompey and his career as a noble soldier: "Extremâ pueritiâ miles fuit summi imperatoris, ineunte adolescentiâ maximi

ipse exercitus imperator." So, of young Edward, a boy soldier under a noble commander; and, in his early manhood, a noble commander himself.

And now, in the front of thirty thousand English, stood this young Prince of Wales, with exactly four times that number of foes before him. In this bloody argument the odds seemed heavily against him, but the young disputant had his own logical method; and, on going up for his degree in the university of military glory, had no doubt of ultimate success. There was no favour shown him on that memorable day. With the commonest man he shared the common danger, and the glory of the Prince was reflected on the entire army.

Against his line the Genoese rather felt than flung themselves. The first rude shock was when D'Alençon cut his way through those inefficient mercenaries and reached the Prince's line, only to be driven back with death and ruin to his own.

Thrice was the attack repeated; each time with renovated squadrons, and each time made in vain. It was at the third attempt that Warwick grew for a moment fearful of the endurance of the marvellous boy; and he sent to the King, who was with the reserve behind the second line, for succour. But the King, entertaining no such doubts as troubled Warwick, would not lessen the boy's glory by sending him support. He bade the Prince win *all* the honour of the day; and when this message reached him and his valiant fellows, their weak arms were rendered strong; ceasing to act on the defensive, they became the assailants, and, supported by the second line, went forward with a shout. Before that tide of war many a chief and many a flaunting banner

went down. That of the Marquis of Moravia disappeared, and the rallying sign lost, the Marquis fled. That of the old King of Bohemia sank before the impetuosity of the Prince, and since that day his device has been an entanglement and perplexity to antiquaries. To snatch a victory, King Philip of France himself dashed with the flower of French chivalry against the band of heroes led by the English Prince; but Philip's banner went down as did so many which had preceded it, and wounded and sick at heart, he rode away, in haste and scantily accompanied, from the field.

On that field, the son and father met, the latter all exultant, the former all sincere humility. Of honest pride there could have been no lack in the heart of either. The French had lost as many nobles and men as amounted in number to the whole army of England. On *our* side, three knights, a single esquire, and a few "men"—as good as any knight or squire there, made up the tale of our loss in killed. Not a man fell in our ranks above the degree of a knight. No wonder that England was joyful at such an achievement, and that she gloried in her Prince, even as his father did. Right well did that father know how to turn to his use that humour in his people. He sent the young soldier home, the laurels fresh upon him, to raise supplies to enable the King to prosecute the war. The people gave cheerfully all that was asked by the young god of their idolatry. Wool or money, in cash or in kind, they poured into his lap the tribute of more than their love. And thus furnished, the Prince repaired to Calais, beleaguered by his father. With him was his stout-hearted mother Philippa, under whose auspices the

battle of Neville's Cross had been recently won; and when the three met in the royal tent, near Calais, there must have been a joy such as is known only by those who have not merely conquered in a perilous struggle, but carried out of it much honour and equal glory.

I have said that the origin of the ostrich feathers as a badge of the Princes of Wales, has been a matter of perplexity to the antiquaries. Old Randall Holmes solved the difficulty in his summary way, by asserting that they were the blazon on the war-banner of the ancient Britons. The only thing that in any way resembles the triple feathers in ancient British heraldry, with which I am acquainted, is to be found on the azure shield of arms of King Roderick Mawr, on which the tails of that monarch's three lions are seen coming between their legs, and turning over their backs, with the gentle fall of the tips, like the graceful bend of the feathers in the Prince's badge. The feathers themselves, however, do not appear in connexion with our Princes of Wales, until after the battle in which the blind King of Bohemia—too blind to read a manuscript, yet not so blind but he could see a foe within the swing of a battle-axe—lost his life. The crest of the Bohemian monarch was an eagle's wing; as for the motto of *Ich dien*, it was assumed by the Prince to characterize his humility, in accordance with a fashion followed, to a late period, even by princesses—Elizabeth of York, for instance, took that of "Humble and Reverent." Edward of Woodstock, therefore, did not adopt either the badge or the legend of the dead King of Bohemia; such is the conclusion at which nearly all persons who have examined into

this difficult question, have arrived. Nevertheless, I am inclined to have faith in the old tradition, as far as the badge is concerned. John, Count of Luxemburg, was the original style and title of him who was elected King of Bohemia, and fell so bravely and unnecessarily at Cressy. Now, the ostrich feather *was* a distinction of Luxemburg, and it is from such origin that the Princes of Wales derive the graceful plumes, which are their distinguishing badge, but not their crest. This much is stated by Sir H. Nicolas, in the Archæologia (xxxi. 252), and Mr. D'Eyncourt (Gent. Mag. xxxvi. 621) suggests that the King of Bohemia's crest looks more like ostrich feathers than a vulture's wing. The question may be considered as having been set at rest by John de Ardern. He was a physician contemporary with the Black Prince; and, in a manuscript of his, in the Sloane Collection (76 fo. 61), Ardern distinctly states that the Prince derived the feathers from the blind King.

Subsequently to the truce agreed to by the two sovereigns after the affair at Calais, the King, Queen, the Prince, and a numerous suite sailed for England, about Michaelmas day. The fleet was sorely shaken by a terrific storm, and several lives were lost. It was on this occasion that Edward gave to the Prince an instance of his piety and perplexity, by addressing himself, when the tempest was at its worst, to our Lady of succour, "O blessed Mary, my mistress," exclaimed the King, "how is it, and what does it mean, that, when I am on my way to France, you give me fair wind, a smooth sea, and all attendant prosperity, but when I am returning to England I

meet with nothing but cruel misfortune, and am exposed to the most disagreeable circumstances?" So writes Adamus Murimuthensis, a contemporary of the Prince; but that gossiping historian does not inform us of the effect of this royal remonstrance against a rough passage over the Channel.

Between Cressy and Poictiers was as a rehearsing for another great drama after the completion of that which had won the applause of millions. At the siege of Calais, after Cressy, there was abundance of hard and honourable toil before the eight burghers appeared, roped and ready for hanging, in presence of their conqueror. Voltaire has endeavoured to render this incident insignificant, but in vain; and the fact remains that the Black Prince preceded his mother Philippa in interceding for the brave men who had defended their homes, as every *man* will defend his when threatened by an invader.

During a short period of comparative peace we trace the Prince to Windsor, where he shares in the honour and glory of the newly-created order of the Garter, stands godfather, at new Windsor Castle, to his little and short-lived brother, William; and, on occasion of that rough tournament play, near the Castle, called *hastiludes*, he presents a courser to the Queen, which bears the knightly name of Bawzan de Burgh.

Clarke rather hastily remarks that between the two periods above indicated, "the presence of the father obscured the actions and virtues of the son," even "as the splendour of the sun darkens the stars." This, however, is rendering small justice to the Prince, who when by his father's side equalled his father, and when

exercising an independent command was equal to the reputation which he bore.

In illustration of the former I may mention the sea-fight with the Spanish fleet off Rye, in Sussex, in 1350. This was brought about by the piratical conduct of that fleet towards English vessels on our coast. King Edward and the Prince, with a noble company, set sail from Sandwich, on an August morning, in a little flotilla which, when it ranged alongside of the huge Spanish carracks off Rye, seemed to lie at the mercy of its gigantic opponents. But a score of the stupendous vessels left in the hands of the victors, after a fight running into the second day, illustrated the chivalry by which they had been won. In fairness, too, it must be added, that the Prince's friend, Sir John de Goldsbrough (whose Yorkshire seat is now occupied by a branch of the family of Lascelles), was *the* hero of the day. Young Sir John's heroism cost him his life, and "to repair his loss," says Arthur Collins, "King Edward advanced no less than fourscore young gentlemen, who performed well in the fight, to the honour of knighthood." The valour of the Prince's Yorkshire friend must have been great, since eighty new knights were only considered his equivalent. But, says Collins, "the Prince of Wales had a great value for him, on account of his extraordinary qualities, and almost equal age, and conformity of will and inclination." The incident may remind my readers of "La petite monnaie de Turenne."

Against a Prince of such renown, however, his Cheshire subjects, if they may be so called, once rose in rebellion. The Prince advanced to subdue, accompanied

by a chief justice, to hang the subdued. Before this double terror the Cheshire men offered to compound with their princely master by paying him 5000 marks, provided he relieved them of the presence of that terrible chief justice. The matter was not definitively settled until after a little furnishing of the gallows, and levying of fines, and seizing of lands and tenements into the hands of the Prince. And the more pious chroniclers have praised him for his generous piety; seeing that, on passing by Vale Royal, and beholding there the gorgeous but unfinished church founded by good King Edward, his great-grandfather, he liberally contributed towards its completion 500 marks, the tithe of the original fine received by him as Earl of Chester.

The reopening of the French quarrel afforded the Prince another opportunity for displaying his valour, courtesy, and generosity. When that quarrel, in the year 1356, drifted the two nations into war, all the ships of a certain tonnage between the Thames and the Tyne were pressed for transport service. What followed on the landing of our troops is a familiar story in every household. The Prince, it will be remembered, held an independent command in the south of France, while the King held a menacing position in the north. Heaven had encouraged our army by favouring omens; and the popular heart was cheered by a legend, that a banner *gules* and a banner *azure* had been seen contending in the skies, and that the latter had fallen before the national flag of England.

From city to city, the Prince of Wales passed on, after what now would be rather considered the fashion of a barbarian than of a Christian soldier. He passed on as

a destroyer, refusing tribute money, and asserting that he came to overthrow towns and ruin populations. Heaven was propitiated by such a course, for had not a hare crossed the march of the English army? Success made that army careless of all besides; and when they suffered so that there was no water even for the horses, and the latter staggered with drunkenness, under the wine which had been given them as a substitute, the wayworn soldiery only laughed at the unusual spectacle.

To rouse the courage of his weary men the Prince delivered heart-stirring addresses, which are reported in the chronicles with all the minuteness of Livy. Good tidings were also despatched to cheer hearts at home; and when Narbonne was taken, men repeated with congratulatory smiles, that "it was a city little less than London!" For two months the Prince rode forward, devastating as he advanced, rarely leaving a town behind him worth garrisoning; and when he *did*, providing so well for the commissariat of his soldiers that the worst grievance that ever issued from the garrison of a city so occupied, was on account of an insufficiency of fresh fish and cabbages.

King John of France turned back from encountering King Edward, in order that he might meet and overthrow the Prince of Wales. He had with him above 60,000 men to our poor 8000; and the Prince was hard put to it by the siege of Romorantin, from which he could not move;—for he had sworn by the most solemn oath he was ever known to use—by his father's soul—that he would not strike banner from before the place till it had fallen into his power.

He kept his word, but still was he in sore straits, when on Monday, the 19th of September, 1356, after much of negotiation and interference of priests, and mutual propositions, the French came on to eat up the little English army amid the vines and bushes of the field of Poictiers. They came on as to a festival, decked in their brightest and their best, and with the lightest of hearts under the gayest of apparel. They were light of heart because they had reason to know the English were in such distress that the Prince himself, in his excess of prudence, had been willing to conclude a treaty, or a peace, on terms almost humiliating to himself. In proportion as he was humble, the French King was arrogant; and when the latter insisted that the Prince of Wales should not only yield all he had, but even surrender himself and a hundred knights captives to the King of France, the wrath of the Prince was as good as a thousand men to him.

"England shall never have to pay ransom of mine," cried the noble young leader. If he could not conquer, he would surely die gloriously—and that willingly, too, albeit he left behind him many a heart he loved, many a heart by which he was beloved—as did most of his followers. And leader and followers, stout of heart, firm of purpose, calm of aspect, and resolute to win, awaited the assault.

How often have we not contemplated that gallant band on the point of being overwhelmed during the three hours, from nine till noon, of that September morning, during which it repeatedly foiled every attempt—some rash, some prudent, all full of peril—to sweep it from its stronghold. Archers plied their

winged death;' men-at-arms thrust lance or drove pike till their arms were weary before their hearts; a shot now and then, at very rare intervals — for a cannon was a marvellously slow deliverer of death in those days—told of the horrors of war in louder tongue than usual; but the bravest, the boldest, the most terrible of that never-to-be-forgotten day, were among the English knights and noblemen; men who, like the Earl of Warwick and other good fellows of the true blood, came it whence it might, pounded away with battle-axe, or worked at death's harvest with the sword, till the flesh on their hands was worn to the bone.

The present Duke of Aumale, in his recently published account of the residence of King John in England, gives him more credit for his courage than for his strategic ability, and laments that the army, of which he was the head, was not true to its established reputation for bravery. The assertion seems only partially well-founded; humanly speaking, a victory achieved by a handful of men over a large army, argues that something must have been wrong in the leading or the following of the great multitude, but it cannot deprive the handful of its glory. With his small means the Prince of Wales accomplished a mighty end, and crowned a glorious name. At a critical moment, on a hint from Chandos, he took up the offensive; and the result of the bold move forward was a victory at which France stood aghast, and England, as is her wont in triumph, felt content in its heart of hearts, bearing its glory with tranquil dignity.

The victory was one morning's work, but sundown had come before the hunt was up; and the evening and

the morning were worthy of each other. At night, the French King and his young son, Philip the Bold, sat rather guests than captives in the tent of their princely vanquisher, who waited on them as respectfully as the King's own page would have done, praising their courage, consoling them in their ill fortune, alluding to the chances of war, and yet ascribing all to the will of God. It is true, that it is easy for a conqueror to be courteous; but Edward of Woodstock was always so by principle and by inclination. He sympathized in a certain degree with his cousins of France—especially with that bold young cousin Philip, whose heart was so resolute, even when the sword had been stricken from his grasp, and whose tongue was as ready to assail as that sword would have been to smite, had it been placed in his hands, and the boy had had the chance of renewing the combat, with hope of successful issue.

For courtesy's sake, indeed, and to save the self-respect and soothe the honest pride of the royal prisoners, they were permitted to wear their arms. This chivalrous courtesy King Edward had taught his son, and Prince Edward was of so apt a disposition that such instruction was improved by him in its practical application.

Upon the field where the English left one man dead, and the French left a score, bards with small inspiration struck their jingling harps. Notable indeed were the war poems and elegies sung on this occasion—notable for their pedantic dulness and their bombastic nonsense. The French epigram-makers were as busy as the English poetasters, the former sneering in copious but inharmonious measure at the victory achieved by the

Prince; and the poetasters replying in forty meaningless stanzas to half-a-dozen lines of epigrams without point and satires without smartness. The curious may read these in the old chroniclers, and be neither edified nor amused.

Far better worth repeating are the paragraphs in a letter which the Prince of Wales addressed from Bordeaux, in the following October, to the Bishop of Worcester, giving a brief account of the battle—an account which did not reach the prelate till December. "We are quite certain," says the writer, "that by reason of your devout prayers and those of others, God hath in all our needs lent us His aid, for which we are bound all our days to thank Him." After this acknowledgment, a few words suffice to tell of the great achievement. "We heard news that the King of France with great force, very near to our quarters, was coming in order to battle with us, and we approached each other, so that the battle took place between us in such manner that the enemy were discomfited—thanks be to God for it." There is no Gasconade here about being covered with "glory." All the glory he ascribes to God. "*Gaudete Domino semper!*" (Rejoice in the Lord alway); and "*Iterum dico, gaudete!*" (Again I say, rejoice), indicate the piety and humility of this great and modest conqueror.

When the Prince wrote the letter we have cited, King John was with him—indeed, the royal prisoner spent the winter with his princely captor at Bordeaux; and when King Edward summoned his son and King John to England, the discontent of the Gascons at losing both, was only appeased by a gift of a hundred thousand florins among the venal barons.

From the outset to the close of this voyage from Bordeaux to England, the courtesy of the Prince was remarkable. He allowed his illustrious captive to cross the sea in a ship by himself, attended by his suite, and this, although he was informed that the French were on the watch to rescue their sovereign. After eleven days and nights the whole squadron reached Sandwich, whence, after repose, the travellers journeyed to London, visiting the churches by the way, and leaving offerings at the various shrines.

After four days of this wayfaring, that splendid May-morn entry was made into London, in which the Prince rode on a black palfrey by the side of his prisoner, who was mounted on the white war-horse he had ridden so bravely at Poictiers. The London Companies did their splendid best to welcome this illustrious pair, but the Goldsmiths excelled them all by the costliness, the quaintness, and the good taste of their device. Over the path by which the King and the Prince rode, were suspended fantastic cages, within each of which stood an English girl of rare beauty, whose pretty office it was to scatter flowers of gold and silver filagree work upon the heroes. As King John gazed at these fair ones he may have contrasted them, to their advantage, with the damosels of France; and as the Prince looked too, and beheld those pretty birds, he applauded a device which manifested the superiority of English beauty, while it rendered honour to bravery triumphant and to valour in misfortune. This show of English charms, added to the enormous crowd which filled the streets, may account for the fact that it took the King and

Prince nine hours to ride from the City to the Savoy—but there was probably also some feasting by the way.

Thus far Prince Edward as soldier and as host. We have had some note of his early gallantry, too; and, indeed, it must be confessed that the love-passages in the life of this renowned Prince commenced wonderfully early even for the period when precocity in those tender matters was a rule—among Princes at least. Thus, at Antwerp, in 1339, we have seen him, to use the words of Barnes, a "proper, hopeful young gentleman of almost ten years of age, whose great grace and exact shape made him as acceptable to the ladies' eyes as his large and well-proportioned limbs raised a full expectation of his future manhood among the lords both of England and Almain." For this little man a little lady was provided, that is, proposed; and even before the "hopeful young gentleman" arrived in Antwerp, a project of marriage with him was entertained, the designed bride being Margaret, daughter of the Duke of Brabant, whose heart was as unoccupied as that of a damsel of four years old could be.

This projected marriage with Margaret of Brabant, however, came to nothing, and many other proposed unions between the Prince and ladies of various great families failed in like manner to be realized. In few cases can this failure be attributed to the ladies themselves; for the Prince was of such figure, fame, quality, and disposition, as to render the proudest young ladies of his day gratified by his notice and attention. The fact appears to have been that the heart of the Prince of Wales was pre-occupied when his family was pointing

out to him objects worthy of its homage. But there was one object to which that homage was already paid—Joan of Kent, the *Fair Countess*, as she was called—daughter of Edmund Earl of Kent; and of such peerless beauty that romance claimed her for its own, and made of the loves of Edward and the Lady Joan a story that for centuries wearied no listeners, and which has its willing audience still.

Wonderful is it that in our villages throughout all England, and even brave Scotland too, the tradition of the loves of the Black Prince and the Fair Joan of Kent has survived, and is at least as well known as his victories, his generosity, and his chivalry. To this day the chap-books repeat the old story, with marvellous additions of circumstance and speech, that mark the interest of the public who purchase the pamphlets that have issued in great numbers from Falkirk and Northampton. In these old country legends, the Black Prince is first stricken by the charms of his fair kinswoman, at a dinner at Dover, in the house of her hospitable father, where the Prince and his parents are guests, after the crowning triumph so splendidly achieved at Poictiers. The style of the story corresponds with its anachronisms—it is "all abroad;" but it is made for a public whose taste has not changed since the tale was first told by cottage fire, or village common, or read in shady lanes to sympathetic listeners. The very courtesy of the couple is perched on the very highest of stilts, and the flowers of speech are showered in whole nosegays. The lover is a wooer that chivalry might be proud of, and Joan is a lady willing to be won, yet not too anxious to appear so. In absence, the

Prince addresses her in letters, the originals of which are not so easy to find as to look for, as "fairest of creatures;" and the Fair Countess, "who often bedewed her rosy cheeks with tears for his absence," wipes them away to kiss the pleasant words, and pen a loving answer in return, beseeching him, "if he had any compassion for her life, that he would not too far hazard himself among the hands of his enemies." There are sufficient impediments in the course of this true love to render the narrative interesting to rustic swains and rural maids; and when the Prince has been commended for that his virtue is honourable, and the dread fathers on either side give their consent, a jubilant shout goes up from the heart of the old framer of the legend, with a joke upon the happy conclusion, likely to render village maidens more merry than ashamed. I have alluded to this tradition, otherwise worth little, because it manifests the interest which must have early attached itself to the story of the love of Edward for the brilliant Joan of Kent. There has been no marriage of a Prince of Wales—and this Edward was the first who ever married while bearing the title—in which the people of England felt and maintained a more warm and enduring interest.

The old romance was probably founded on circumstances with which we are now unacquainted. At what period the Prince began to look with something more than merely friendly eye on Joan, is now unknown, but he must have been early and intimately acquainted with the daughter and heiress of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, the half-brother of the first Prince of Wales. In her infancy, a marriage contract bound her to Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, but in her girlhood she espoused Sir

Thomas Holland, who, by right of such union, assumed the title of Earl of Kent. If Collins's narrative may be relied on, Salisbury, to whom she had been pre-engaged, endeavoured, during the knight's absence, to enforce the terms of the old contract; and Sir Thomas had to appeal to the Pope, who, deeming the accomplished fact of marriage to be of more importance than the earlier contract, pronounced the union between this celebrated beauty and the knight to be valid. Salisbury consoled himself with another wife. Joan became the mother of one daughter and three boys. To two of the latter, it is said, but certainly to the eldest of them, the Prince of Wales fulfilled the responsible office of godfather. This office, together with the kinship of Joan and Edward, was an impediment to their subsequent marriage, which could only be levelled, and was so levelled, by the hand of the Pope.

Meanwhile, the lady grew as famous for her wit and amiability as for her beauty. How far she may have been discreet as well as fair and witty, there is some doubt; for Queen Philippa's little love for her is said to have been founded on her lack of moral character; and Froissart, who was often near her, does not appear to have had a very profound reverence for this lady. However this may have been, in the year 1361 Sir Thomas died; and he was scarcely entombed when the Prince of Wales was at the widow's side, urging her to remarry, and probably feeling his own way to the not too disconsolate lady's heart, by proposing some match to her as much below her royal birth as that she had entered into with the knight, or was nearly entering into with the earl.

At this period Edward of Woodstock is described as "the glory of his sex for military performances and all princely virtues; and she the flower of hers for a most surprising beauty, sweetened with a sprightly wit and honourable mind." When a man thus endowed recommended a lady of such qualities to wed with a gentleman whom the Prince affected to favour, the lady's prompt and repeated refusal was probably founded on the conviction that the Prince was not seriously prosecuting the suit of another. At all events she continued to deny that suit; and the same being pressed more or less earnestly, Joan at length explicitly declared:—"How, when she was under ward, she had been disposed of by others, but that now, being at years of discretion, and mistress of her own actions, she would not cast herself below her rank. She remembered that she was of the blood royal of England, and therefore she was resolved never to marry again but to a Prince, for quality and virtue like himself." This was a bold speech, but Joan was in her thirty-third year, when a woman may be daring in such business, if she ever be. The pretty audacity did not displease the Prince, who "was a passionate admirer," says Collins, "of every gallant spirit; and knowing what she said was true, he presently returned her compliment in an endearing manner, and, from that instant, became a suitor for himself. Having imparted his affections to his royal father, he was pleased with his thoughts of marriage; and they being within the degrees of consanguinity, he procured a dispensation from the Pope, which bears date at Avignon, the 7th of the Ides of September, 1361."

On the 10th of October, 1361, this marriage, so un-

lucky in its issue, was celebrated with extraordinary splendour at Windsor. Among those in whose presence the ceremony was performed, some chroniclers omit the King; but all agree in mentioning that the Queen, much as she had once objected to the bride, was there, with the Queen of Scotland, Maud Countess of Hainault, and Edward's most attached sister, Isabel or Elizabeth. The bridegroom was supported by his brothers, John of Gaunt and Edmund of Langley. Earls of more modest quality of blood, and a numerous noble company, also graced a ceremony, the more seriously active portion of which was brought to an end by the official services of the Bishops of Winchester, Lincoln, Salisbury, and Worcester, one single Abbot of Westminster, and a leash of Deans—of Lichfield, Lincoln, and the Chapel Royal. By such good and effectual help was married to an English lady the Prince whom his father had thrice sought in vain to unite with ladies of foreign birth—namely, with Margaret of Brabant, and with two respective daughters of the Kings of France and Portugal.*

The newly-married couple of mature age resided for several months after their union, at Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, where they kept a gay house, as became the event and their condition; and where a cheerful family circle was frequently assembled, leaving state, and the anxieties attendant thereon, in the world without.

At the Prince's town residence there was not less gaiety; for he was addicted, when serious duties did not prohibit it, to a joyous life amid accessories of splendour.

* As a memorial of this marriage, the Prince founded the chapel, still to be seen, in some decay, but also much beauty, in the crypt of the Cathedral of Canterbury.

This London mansion of the Prince was not very far from the Tower. Thousands of happy excursionists and anxious men of business daily pass the spot where once stood the London residence of Joan and Edward. If a man stand now with his back to the Monument, looking northward, he will have before him the site of the noble stone mansion in which the flower of chivalry kept house. Stowe describes it as above Crooked-lane end, upon Fish-street Hill. In his time the edifice existed, but its dignity was lowered, it being then an inn, bearing the sign of "The *Black* Bell." The old Bell-yard, which was a portion of the way which led from the Prince's house to the old London Bridge, was swept away more than thirty years ago, when the erection of the present bridge required the improved street-way, which has since been accomplished.

The expenses of the Prince's course of life probably exceeded his own income, and had to be defrayed out of his father's purse. So much, at least, may be inferred from a passage in Froissart (vol. i. ch. 214), wherein he states that a full Parliament was held in England in the very year of the marriage of Edward and Joan, in which the formation of establishments for the King's sons was seriously considered. The younger sons had some jealousy of the eldest. "They considered," says the last-named chronicler, "that the Prince of Wales kept a noble and grand state as he well might do; for he was valiant, powerful, and rich, and had besides, a large inheritance in Aquitaine, where provisions and everything else abounded. They therefore remonstrated with him, and told him from the King, his father, that it would be proper for him to reside in his

duchy, which would furnish him withal to keep as grand an establishment as he pleased. The barons and knights of Aquitaine were also desirous of his residing among them, and had before entreated the King to allow him so to do; for, although the Lord John Chandos was very agreeable and kind to them, they still loved better to have their own natural lord and sovereign than any other."

This request was complied with, and the departure of the Prince and Princess for Aquitaine soon took place, amid a prophetic mingling of gloom and splendour. I do not know whether Edward had at this time manifested any symptoms of constitutional weakness, but it is certified by Froissart that men then spoke of the small probability of his succeeding to the throne. It must have been a suspicion of the ambition of John of Gaunt that induced the same prophets to foretel that the sceptre would soon depart from the direct heirs of Edward III. Amid such vaticination, but surrounded by circumstances of great splendour, Edward and Joan departed for their new duchy, sailing across the seas in one of the most completely equipped fleets that had ever left these shores; and finding in the duchy a welcome as hearty as if every man there recognised in the illustrious pair a double source of happiness for his country.

In that country the Prince and his consort resided from the year 1362 to 1371. The details of their government in Guyenne dazzle by their extravagant splendour, and fatigue the mind as excess of splendour is wont to weary the eye. Wherever they held court, or he kept camp, there reigned a glory agreeable to the fashion of the times, but costly alike to Prince and to

people. At Angoulême or at Bordeaux, in their favourite city of Limoges, or in any other locality within the limits of their rule, there were they surrounded by warriors, and nobles, and troubadours, and poets, philosophers and fools. So renowned became this court for its brilliancy, and the head of it for liberal courtesy, that even the travelling kings of the day, who had seen all that was beautiful and marvellous in the world, accounted of themselves as having beheld nothing if their eyes had not witnessed the glories of the court and the charms of the presence of the Prince of Wales in Guyenne.

Probably, the two most joyous events, in the palace, at least, and which gave rise to entertainments that might have afforded suggestive hints to a framer of Eastern romances, were the successive births of the two sons of this marriage—Edward of Angoulême and Richard of Bordeaux. The former, heir to a principality and a kingdom, at whose coming into the world Gascony and England alike shouted for joy, and in congratulating whose happy mother, kinsfolk and subjects manifested a deliriously expensive gladness, died in his childhood, and they who had hailed his coming, deplored him as unfortunate, in being snatched from that glorious inheritance to which he was born! What he lost, the second brother gained, and with it his own destruction; but at the birth of Richard of Bordeaux, too, there were jousts and tournaments, and minstrelsy and dancing, and a world of fatiguing and foolish delights, as though he had been heir to an empire the eternal felicity of which had been irrevocably fixed by Heaven. When Richard was born,

there were two Kings sojourning at the court of Edward—James, King of Minorca, and Charles, King of Navarre. These two Kings tarried for the christening, at which King James and Richard, Bishop of Agen, were the godfathers of that most unlucky babe—the prelate giving to the Prince his own Christian name, but conferring on him no charm against deep misery thereby.

During a few years, the gaiety and splendour of this court increased rather than diminished. There was a season of peace, during which Edward and his men-at-arms would have sickened for lack of martial exercise, but for the joyous and brilliant activity of the court. But, whether it was gladdening peace or grievous war, Joan bloomed and flourished in buxom excess of health, heartiness, and beauty, and praise the most disinterested vaunted the grace, the goodness, and gay bearing of the fair and matronly Princess of Wales.

At length came that symphony of war, overture to the last gorgeous drama of action, in which the Prince was to take part. It came from Spain, where French influence had dethroned Pedro the Cruel, and set up in his place his brother Don Henry. The influence so exercised at once inclined the Prince to second the cause of Pedro; and this course he was authorized to take by his father, King Edward. The Spaniard, at the same time, urged the Prince to active measures in his favour, to purchase which studied falsehoods fell from his lips as fast as he could give utterance to words. The Prince believed all, or feigned to believe all. He was eager to be in the field; for the decade of his glory had arrived, and as 1346 had its Cressy, and '56 its

Poictiers, so now in '66 he set out to his crowning fight and his closing triumph.

In this last affair, the statesmanship as well as the soldierly qualities of the Prince become apparent. In aiding Don Pedro, Edward hoped to obtain possession of Biscay. The former had entered into an engagement which had this end in view; had offered to make Edward's son King of Galicia, and on the ample person of Joan had suspended, as pledges, his richest jewels. Further, he was lavish of promises to the English captains and soldiery, for the performance of which the Prince became security, and the disregard of which chafed his proud spirit and stricken body sorely. In short, Pedro of Castile both borrowed money from the Prince of Wales, which he did not mean to repay, and promised large recompence for aid which he hoped to obtain for nothing. Some proofs of this are to be met with in Sir Francis Palgrave's "Ancient Kalendars and Inventories of the Treasury of his Majesty's Exchequer." (1837.) In one of these Treasury memoranda, Don Pedro of Castile gives his bond to the Prince of Wales for the repayment of sixteen thousand florins before the feast of St. John the Baptist next ensuing. In another, the same monarch agrees to pay the Prince and his army for their aid against his brother, Don Enrique. In a third, Pedro cedes to the Prince and the Prince's heirs, for ever, certain fortresses on the northern coast of Spain. These bonds are to an enormous amount, and in their very magnitude some have seen a proof that Pedro had no intention of observing them.

Meanwhile, the Prince of Wales converted his own

plate into money, and distributed the produce among his officers, in order to enable them to equip themselves. In January, 1367, he penetrated into Spain, to support a cause which was, perhaps, not so bad as the man for whose sake it was upheld. The Spanish and French chivalry in the pay of the bastard brother of Pedro, Don Enrique, whom the people had adopted, knowing well that the English were invincible in a pitched battle, maintained at first a guerilla warfare, and, on the ground where this was maintained, the name of many a spot commemorates some feat of England's knighthood.

The Prince of Wales, however, soon induced his adversaries to meet him on the plains near Najera, in Castile. Sickness had reduced the army of which the Prince was the leader, below that of Don Enrique; but it is scarcely credible that the respective numbers were so wide apart as 30,000 English Gascons against 100,000 Spaniards, French, and Free Companies; or, that with such odds the victory was gained at the cost of about sixty men and four knights to the victors, and of above 2000 to the vanquished, exclusive of the noblest knights numbered apart! However this may be, the Prince of Wales, previous to battle, put up a prayer, which Froissart has preserved, and which is to this effect: "Very God, Jesu Christ, who hath formed and created me, consent by your benign grace that I may have this day victory of mine enemies, as that I do is in a rightful quarrel to sustain and to aid this King chased out of his own heritage, the which giveth me courage to advance myself, to re-establish him again into his realm."

In this way, the Prince with a considerable share of

Gascon conceit, and probably in the sharp Gascon dialect, which he spoke habitually and perfectly, reminded Heaven distinctly that he was in the right and looked for the support due to him accordingly! Into the narrative of the battle it is not necessary to enter. Let it suffice to say, that the issue was uncertain, till Don Enrique and Duguesclin had to contend with the second line commanded by the Prince of Wales in person. Then, the invincible English archers threw the Castilian infantry into disorder, and the gallant Edward advancing, from that moment the battle was lost to his antagonists.

From the moment, too, that it was gained for Don Pedro, that unworthy individual sought to depreciate the services of the English Prince, to fix a quarrel against him, and to cheat him alike out of the honour of the achievement, and the money he had advanced, or for which he had rendered himself responsible, and lacking which, the triumph would not have been accomplished. The angry Prince, his discontented captains, and his daily decreasing army tarried in Spain till the autumn of this year, 1367, and then with a hearty disgust for Spanish honour, marched wearily back towards their quarters in Gascony.

From the fatal Spanish expedition the Prince and his army returned in equally deplorable condition, worn out by want, fatigue, hard fighting, and general misery. Edward, on his return to Joan and the young Prince their son, wore the air of a doomed man, not strong enough to bear the burden of glory under which he walked. Some who knew the proud ambition of his brother, John of Gaunt, laid his illness to the effects of

poison. Others saw in it the consequences of toil, exposure, and lack of support under a deadly atmosphere. Walsingham quotes a story to the effect that "the Prince having one day got intoxicated"—(*intoxicatus*—poisoned) "never from that period to the end of his life, enjoyed health of body." But it was not to an over-draught of deadly wine that the Prince owed the shattering of his strength. He shared all things with his army, be it good or ill, and Walsingham in adding that "many strong and valiant men after the glorious Spanish campaign perished by dysentery and other disorders, to the great detriment of the kingdom of England"—might have seen therein the cause of the Prince's premature decay, which was no more induced by the poison of Spanish wine than it was by the poison of his brother of Lancaster.

With his bodily decay all other evil followed. Pedro, true Spaniard in his profuseness of promise, true Spaniard in his carlessness of performance, acquitted no debt which he had incurred, nor paid back any sum advanced for him by the Prince. True Spaniard, he hugged dishonour and repudiated his most solemn engagements. He was satisfied with repaying the hard cash lent him and the too generous aid afforded him, in empty words and vain-glorious compliments. "Whenever," he said, "England should again lend a Prince's or a general's hand to assist Spain in the attainment of victory, that English leader should have the vanguard of the battle; and whenever such leadership or succour was wanting, the banner of England should always be carried in front of the warriors of Spain, in memory of the bloody and triumphant day of Najera."

This was all the Prince received for the loan of thousands of pounds and the outpouring of English blood to help Pedro to a greatness which he little merited. The government of his duchy became accordingly full of difficulty to him. He was unable to pay his soldiers for past services, or to efficiently carry on an administration which was hourly rendered more difficult still by the intrigues of France. By way of remedy, he decreed a general taxation, an impost being laid on every hearth. This proved a spark which spread into a flame, before which the English ultimately lost nearly all their material triumphs in France. The people resisted the levying of the tax, and appealed to the King of France. Charles, who had succeeded King John, summoned Edward to give an account of his conduct; and the sick warrior, fired with indignation at this act of sovereignty on the part of Charles, exclaimed that he would give his account with 60,000 men to back him.

Then burst forth that war so desolating to the people, and in which no party ever gained a triumph, but something attended it which caused it to take the appearance of a calamity. In the midst of it Queen Philippa died, but her sons had not leisure to mourn her loss. As the war raged, the invincible Chandos was slain in Poitou, and the 400,000 francs which Edward inherited of this friend, who had no other heir, could not compensate him for the loss of such a soldier; especially as while we had lost the handsome Chandos, the French still possessed the ugly but hard-hitting Duguesclin. There was Robert Knolles, indeed, who was almost as good as Chandos, and who might

have carried the English banner as triumphantly as Sir John, had it not been for foolish lords and lordlings, who disobeyed the orders of Robin, preferring rather to be beaten by hostile nobles than to be led to victory by an English plebeian.

The lion was roused by the cry of anguish from his best men, and by the fact of his fair city of Limoges having fallen into the power of the enemy. The Prince shook with wrath, vowed he would spare no man who had had hand in surrendering the city, flung himself on the devoted locality, took it by assault, swept through its streets like a devastating hurricane, and would have destroyed all that opposed or who had offended him, but for the untiring bravery and prowess of three French captains, in honour of whose valour he sheathed his sword, and pronounced words of peace.

This was his supreme effort. Henceforward, slow disease laid hold upon him; and in 1371, leaving a lieutenant as vice-duke in his duchy, the pale Prince, with Joan, more buxom than ever, and the little Richard of Bordeaux, proceeded to England, where his widowed father received him with open arms—willing even then to hail in him the heir come to his inheritance.

That father, whose heart had been riven by the death of his consort Philippa, did his utmost to preserve the precious life of a son so capable of sustaining the glory and furthering the prosperity of England. But this was not to be. For five years the Prince of Wales lingered between life and death, slowly but surely drawing nearer to the grave, and deprived of the consolation of seeing a happy future for his little son. He sojourned, during this season of his decay, now at his mansion near

London Bridge, occasionally at Berkhamstead, and finally at his father's palace of Westminster. A year previous to his demise, a bearded comet of considerable magnitude appeared in the heavens, and this was looked upon as a summoner of the dying Prince. He still lingered on, and he was lying in the great chamber of his father's palace, when, says Barnes, "there was celebrated a famous opposition of Saturn and Jupiter, in Aquarius and Leo, the abject parts and places of his geniture." This occurred a brief period previous to the Prince's death, and when that lamentable event occurred, astrologers accused the "famous opposition" of being "no small cause of so great a calamity." But his time had come. The manner of his life is more popularly known than that of his death, the dignity of which (singular as some incidents of it were) well became him. The writer of the (contemporary) chronicle, printed in the 22nd volume of the "Archæologia," represents the Prince of Wales as resting his claim for mercy at the hands of the Trinity, on the ground of his having ever honoured that mysterious Godhead himself, and caused it to be honoured by others. His death occurring on the festival of the Trinity is assumed to be a proof that the claim of the Prince was recognised! His frequent faintings, consequent on hæmorrhage, did not make him unmindful of the duty of being liberal in his gifts to all of his house and heart; therewith, wise of counsel to his son Richard; and at once firm and merciful towards those who had offended against the law or moral right. "At length," the Bishop of Bangor witnessing his utter prostration, solemnly announced to him that death was undoubtedly at hand, and asked him if he would, needing forgiveness, ask

pardon of God and of all whom he had injured.' The Prince faintly replied, "I will." 'And the bishop said, 'It sufficeth not to say only, 'I will;' but when you have power, discharging the same by words, you ought to ask pardon. But he answered nothing else, but only 'I will.' And when he had often times done this, the bishop said, 'I suppose some evil sprites to be here present that let his tongue, whereby he cannot express his mind with words;' and taking the sprinkle, he cast holy water by the four corners of the chamber where he lay, and behold suddenly the Prince, with joined hands and eyes lifted up to heaven, said, 'I give thee thanks, oh God, for all thy benefits; and with all the pains of my soul, I humbly beseech thy mercy to give me remission of those sins which I have wickedly committed against thee; and of all mortal men whom willingly or ignorantly I have offended, with all my heart I desire forgiveness.' When he had spoken these words, he gave up the ghost to God, as we believe to his banquet, whose feast he thus worshipped on earth." Who departing, all hope of Englishmen departed, for he being present, they feared not the incursions of any enemy—he being present, they never suffered any rebuke for that they had done evil or forsaken the field." The writer finally intimates that this Prince of Wales was taken from his father and the nation (he has no words of pity for Richard, his son), lest people should trust in him more than they did in the Almighty, on whom he calls to be a defender of England, now that its old defender had passed away. Never before, nor since, died there a Prince of Wales so loved and honoured of his fellow-men.

A decade of years had elapsed since his great expedition into Spain, and on the 8th of June, 1376, in the forty-sixth year of his age, this foremost man of all his time peacefully, yet prematurely, yielded up his brave and gentle spirit. His virtues have been recorded by biographers of all nations, who have been unable to detect a flaw in a character judged from the point of view of his times and the morals of those times. His enemy, the King of France, had funeral services celebrated in his honour at Paris. Those whom he had vanquished rendered justice to his noble qualities. The man who best knew and most loved him—his father, the King, mourned for him just one year and thirteen days, in his melancholy retirement at Eltham, and then moving to Shene, and finding no solace in his companion, Alice Perrers, died oppressed by this great calamity, and the sorrows which he saw would be born of it.

The books are numberless which render an account of the Prince's will, his funeral, and his monument in Canterbury cathedral,—details of all which are widely familiar. I will confine myself to noticing here that the Prince bequeathed an estate to the cathedral which was to contain his bones, which estate is only, at the moment I write, finally losing its trees and rurality, and being converted into streets. I allude to "Vauxhall Gardens." The manor ground of King John's follower, Fulke de Breanté, on which Fulke had built his hall, had been the property of the Despensers, and had ultimately fallen to the Crown. Edward III. had conferred it on his gallant son, whose bequest of the same to Canterbury Cathedral was respected by Henry VIII., and it is,

probably, the only legacy made by this Prince of Wales which remains to the representatives of the original legatees. When Edward bequeathed the manor to the Church for the good of his immortal soul, he little thought what quality of worship would be established there, so little profitable to the souls of others.

Of Edward's widow, the fair Countess of Kent, there remains but to be recorded, that she becomingly sorrowed as the "relict of a hero,"—and, I am sorry to say it, grew exceedingly corpulent; so "fat," indeed, did the once beautiful widow of the Prince of Wales become, that motion was to her a rather troublesome process,—and yet good will, or force of circumstances, occasionally compelled her to move more nimbly than agreed with her weight and proportions.

During the ten years that she survived the Prince, she resided chiefly at Kennington, in the Tower, or at the Royal Wardrobe, in Carter Lane. At Kennington she had with her for awhile her son Richard, fourth Prince of Wales, to whom his father had left for guardian that dear friend of his, Simon Burleigh, who was, as may be remembered, one of his early classfellows—a circumstance which did not save Simon's head, after Richard became King.

Young Prince and dowager Princess were at Kennington, when the Duke of Lancaster burst in upon them from his palace on the Strand,—whence he had escaped, with broken shins, to implore the Princess to intercede for him with the citizens, who, accusing him of treason, were devastating his mansion, and seeking to slay him. The citizens loved the Princess, and out of

pure love for her, as they informed her, ceased to molest, though not to suspect, the Duke.

After her son's accession, the Princess of Wales again saved the Duke's life, then threatened by that son's favourites, and in peril from the King. Between the then unpopular King and the then popular Duke, she again mediated, and "though she was very corpulent and unfit for travel," says Collins, "she made many journeys from the one to the other, and in the end wrought a perfect reconciliation between them."

The poor lady was herself in imminent peril, when the Wat Tyler rioters broke into her very apartments in the Tower, and pursued her from her bed, which they destroyed, down to the water-side, whither she was conveyed by her ladies, a fainting and heavy burden, to a covered barge, which quickly carried her to safer quarters in the Wardrobe House, in Carter Lane.

Then poor Joan had family troubles of another sort. There was her son by her first husband, Sir Thomas Holland, who was continually committing some offence or another, for which he deserved to be hanged, and to save him from which penalty, his obese mother beset her other son, the young King, with prayers. At length, Richard's half-brother stabbed a monk—and though it was *only* a monk, Joan barely succeeded in wresting the offender's pardon from the King. Subsequently, when Sir Thomas was accompanying Richard into Scotland, his servants happened to quarrel with those of the Earl of Stafford; and the arrogant knight showed how thoroughly he agreed with his own domestics, by stabbing the earl dead in the streets of York. The

murderer fled to the sanctuary at Beverley, and the King swore that nothing should save him from the halter! Joan once more moved her tender heart and mountain of flesh to the north, to pray for mercy for her wretched son, and out of pure hopelessness of succeeding, fainted and died. Whereupon, the earl's slayer was pardoned all too late for the purpose of Joan.

For such a moment, however—a sudden moment o death—provident Joan was not unprepared. On having recourse to her papers, all her desires were found fully expressed, and were complied with; particularly the one that declared that she the Princess of Wales, Duchess o Cornwall and Aquitaine, Countess of Chester and Kent and Lady Warke, wife of Edward the Black Prince desired to be buried close to her husband,—Sir Thomas Holland, in the church of the Grey Friars at Stamford And there she was laid down to her last sleep, preferring in death companionship with the old knight to sharing a tomb in Canterbury with her second husband, Edward of Woodstock!

Edward of Woodstock left two natural sons, Sir John de Sounder, of whom nothing more is known, and Sir Roger de Claringdon, or Clarendon, who was beheaded in the reign of Henry IV., for asserting that his half brother, Richard II., was still alive. Sir Roger bore his father's badge in his arms—a shield or, on a bend sable three ostrich feathers argent, passing through as many scrolls of the first, with the Prince's motto, *Ich Dien* The birthplace of Roger was Clarendon, near Salisbury and—proud conjecture for the *Smiths*—Gwillim supposes this son of the Prince of Wales to have been the founder of the family of that name in Essex! In 1641

a cornet of horse, of the name of Clarendon, settled in Ireland, and his descendants, towards the end of the last century, declared that the cornet, according to family tradition, was a descendant of a son of the Black Prince. This last circumstance is recorded by "Sylvanus Urban," (vol. liii. part 2, p. 724); and, if it be well founded, then it is only in the descendants of the cornet that can now be traced the male blood of the hero who was the son and father of a king, yet never king himself.

CHAPTER VII

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.

BORN 1367.[B] DIED (KING) 1399.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX, the son of English parents, was a foreigner by accident of birth—born, indeed, within the dominions of his grandfather, but exposed to foreign influences. Among the Provençals he acquired Provençal tastes, was addicted to the unprofitable avocation of "lotus-eating," had a soul for song, and a love for music, and was naturally indolent. There was little in him of his spirited father, much of his blithe and easy mother, Joan—a mother whom he dearly loved—and whose sons by her first marriage, by taking advantage of the defects in the character of their royal half-brother, very materially helped him towards his ruin.

Nevertheless, his birth gave rise to unusual rejoicing. The Prince, his father, was about to start on his expedition in aid of Don Pedro, when at Bordeaux, Joan, "his dear consort, fell in travail on the day of the Three Kings of Coln, commonly called the Epiphany, being Wednesday, the 6th of January, 1367." Hardynge asserts that gladness accompanied this birth because of the accredited *worthiness* of the babe. The expression perhaps conveys a slur upon the weakness of the elder and short-lived brother, Edward of Angoulême. Of Richard's birth, says Fabyan, "Some writers tell,

wonders, the which I will pass by." Three Magi were present thereat, writes the old chronicler, William Thorne, meaning thereby three Kings—of Spain, Navarre, and Portugal—"which Kings gave precious gifts to the child." But Pedro of Spain was on that day at Bayonne. Nevertheless (as I have previously stated) James, King of Majorca, Charles, King of Navarre, and Richard, Bishop of Agen, were at the court of the Black Prince in Bordeaux; and the first and last of these stood as godfathers to the child, when on the Friday after his birth he was carried in state to the cathedral of St. Andrew, and there christened by the archbishop, who conferred on the unconscious Prince the name of his ecclesiastical godfather, the Bishop of Agen.

At this time Froissart, the chronicler, was in the city, and was sitting at dinner at noon-day—the fashionable hour—when Sir Richard Pontcharden called on the gossiping canon, and informed him how the Princess Joan had "got her bed." Now Sir Richard was a valiant knight, with a weak-minded belief in astrology; and from some astrological book he had worked out a problem which had brought him to the conclusion that the little Prince born that day, the younger son of a King's son, would reach the crown, which his father should not wear, and yet be violently deprived of it, the same being seized by a Prince of the House of Lancaster. Prophecies of this sort Froissart had heard before. The very maids of honour, and knights fond of gossiping with them, had talked of these things, in his hearing, at the Black Prince's manor of Berkhamstead. What the chronicler thought of them at the time, he does not say. The ambition of the Black Prince's second brother, John of

Gaunt, may have been a basis on which such a prophecy may have seemed to him to be justifiably built. However this may be, he lived to see and to register its realization; but he pleasantly remarks that the prophets probably "knew nothing for certain when they made their vaticination."

The birth on "Twelfth Day," the Epiphany or the festival of the "Three Kings of Cologne," was a text on which ecclesiastics and others made sundry quaint comments during Richard's life. We shall find a bishop making especial reference thereto when Richard himself was first introduced to Parliament as Prince of Wales. Meanwhile, the Sunday after his birth, his father set out on the last of his memorable expeditions, and the young Prince was left to the care of his mother. When that expedition was at an end, Edward of Woodstock was too occupied or too ill to superintend the education, or have much of the society of little Richard of Bordeaux. The latter, with his elder brother, Edward of Angoulême, was left to the care of Joan, a loving but an easy mother. For half a dozen years the boys knew each other;—at the end of that time, death called away the elder, and Richard was thenceforth sole heir of his father. To that father, whose own death, as is observed by some monkish annalist, "bore away all the sickerness of thys lande," no resemblance could be traced in him. He lacked his father's energy of character, his bravery, and his occasional sternness of resolution. On the other hand, he inherited the beauty and the indolent disposition of his dear mother, Joan; and therewith, says Grafton, "he was overmuch given to rest and quietness, and loved

little deeds of arms and martial prowess; and for that he was young, he was most ruled by young counsel."

When the father of Richard was dying of a disease which had so wasted him that the double infirmity* had, for five years, nearly wrested all shadow of strength from him, he called "hys sonne unto hym (although but a little one), he commanded hym, upon payne of hys curse, he sholde never chaunge or taike away the gyftes that he atte hys deathe gave unto hys servantes." By this deathbed Richard sate, and witnessed his father's piety, and heard of his liberality to his followers and friends of every degree; and beheld a sight that must have been unusual even in those days—namely, the free access which the dying Prince of Wales gave to all who cared to approach to make a request, or see how a Prince could die. "For," says the author of the contemporary manuscript, printed in the "Archæologia," "the Prince had commanded that hys doore sholde be shutt to none, nor to the leaste boy" (page). He was the only Prince of Wales who may be said to have died in public; and as young Richard was with him at the last, his feeble spirit must have been startled when his father was unable to reply to the exhortations of the Bishop of Bangor, till the prelate recognising the presence of evil spirits, plentifully besprinkled the dying Prince with holy water, drove away the demons, and unloosened the tongue of the moribund Edward, so that he burst forth into confession and prayer, such as might have edified the mind of the son for whom he had sent, if that weak mind had not been terrified by the exorcism.

* Archæologia, vol. xxii. p. 228.

Stricken as old King Edward was by the premature death of his eldest son, he lost little time in advancing Richard to some part, at least, of the greatness enjoyed by his father. Accordingly, in the jubilee year of the reign of Edward III., on the 20th day of November, at Havering-at-Bower, that monarch assigned to his little grandson Richard the principality, duchy, earldom, titles, and privileges so lately held by his own lamented son, Edward of Woodstock. The deed which invests the young Prince with a greatness and profits he never, in truth, enjoyed, is a long document, very minute in its details, explicit in its signification, and replete with an iteration which would exact from the weary reader an expletive as strong as ever was forced from patient hearer averse to tautology. The document may be read at length in the Additional Manuscripts, No. 15,663, in the British Museum, where it occupies nine large folio sheets. Some of its provisions, however, merit notice here. It confers on Richard of Bordeaux every possession, title, right, and so forth, which his illustrious father held—making exception, however, of that to which he was subsequently to succeed by reversion—namely, "the third part of the principality, duchy, and earldom, and of the lands and tenements which Joan, who was the wife of the late Prince, mother of the said Richard, holds in dower, since the death of the same late Prince, by our assignment." Joan's "thirds" are especially protected throughout the lengthy document. In conferring on the youthful Richard the principality, duchy, and earldom, the prizage and customs of wines, the profits of the ports in Wales, and in some other localities, a record is also made of the sources whence the

Prince may draw his revenues, including honours, lordships, castles, cities, boroughs, towns, manors, members, hamlets, lands, tenements, knights' fees, advowsons of cathedrals, churches, internal as well as others, abbeys, priories, chapels, and other religious houses, with mines, royalties, liberties, free customs, prizes, and exercise of all justice of chancellorships, homages, services, rents, profits, meadows, feedings, pastures, *wreck of the sea*, fisheries, moors, marshes, turbaries, forests, chaces, parks, woods, warrens, hundreds, commons, raglories, woodwards, constabularies, bailiwicks, forestaries, cormatories, reversions of tenants, fairs, markets, wards, marriages, reliefs, escheats, &c. Nothing, indeed, is omitted from which the little Prince could derive profit; and of his Welsh tenants, it is said, that their service is due to him, "as well free as native"—a very significant distinction.

The document, when referring to "wreck of the sea" as connected with Cornwall, is more explicit than when dealing with the same delicate subject with regard to the Principality. After granting everything *in* the duchy to Richard, it adds thereto all "wreck of the sea," as well of whale and sturgeon, and other fishes, which belong to us by reason of our prerogative, as other things whatsoever to wreck of the sea in any wise belonging in the whole county of Cornwall." So that if the Cornish people, gentry, and clergy included, became "wreckers," and took as their own whatever the sea cast at their feet to be kept for the rightful owners, they derived the evil practice from the example set them by their Princes.

Justice, royal jurisdiction, and coinage are among the

further privileges granted to the new Prince of Wales, with some other profitable matters to which the King is moved by his especial love for the only child of his noble and favourite son. Finally, the huge document is witnessed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Lincoln, the Earls of Cambridge, Arundel, Warwick, Suffolk, and Salisbury, Henry de Percy, John de Nevyll, the King's chamberlain, Roger de Beauchamp, and his steward of the household, John de Ipre. Finally, the grant is subscribed "By the King himself."

The popular joy rose high at this advancement of the young Prince. He was loved not only for his own, but for his father's sake. The public expectation looked to him for a revival of a career of honour and glory. There was even hope that the son might perhaps exceed the brilliancy of the father, enjoying, as he surely would, the privileges and opportunities of a monarch. The hope was fallacious, as such hope generally is. The sons of righteous Aaron were unworthy of their sire, and the children of perfect Samuel fell off into sin.

The early nomination of Richard to the Principality was a response to an injunction of the Black Prince to his father, not to neglect to inaugurate Richard as Prince of Wales with all possible speed, commending him thereby to the care of the nation. When the creation took place, according to the decree of Havering-at-Bower, in November, 1376, Richard had not completed his tenth year; and in addition to asking for him the love of the English people, Edward sought to defend his young grandson against the malice of his uncles, John of Gaunt, Edmund, Earl of Cambridge, and

Thomas of Woodstock. To these brothers, King Edward declared that Richard was the only lawful heir to the throne, and he exacted from them a solemn oath of allegiance, which was subsequently violated with more than ordinary alacrity.

A more public manifestation of the position to which the boy-prince had been advanced was made on the succeeding Christmas-day, when a grand banquet in his honour was given by the King his grandfather, at which royal feast young Richard was seated at the King's table next to his grandsire, and above all the sons of Edward III. This advancement of Richard of Bordeaux gave general satisfaction to the people of England, who had loved his father, and who now honoured the memory of Edward of Woodstock.

The citizens of London were especially active and ostentatious in manifesting their affection, prodigal in their liberality, and servile, not to say abject, in their flattery. On a Sunday evening of February, 1377, just previous to Candlemas, not less than one hundred and thirty "prime citizens," as the annalists call them, disguised themselves as mummers, but in splendid costume, and mounting horse, rode from the City to congratulate the Prince. Bands of music, including every variety of minstrelsy, accompanied them, and the night being dark, the cavalcade was illuminated by numberless torch-lights of wax, which made a gay spectacle as they danced along, the music ringing the while, and the citizen horsemen gaily caracolling from Newgate, through Cheapside, over London Bridge to Kennington. At the royal manor-house there, they were heartily received by the Prince of Wales and his portly mother, Joan.

Accompanying these were Richard's nearest male relatives; and in attendance on this illustrious group were the Earls of Stafford, Warwick, and Suffolk, a gallant assembly of lords and a gay crowd of mirthful ladies. The torch-light procession defiled before this illustrious body of spectators, in three divisions. In the first, four dozen citizens, in the guise of esquires in scarlet coats and gowns of "say or sendal," their features concealed beneath comely vizards, rode forward in couples. These were followed by an equal number of mummer-knights, in a livery resembling that of the esquires. Then proudly rode by, a mimic Emperor, whose magnificent attire was only exceeded by that of a pseudo-Pope, who rode at due interval after the Kaiser. A couple of dozen of pretended cardinals supported the feigned dignity of the fictitious Pontiff; and the horsemen behind their Eminences were strangely attired, and wore black visors, so as to pass, for the nonce, as ambassadors from foreign potentates.

The worthy and respectable mummers having finished their caracolling, dismounted, and were then ushered into the great hall. When fairly marshalled there, the Prince and his mother entered from an inner chamber, and received the sincere salutations and congratulations of the unreal squires, knights, cardinals, Kaiser, Pope, and foreign envoys. Then ensued a strange but characteristic scene. The primest of the prime citizens flung a pair of dice on the table as a challenge to the Prince to play. Richard accepted the challenge, and ran no risk thereby of losing a single noble, for the citizens had so prepared the dice that the Prince

should always win, whether he cast against the London mummers or they at him. In this way a luck as pretended as themselves emptied the citizens' purses of large sums of gold, which passed to the capacious pockets of the delighted Prince of Wales. The prime cockneys then placed on the table a bowl, a cup, and a ring, gold and jewelled, and set these to the Prince, who wonderfully won them all at three casts! Such result was, of course, held to be typical of his future fortune, which, however, proved to be of another quality. Meanwhile, the never-sufficiently-to-be-gratified-by-losing Londoners, set money and jewels to the dowager Princess of Wales, the royal dukes and earls, the lords of lower degree, and the laughing and eager ladies. And, of course, every throw brought a costly stake to the residents in the manor-palace at Kennington, till the joyfully plucked citizens had lost their all. The royal hosts could not do less than regale those who had exhibited such a loyal share of ill-luck achieved for the purpose; and accordingly the chroniclers have ecstatically and lengthily narrated the said regaling, lauding the splendour of the entertainment, the exquisiteness of the music, the grace of the little Prince, and the efficiency of the various dancers, whether they were the noble lords and ladies who moved statelily by themselves or the citizens who tripped it, in hearty fashion at least, also by themselves, in another part of the hall. The revelry was concluded by a gorgeous banquet of wines and spices, with which being well warmed, the mummers took leave, and facing the fierce February night, rode jollily home, hot with loyalty to a Prince who was especially called the *Londoners' Prince*—but at

whose pulling-down they danced as vigorously as they had ever done in his honour at Kennington.

Such was the meeting of the Prince of Wales with the representatives of the Londoners generally; and let us render justice to the latter. If there was much folly in the manner of their exhibiting their loyalty, there was abounding temporary sincerity of feeling beneath it. So attached were they to the helpless Prince of Wales, that when, in the summer that followed this winter-mummery, the old Lion of England, King Edward, lay ill of that sickness which ended with his death, they despatched a body of aldermen, with John Philpott for their mouth-piece, to Richard and his mother, who were then abiding the course of events at Kingston, in Surrey. It must surely have been a singular incident, even in those unscrupulous times—the municipality of London standing before the Prince of Wales while the sovereign was alive, and daintily intimating that the latter could not long remain so, and that God in his mercy was about to summon him away, bespeaking for themselves and the City the Prince's favour, and promising in return such an allegiance as might be testified, need requiring it, by the sacrifice of their goods and lives.* The Prince of Wales, tutored by his mother and other friends, rendered an appropriate answer, and the citizens testified their uncivil alacrity at the prospect of soon having him for King. This homage to the rising sun having been so fully performed at Kingston, the citizens rode back to town, as complacently as if they had failed in no decent duty owing to old Edward.

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, had recognised

* Holinshed, iii. 415.

the Prince of Wales as the rightful heir to the throne, with as much seeming alacrity as the citizens had shown; but he sought to make himself the next heir after Richard, by proposing to Parliament that the succession should be in the male line only. The Parliament rejected a proposal which annihilated the rights of the daughter of Lancaster's elder brother Lionel; and that body further requested that the Prince of Wales should be at once introduced to the legislative assembly as heir apparent to the crown. The love of the Commons for the young Prince had been testified by their previous petition that Richard should be declared Prince of Wales; but it was answered that such a creation belonged not to Parliament, but to the King only, who ordinarily exercised such a prerogative on some high festival.

The request of the Parliament with regard to the introduction of Richard as heir apparent was complied with on the Tuesday after the festival of the Conversion of St. Paul. In the midst of a splendid gathering young Richard sate, the representative of his grandfather, then too sick to attend. Of all the introductions of a Prince of Wales to the Parliament of the realm, this was the most remarkable. When the preliminary formalities had been gone through, the youthful Prince expressed his will and command that the Bishop of St. David's, Chancellor of England, should address the assembly, and explain the cause for the summons which had called them together. For a full report of the quaint Norman French speech delivered by the prelate, I refer my readers to the "Rolls of Parliament" (vol. iii. p. 361); but there are some passages in it, especially those referring directly to

the Prince, which merit citation, because of their singularity, or because they otherwise show the taste, or the want of taste, of the parliamentary orators of the period.

After quoting St. Paul to prove that the wise must needs occasionally lend ear to fools, the bishop added:—"And, albeit you are wise men, and I but a fool, yet do I give you credit for willingness to hear me; seeing that you will have joy therein, inasmuch as, according to the Scriptures, every messenger bearing good news, ought to be always welcome—and I am a messenger bringing pleasant tidings, and therefore shall, doubtless, be welcome to you."

The pleasant news thus indicated referred to the health of the King, which was said to have improved, as was to be expected of a monarch whom for virtues, and zeal, and love of the Lord, the Bishop of St. David's compared with St. Paul, not altogether to the advantage of the apostle. "See now, my lords," said the prelate, "was there ever Christian King or other lord in the world who possessed so noble and so gracious a lady for a wife, or such sons as our lord the King has had, Princes, Dukes, and the rest of them? All Christendom has heard of them; and by them has the realm of England been nobly improved, honoured, and enriched, more than it has ever been in the time of any other Prince. And now, God be praised for it, our lord the King may see here the son of his son! Whereby it is evident that he enjoys the grace and favour of God, at which we ought to experience great joy and gladness."

The prelate, proceeding to show that the King was a vessel of grace by the election of God, and that if they would drink of the rich contents of such vessel, they

must exercise towards him faithful service, as members of a body of which he was the head, then remarked, that as the Lord loved King Edward, so did that King love them; "for you see, my lords, how that since God had executed his will on Edward the late Prince of Wales, you have continually desired the honour and increase of my lord the Prince Richard, his son and heir, who is here present, whom may God save. And our lord the King has fulfilled your desires by giving and granting as much as in him lay to the Prince, the Principality of Wales, the dukedom of Cornwall, and the county of Chester. The King has also sent the Prince to this Parliament, as his lieutenant, that here in his presence you may have comfort and rejoice in him, even according to the manner spoken of in the Scriptures: 'This is my beloved son; this is the desired of all nations.' To this young Prince you are bound to pay honour and reverence, as to your lord, the heir apparent of the kingdom. And," added the cunning prelate, "you may honour him after the manner of the Pagans. I mean those three Kings of Cologne who honoured the Son of God, by presenting to him rich gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh." On this text of tribute-paying the bishop dwelt for a considerable time, urging loyalty and liberality, and much gratitude; since now, in beholding the Prince in Parliament, they might exclaim, as Simon did at beholding the Saviour in the Temple, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

"And so," resumed the diocesan of St. David's, "may you embrace your noble King with the arms of

your perfect love; since he has sent you him whom you longed for. And after the King, embrace with love as perfect my lord the Prince who is here present (God save him!), whom you so ardently desired, and at now seeing whom you may repeat your *Nunc dimittis*, for there is through him that peace over Israel which the Scriptures name—Israel being the heritage of God, and that heritage being also—England! For in good truth, I believe that God would never have honoured this country by victories such as had given glory to Israel, had he not intended it for His heritage also!"

Within five months after this speech was delivered by the Chancellor-Bishop Houghton, King Edward died,—on the 21st of June, 1377, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and the fifty-first of his reign. Richard had then been Prince of Wales just seven months—a period which he passed in retirement with his mother, undergoing no preparatory training for the high position and the heavy responsibilities which awaited him.

BOOK II.

PRINCES OF WALES

OF THE

HOUSES OF LANCASTER AND YORK.

CHAPTER VIII.

HENRY OF MONMOUTH (LANCASTER).

BORN 1387. DIED 1422.

RICHARD II. was twenty years of age, and had been on the throne half that period, when in August, 1387, the Earl and Countess of Derby were residing at Monmouth Castle. The former was one year older than the King, the latter was only sixteen. In the month and year indicated above, the lady gave birth to a son, named, like his father, the Earl—Henry. Father and son were alike subjects, the Earl being the son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; but father and son became successive Kings of England, although Mary Bohun, the mother of Henry of Monmouth, did not become Queen, dying when her son was seven years old, five years previous to the accession of her husband as Henry IV.

The birth of a subject was not of national interest, but that of an heir to the great Duke of Lancaster, who was known to court the throne which his son ascended, was of great local and family interest. In the villages in the vicinity of Monmouth, the event was felt to be of importance. A courier killed his horse, or himself, in his eagerness to bear the tidings from Monmouth to Goodrich; and when the father of the child, the restless Henry of Bolingbroke, was hastening homeward, hurried thither by the news, the ferryman of Goodrich congra-

tulated him on the fact of his being father of a noble prince.

To these traditions is to be added that which assigns to the Countess of Salisbury the office of nurse to young Harry of Monmouth, and another which points to Courtfield, an adjacent village, as a place of residence at which the noble foster-mother reared, for a time, the future conqueror at Agincourt. The usual local proof of these alleged facts was long maintained in the neighbourhood, in the shape of the cradle in which this notable child was, probably, not rocked. This evidence has disappeared, but tradition cleaves closely to the old story, which is, perhaps, not without some foundation.

Wardrobe accounts are of a less questionable quality, however, than legends, and in that of the mother of Henry of Monmouth we find a less illustrious nurse set down for him than the Countess of Salisbury—namely, Johanna Waring. It seems to have been one of the good fashions of these olden times for Kings to have loving and grateful memories of their nurses. I have cited cases in point, when treating of Edward of Caernarvon; and when this Henry of Monmouth ascended the throne, one of his first acts was to settle the liberal annuity of 20*l.* on Johanna, "in consideration of good services done to him in former days."

Again, although the character of the father of Henry of Monmouth has suffered some disparagement, there was a fashion observed by him which might be re-adopted with profit to each party therewith concerned. Annually, on the Holy Thursday of Passion Week, it was his custom to clothe as many poor persons as equalled the number of years he had attained on his

preceding birth-day. This was a good example to his son; and throughout the period of the early Princes of Wales those young gentlemen had one other example set them which might be beneficially, and indeed universally, followed. I allude to several entries in the wardrobe accounts of that time, which show that whenever the royal family, or single members of it, refrained from attending divine worship, they, in a certain measure, compensated for the neglect by forwarding a generous pecuniary gift to the poor.

Similar documents connected with the household affairs of Bolingbroke and his wife enable us to just glance or guess at the whereabout of the young lord and the brothers and sisters who were born after him. At these births, 2*l.* was the handsome fee of the wise-woman who officiated. The family of Bolingbroke and Mary Bohun consisted, at the death of the Countess, of four sons and two daughters.

Henry of Monmouth's brothers were Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence; John, Duke of Bedford; and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. These three Dukes were married, but left no issue. The sisters of Henry were Blanche and Philippa, married respectively to the Duke of Bavaria and the King of Denmark. Both died childless. Jaqueline, the widow of John, became the wife of Richard Woodville, Earl Rivers, by whom she had that Elizabeth Woodville who was the consort of Edward IV., and the mother of the Prince of Wales who was slain in the Tower.

The children of Bolingbroke figure in the Wardrobe Books, where we find money paid for a "long gown" for the year-old Lord Henry; notice of the birth of

Lord Thomas (Duke of Clarence) at London, 1388; of outlays of cloth for the bed of his nurse, and canvas for his own cradle, when the family were, soon after, sojourning at Kenilworth. Like all other English boys of their rank and times, they were served, and like them they occasionally suffered. Mr. Tyler cites an entry from the records of the Duchy of Lancaster of the year 1395, in the March of which year one Thomas Pye was paid 6*s.* 8*d.* for riding from London to Leicester, "with all speed, on account of the illness of the young Lord Henry."

He had his toys and delights too, even when a boy, and some of these gave evidence of his good taste. "Musicis delectabatur" is the expression of the Italian chronicler who, under the pseudonym of Titus Livius, has left an account of this "young lord;" and this fondness for music was early developed, for when he was ten years old, another household entry register, in regard to him, notices "8*d.* paid by the hands of Adam Garston, for harpstrings purchased for the harp of the young Lord Henry." Titus further remarks, that Henry at one time cared more for music than for martial affairs; but he, nevertheless, early played at that game, of which in his youth and manhood he made such a serious business for his enemies, and such glory for himself. He is still in his tenth year, when the purse of his father is drawn upon to the amount of "12*d.* to Stephen Furbour for a new scabbard of a sword for young Lord Henry;" and "1*s.* 6*d.* for ¾ of an ounce of tissue of black silk bought at London of Margaret Stranson for a sword of young Lord Henry."

Meanwhile,

without tutors and grave instruction. Indeed, a year

previous to the notices of harps and weapons, there is one of "4*s.*" (spent) "for seven books of grammar", contained in one volume, and bought at London for the young Lord Henry; and Mr. Tyler, not unreasonably, suggests that Beaufort (afterwards the famous cardinal) directed the grammatical studies of his nephew. Those of Henry's brother, Humphrey, were superintended by one Thomas Rothwell, whose "salary" of 13*s.* 4*d.*, for the term ended at Easter, is duly entered in the accounts of the Receiver General.

It is certain that Bolingbroke himself had little to do, personally, with the education of his children;—nothing at all with that of Henry. During portions, at least, of the years from 1390 to 1393, that unquiet Earl was absent from home, travelling in Europe, Asia, and Africa; and even when at home, jousts, and tournaments, and fencings seem to have engaged much of the time of "Sir Harry of Derby, the Duke's son of Lancaster."

In the year after that in which this Sir Harry, as he is sometimes called, returned from a visit to the Holy Sepulchre—namely, in 1394, his home was despoiled of its brightest ornament, and Henry of Monmouth lost one of the best of mothers; a mother whose memory he cherished, and a tribute of respect to whom was one of the first acts of his reign, when he came to be King, and placed an effigy of that illustrious lady over her tomb at Leicester. Henry's grandmother, the Countess of Hereford, presented him with a missal and breviary; and from Henry's intentions with respect to her, mentioned in his will, he appears to have been grateful to the maternal relative who in some wise cared for him after he had been bereaved of his mother.

He was early, however, given up to the companionship and guardianship of men. His paternal uncle Beaufort, a member of Queen's College, was Chancellor of the University during one year, 1398. Henry is said to have studied under his kinsman, at Queen's, and he could then have been not more than eleven years of age. In the old building, tradition long pointed to a room as inhabited by him; and this tradition was strengthened if not confirmed by the portrait of the august student in the painted-glass window of the chamber. In Fuller's time there was, in the room, what the church-historian describes as the Prince's picture in brass. Long after the illustrious pupil himself had passed away, a Latin inscription in the apartment informed all visitors that to perpetuate the remembrance of the fact for ever, this record was made that "The Emperor of Britain, the triumphant Lord of France, the conqueror of his enemies and of himself, Henry V. was of this little chamber once the great inhabitant."

There is no record of such residence in the archives of the university, but Mr. Tyler suggests thereupon, that the young student, "though perhaps without himself being enrolled among the regular academics, lived with his uncle, then Chancellor, and studied under his superintendence;" a general superintendence, the details being entrusted, it is supposed, "to others more competent to instruct him in the various branches of literature." The favour exhibited subsequently by Henry, when King, for certain eminent Oxford men of learning and merit, whose fortunes he advanced, is conjectured to have arisen from acquaintance made with them during this pupilage at the university.

Henry's brief residence there may have been interrupted by an event most important in its results. His father, who had been recently created Duke of Hereford, accused the Duke of Norfolk of reporting that the King, Richard II., had it in mind to murder themselves and others whom he considered as his personal enemies. On the denial of Norfolk, that trial of battle was about to commence at Coventry, which the King so strangely impeded by separating the adversaries, ordering Bolingbroke into exile for ten years, and Norfolk to a banishment for life, with confiscation of all his property save one thousand pounds a-year. The wayward King subsequently reduced Bolingbroke's term of exile to four years; but a few months later, when John of Gaunt died, in February, 1399, the capricious monarch made the penalty on Bolingbroke as severe as that on Norfolk, banishing him for life, and confiscating his property, but leaving certain money for his maintenance. Forty thousand sympathizers saw Bolingbroke depart, and accompanied him far upon his way, some all the way, to Dover. Richard, having exiled the father, immediately laid hands upon the son, and young Henry of Monmouth was placed under restraint, gentle enough, but sufficient to shut out all hope of escape. The boy-prisoner was narrowly watched, and yet notwithstanding the terms on which King and Lord mutually stood,—oppressor and oppressed, the captive and the gaoler learned to love each other; and Richard settled on his cousin 500*l.* a-year, which was after all not excessively liberal, seeing that he had plundered Henry's father of a thousandfold that amount.

The King, too, laid out various sums for dresses and

light coat-armour for young Henry, as part of his outfit necessary for the journey to and the sojourn in Ireland; but the generosity this may seem to denote, is for the reasons alleged above, not of a high order.

Richard's subjects were now fast drifting towards rebellion; but the King not seeing, or affecting not to see, the coming calamity, proceeded on an expedition to subdue certain troublesome chieftains in Ireland. Young Henry accompanied him, landing with Richard at Waterford, after a two days' passage from Milford Haven, and having for his especial companion the little Lord Humphrey, another captive guest and kinsman of Richard. Humphrey was the son of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, and youngest brother of the Black Prince. The Duke's hostility to Richard was the cause of his murder at Calais—a crime in which that King was confederate. Thus, of both the boys now with him, he had done violent wrong to the fathers.

About three weeks after the landing at Waterford Richard advanced against the most turbulent of the Irish chieftains—Mac Murchard. On the eve of Midsummer Day, 1399, the future hero of Agincourt saw for the first time the serious face of war. Mac Murchard, with 3000 wild, hardy men, was posted in a wood, which the King could only reach by traversing a desert district, which furnished no supplies; and there the rightful King of Ireland, as the great Mac (Mac More) called himself, awaited Richard, and the result of victory or death. The King of England declined to enter the pathless forests, in which lay the undismayed Irish; but he set fire to the asylum, destroying therewith many villages which favoured the Mac Murchard

faction. By the light of this conflagration, to the music of wailing, shouts, or curses, and amid a space cleared by the flames, around which the royal leopards, and many a gay pennon and standard were pitched, that fair and handsome young bachelor, Henry of Monmouth, was knighted. The honour was conferred on this boy, not yet twelve years of age, out of the King's true and entire affection.* "My fair cousin"—thus spoke Richard to Henry—"henceforth be gallant and bold, for unless you conquer, you will have little name for valour." The time, scene, and circumstances, had a gloomy grandeur, as may be conjectured by the words of an eye-witness, who tells us, "that for his (Henry's) greater honour and satisfaction, and to the end that it might be better imprinted on his memory, the King made eight or ten other knights. But indeed," says the timid Frenchman, "I do not know what their names were; for I took little heed about the matter, seeing that melancholy, uneasiness, and care, had formed and altogether chosen my heart for their abode, and anxiety had dispossessed me of joy."

A military promenade to Dublin, a gay sojourn in the chief society,—and then came the great change, and the great news, that Bolingbroke was in England, his lips speaking of reform, his heart bent upon obtaining the crown! Richard too long delayed to meet him, entrusting that work to emissaries, who failed in their attempt or in their allegiance. At length, in August, the King crossed the Irish Channel to his doom; but he took with him neither of his captive cousins. Previous to his departure, however, he summoned young Harry to

his presence. "Henry, my child," said he—according to the minute details of the writer known as Otterbourne—"see what your father has done to me. He has actually invaded my land as an enemy, and, as if in regular warfare, has taken captive and put to death my liege subjects without mercy and pity. Indeed, child, for you individually I am very sorry, because for this unhappy proceeding of your father you must, perhaps, be deprived of your inheritance." If the reply given by Henry be correctly reported, it affords proof of the discreetness of his character:—"In truth, my gracious King and lord," was his remark, "I am sincerely grieved by these tidings, and, as I conceive, you are fully assured of my innocence in this proceeding of my father." "I know," answered the King, "that the crime which your father has perpetrated does not attach at all to you, and therefore I hold you excused of it altogether."

With this kind sentiment he shut up Henry and Humphrey within the strong, yet dilapidated, walls of Trym Castle. In that melancholy fortress the two companions awaited their respective doom. It came to one in the shape of heirship to a crown; to the other, in the form of possession of a grave. Young Humphrey never saw England again, he dying of a fever; and his widowed mother dying soon after, because she was childless.

Richard landed at Milford, fell into Bolingbroke's hands, and reached London a captive monarch—all within the month of August, 1399. At the end of another month he had formally resigned the crown; and about a fortnight later, the young Lord Henry, who was so recently a prisoner in Trym Castle, was released,

carried up to Dublin in all honour, and conveyed to England in a ship the property of one Henry Dryhurst, of West-Chester, bearing with him the ornaments of the private chapel of King Richard. He saw his father crowned at Westminster, and two days later, on October 15, was himself created Prince of Wales. He was then twelve years and two months old.

As on the occasion of the creation of his unfortunate predecessor, Richard, so now the Commons prayed that they might be entered on the record at the election of the Prince. On the former occasion, the Commons were truly informed that the creation was not the effect of parliamentary privilege, but of royal prerogative; and their prayer was not granted. On the present occasion, a different course was taken; and out of politic courtesy, probably, King Henry IV. affected to consult the Parliament in this national and popular act; and it was by the assent of *all* the Estates that Henry of Monmouth was created Prince of Wales, and invested with the titles of Duke of Cornwall, Aquitaine, and Lancaster, Earl of Chester; and was declared heir to the throne.

High on that throne sate Henry IV. when the Prince of Wales was brought into his presence, at Westminster. With his own hands he placed on the head of his son a gold coronet adorned with pearls, on his finger a ring, and delivered into his hand the emblematic rod, kissing him the while, and then blessing him.

The King conferred on the Prince the whole of the land of Wales. "But I think," says Creton, an eye-witness of the ceremony, "I think he must conquer it if he will have it; for in my opinion the Welsh will on no account allow him to be their lord, for the sorrow,

evil, and disgrace which the English, together with his father, had brought upon King Richard." The French chronicler proved to be right; but meanwhile, Bolingbroke thought not of coming difficulties, and joyfully blessed and invested his son.

Thus invested, and thus blessed, the Commons provided for his safety by obtaining from the King a promise that a Prince of such tender age might not be permitted to leave the kingdom, lest enemies should deprive him of his inheritance. The King, however, had no fears. He had obtained the crown by conquest, fortified his right thus acquired by exacting from Richard his own appointment as successor, and claiming, moreover, to be next heir-male, and, so, rightful King. What had he or his son to fear? Of whom was the former—*hæres malus*, as he styled himself—to be in dread?

Of a quiet gentleman living quietly on his estate at Wigmore. He was not meddlesome, for he loved little to be called to account. Moderately wealthy, plain of dress, a county nobleman rather than a feudal lord, he was overlooked when less dangerous persons were watched and feared. "They that esteemed men," says old John Trussell, "by the outward appearance only, could see in him no great show of wit." Yet he made a pun—an indifferent one it is true—on the King's indifferent Latin. "*Hæres malus*," quotha, "aye, as a pirate is to the merchant whom he hath utterly despoiled!" The familiars of the gentleman by whom this was said, nodded and smiled. The gentleman himself was Mortimer, Earl of March, and descended from Philippa, the child of John Lionel Duke of

Clarence, and married to Edmund, Lord March. As Lionel was an elder brother of John of Gaunt, his daughter's children had prior claims to the succession, and this bad pun of one of the Mortimers was the first and quiet protest of a rival House, afterwards that of York, against the usurpation of the House of Lancaster, of which house, Henry of Moumouth, Prince of Wales, was now next heir.

Those days were days of mingled piety and superstition, and on a basis composed of both these elements young Henry's heirship was considered secure; for his father had just been anointed with a charmed oil, the virtue of which was to make of the anointed a champion of the Church, and to make of the Church the protector of its champion. This oil had been given, so ran the legend, by a holy man in France to Henry, the first Duke of Lancaster, when the latter was fighting under Edward III. in the French wars. The giver informed the duke of those virtues which I have named, whereby the oil was rendered so precious. The duke loyally presented the sacred fluid to Edward of Woodstock, Prince of Wales; and the hero of Cressy jealously guarded the magic gift that he might be anointed therewith when the day of his accession should arrive. That day never came to Prince Edward, and the vial, locked within a chest, with a legendary certificate of its excellence, lay where the Prince of Wales had deposited it in the Tower, forgotten. When Richard, the succeeding Prince of Wales became King, no man thought or knew of this wonder-working oil. Subsequently to the coronation of that monarch, the vial, too carefully put away by Edward of Woodstock, was

discovered, with the document attesting its powers. His son, Richard of Bordeaux, vehemently desired to be anointed with this marvellous liquid; but the highest churchmen opposed such a desire, for who had ever heard of crowned King being twice anointed to the Lord? The oil in short would not flow for Plantagenet. It had been brought into England by Lancaster, and to the line bearing that name it alone would be efficacious. Richard indeed concealed the vial, carrying it with him to Ireland, but he was forced to surrender it at Flint, and it was used for the anointing of an usurper. But that anointing sanctified the usurpation, and thus supernaturally strengthened, Henry of Bolingbroke looked upon himself as a King chosen of the Lord, and on Harry of Monmouth as a Prince of Wales whose succession to the throne would be unopposed and his occupation of it glorious.

The prophecy pointed to a championship of the Church being the distinction of the King and his house. This championship was affected both by Henry and the Prince. Indeed the exemplary churchmanship of the latter is made matter of great laudation by his priestly chronicler, who notified, with great admiration, the important fact, that whenever Harry of Monmouth went to church he steadily sat out the whole service from beginning to end!

Old Trussell, on the other hand, seems to have had some suspicion of the non-efficiency of the oil, as of the non-fulfilment of the prophecy; for he remarks, "To discourse either of the authority or certainty of these prophecies, I presume not; but this is observed—many of them fail, or are fulfilled in another sense than as

they are ordinarily conceived and taken." And therewith he slily records a fact illustrative of the Lancastrian championship of the Church, to the effect that during the time of the Kingship of Bolingbroke, when Harry of Monmouth was Prince of Wales, "execution by fire was first put in practise within this realm, for controversies in point of religion.

With the dignity of Prince the active life of Henry of Monmouth soon commenced. The question of his marriage, not with one particular, but with any of the daughters of the King of France was entered upon, and passed by, not to be resumed till the lover wooed his French bride in person. Thus early, too, was discussed the question of his establishment, and the Privy Council was memorialized by the young Prince, who describes himself as destitute of every kind of appointment relative to his household. He was not yet fourteen, but was ripe for housekeeping; all that the young gentleman lacked for that purpose, were "chapel," including priests' vestments, and chapel-furniture, "chambers, halls, wardrobe, pantry, buttery, kitchen, scullery, saucery, almonry, anointry, and generally all things necessary for his establishment." All these items are noticed in the memorial; but the memorialist had to wait ere he kept joyous house in the neighbourhood of Eastcheap, and meanwhile he remained rather more under the guardianship of Henry Beaufort, now Bishop of Winchester, than in the companionship of his father the King.

Between his boyhood and his manhood, let us look at the picture of this young Prince as he is pourtrayed by the chroniclers.

In the memorials of Henry of Monmouth, written by an anonymous Benedictine attached to the Prince's household, and edited by Mr. Cole, we are told that Henry was, as a child, brought up in orthodox principles, imbued with a pure morality, and addicted neither to laziness nor gluttony. As he grew older, he was trained in manly exercises, and found his recreation in hunting, hawking, fishing, riding, or walking.

> "His exercitiis teneros annos tenuisti,
> Doctis conciliis seniorum teque dedisti."

Of the Prince's person the Benedictine gives us a finished sketch, in which we see his spherical skull and ample forehead—sign, as the writer remarks, of one wise in council. An excellent thing, writes the priest, is such a head for one who rules, for a lofty forehead is evidence, or ought to be, of a healthy mind. His hair was brown in colour, thick and straight; his nose Grecian in shape, face oblong, complexion florid, and his eyes large, bright, and hazel (*subrufe patentes*); when tranquil, sweet as the dove's; when excited, flashing like the lion's. The Benedictine continues, as if he were making out a passport in verse, to set down the other features: teeth white and regular, ears small and well-shaped, chin dimpled, or is it "doubled"—*mentum fissum*—throat full, cheeks mingling the rose and lily, lips red, and the whole frame well built and held together. Hall, in his Chronicle, adds some other characteristics—namely, that the Prince was "stout of stomake," and that his hair was black.

Redmayne, who composed (in the reign of Henry VIII.) the Life of Henry, which has been recently

edited by Mr. Cole, says that "in his earliest years he gave many promises of his future excellence, from which one might have conjectured that Almighty God, in his compassion for humanity, would place him at the head of the kingdom of England. Infinite evidences occur of incidents which teach us that there were in him not the foreshadows but the express signs of his great virtues." The chronicle then continues, at great length, to praise the industry of the young Prince, his aptitude for military studies, his godlike pity for the miserable, his zeal for religion, his wisdom, and his moderation;—crowning the Prince's praise by an assertion which reminds one of the inscription in his room at Oxford, to the effect that he achieved what was not only most difficult to the unskilled multitude, but also to the learned and the wise—a victory over himself even more frequently than over others. In this rare excellence, Redmayne recognised in Henry a touch of divinity, acknowledging a sign of the same superhuman power in the triumphs which he obtained by his statesmanship as well as by the sword.

His first and chief glories were achieved by the sword; and that weapon he wielded on battle-field with the son of the Black Prince, in his bright boyhood. After the death of Richard, Henry IV. was speedily beset by enemies; Scotland was up, and it is reported that in 1400 the Prince of Wales, then thirteen years old, was sent forward with the advanced guard. It is more certain—is, indeed, an established fact—that in the spring of 1401 the Prince was himself in Wales at the head of a force charged to suppress a rebellion, at the head of which was Owen Glendower; no Welsh semi-savage, but a

gentleman who knew London life, had studied in the Inns of Court, had served under Richard, and thoroughly hated the Lancastrians.

To suppress such an insurrection was considered good military and political exercise for a Prince of about fourteen years of age. The King thought his son might have a fortnight's easy work before him, but to extinguish that Welsh flame of war cost Henry as many years as his father had awarded days.

In what style, however, this boy addressed himself to his work may be seen from his own despatch addressed to the Council, in his father's absence from London, the French original of which is among the Cottonian manuscripts. Like all true soldiers, the gallant boy wrote with lucid brevity.

"As to news from these parts, if you wish to know what has taken place, we were lately informed that Oweyn de Glendvardy had assembled his forces and those of other rebels, his adherents, in great numbers, purposing to commit inroads, and in case of any resistance to his plans on the part of the English, to come to battle with them; and so he boasted to his own people. Wherefore we took our men, and went to a place of the said Owyn, well-built, which was his chief mansion, and called Saghorn, where we thought we should have found him if he wished to fight, as he said; but on our arrival there we found no person. So we caused the whole place to be set on fire, and many other houses around it, belonging to his tenants; and then we went straight to his other place of Glyndvardy, to seek for him there. There we burnt a fine lodge in his park, and the whole country round. And we remained there all that night. And certain of our people sallied forth

and took a gentleman of high degree of that country who was one of the said Owyn's chieftains. This person offered 500*l.* for his ransom to save his life, and to pay that sum within two weeks. Nevertheless, that was not accepted, and he was put to death, and several of his companions who were taken the same day met with the same fate. We then proceeded to the Common of Eadruyon, in Monmouthshire, and there laid waste a fine and populous country; thence we went to Powys, and there being in Wales a want of provender for horses, we made our people carry oats with them, and we tarried there several days. And to give you further information of this expedition, we send to you our well-beloved esquire, John de Waterton, to whom you will be pleased to give entire faith and credence in what he shall report to you on our part with respect to the above-mentioned affair. And may our Lord always have you in his holy keeping."

The above is "Given under our signet at Shrewsbury, the 15th day of May, 1401;" and we see therein that as yet the Prince has done more by torch and rope than by the sword. And this shows how apt he was in bettering the instructions afforded him by Richard, when the latter took him to witness the assault on the strong position of the Great Mac. Fire did good service there without reaching the Irish Prince; and it did good service in Wales, without reaching the Welsh one. I use the term Welsh *Prince*, because Owen so styled himself his title was acknowledged by foreign nations, and moreover, he had supporters whose aid was as useful in its way as that of Kings or soldiers.

In the attempt of Owen Glendower to deprive Prince

Henry of his Principality, the clergy were to be found among the supporters of the rebel chief. Among ministers of note outlawed for being confederated with Owen Glyndyfrdwy, as that notable person was called by those who could pronounce his name, I meet in a collection of manuscripts (167 e) presented in 1844, by the Governors of the Welsh School to the British Museum, with an extract from an ancient manuscript of fines and amercements of the inhabitants of Anglesea for taking part with the redoubtable Owen, to the following effect:—"Leweleinus Wiffort voc. Episcopus Bangor; Ienan ap Bleddyn ap Grono, *Clerc*, qui se vocat Archdiacon Anglesey. Grif le Yonge Archdiac. Asaph." The elections of these officials are supposed to have been irregular, and advantage was taken therefrom to condemn them to outlawry, a penalty which was shared with them, however, by David Archdeacon of Bangor, of the regularity of whose appointment no question is made.

Down to the period of the battle of Shrewsbury, in July, 1403, the still boy-prince was active in forays against the Welsh; but sometimes so distressed for pay for his troops that he had to pawn his own "little stock of jewels," as he says, in a letter to the Council, in order to procure money for that end. His thoughts were not, however, all given up to war. He had leisure enough to visit the South, and to be in London to give his consent to a marriage which was never to be accomplished—namely, his own with a daughter of Eric King of Denmark—a monarch to whom the Prince's sister, Philippa, was subsequently espoused. Meanwhile, Henry was created Lieutenant of Wales, and the young

hero was speedily placed upon his mettle, for Henry Percy, the gallant Hotspur, who had been the best soldier on the King's side that had maintained his cause in the Principality, now fell off from his allegiance. The whole of his family and followers joined with the rebel, and the envenomed quarrel was, at length, brought to issue in Heytely Field, adjacent to the city of Shrewsbury.

The defection of the Percies had not lasted five days before the royal forces attacked them, unsupported as they were by Glendower. A fiercer war-lesson of three hot hours' duration no student of the bloody science could have received, than that which Harry of Monmouth obtained in this the first pitched-battle in which he was ever engaged. It was fought on the feast of St. Mary Magdalen, the 21st of July, 1407. As chroniclers are altogether divided as to the circumstances under which this decisive action commenced, it may suffice to say that from its opening to its close it raged with excessive fury on both sides.

Hotspur's terrible archers opened this festival of death by incessant discharges of arrows, every one of which found its aim in a soldier's breast. The King's bowmen rendered as good service, on their side, in Heytely Field; and the presence of King and Prince, and the encouragement given by their voice and example, nerved each follower of the royal standard to do his very utmost to carry the honours of the day. After an ineffectual general attack, Percy made a last resolute assault upon the King's own position, and the slaying of his person as the great end and glory of the struggle. Thitherward he flung himself (the "English Chronicle"

says, with only thirty men) with unparalleled bravery, his archers clearing lines of men in the direction of the royal standard, and his swordsmen and himself smiting down all who rushed in to occupy the gaps. In this fierce struggle the Prince of Wales received his first wound, from an arrow in the face. He hardly needed this spur to increased audacity; but, under the sting, he rolled back a tide of war that had more than once imperilled the life of his father, and in which three or four soldiers, habited like the King, had loyally perished. The royal standard had thrice been cast down, recovered, and raised, and the issue of the day was as yet uncertain, when Hotspur was seen to go down, smitten by a chance flight from an English bow. The cry, "Henry Percy is slain!" effected more than all besides. It withered the arms of his followers, and strengthened those of his enemies. The hearts of the rebels were chilled, those of the royalists beat high with security of triumph, and one crowning effort left the King and Prince of Wales victors, and secured for them the crown which was, more than once, nearly lost in the field by Shrewsbury.

So conspicuously did the Prince bear himself in this school of blood and battle which he first seriously entered on this day, as to give, so Speede remarks, "no small hope of that perfection which afterwards shone in him." The wound in his face was his baptism of blood, and, from this anniversary of St. Mary Magdalen, the boy was henceforth a true and gallant soldier. On his own side, that day, there fell fifteen hundred men-at-arms, "many esquires and gentlemen," half a score of young knights (who fell about the standard whither Hotspur

cut his way), and one earl—of Stafford. "Three thousand sorely wounded," suggests the obstinacy of a struggle, in which the vanquished lost five thousand common soldiers, and most of the esquires and gentlemen of Cheshire, to the number of a couple of hundred.

The slaughter on the latter side had been greater had the King and Prince pursued the affrighted multitude which took to flight after their great leader was slain; but, out of compassion, it is said, these were left to shift for themselves. The few illustrious prisoners taken in this flight were executed on the following Monday—as traitors. And thus ended a contest, in the three hours of whose raging the boy-prince, at Shrewsbury, distinguished himself as brilliantly as had been done on a previous occasion, by the boy-prince, at Cressy. Such was the training of a Prince of Wales, such the work expected of him, such the perils to which he was exposed, in the old days when might was right!

One feature of the times which was exhibited after the issue of the "sad and sorry day" had been accomplished, merits attention. This was a commission of mercy, of which the Prince of Wales was appointed the head; and for some time the youthful warrior sat at Shrewsbury, extending, in his father's name, pardon and assurances of safety to all who came from the side of the rebels to ask the boon.

The Prince's own establishment in town, the settling of which was occupying the Lords of the Council, profited greatly by the issue of the battle of Shrewsbury. All the prisoners of note who carried their plate with

them to the field, forfeited their property to the King, and *he* made over the plate to the Prince of Wales, who had previously pawned his own jewels in order to provide pay and food for his troops. This "prize" was well earned. Brief time, too, did the Prince retain it in his possession, seeing that before his victory over the Welsh at Grosmont, in 1405, he was again compelled to pawn plate and jewels. Within that period he kept, for a while, a "small household" at Worcester, where, when visited by great nobles of large retinues, the visitors paid their own expenses! There, too, he devised means to crush the continued attempts of the Welsh to secure Glendower's rule in Wales; and applied those means on the 11th of March, 1405, when "with a very small force in all he encountered 8000 rebels, near Grosmont, in Monmouthshire, and routed them with a loss of nearly a 1000 slain." "Very true it is," writes the Prince of Wales to his father, "that victory is not in a multitude of people, but in the power of God." The young soldier of eighteen was as kind as he was brave. "Prisoners," he writes, "there was none taken save one, who was a great chieftain among them, whom I would have sent to you, *but he cannot yet ride at his ease.*"

For several years, however, the young Prince, even with a large force, found it difficult to keep the Welsh in check. Their rebellion was hydra-headed. Trodden down in one district, a flaming crest arose in another. Supplies forwarded to the Prince were misapplied; and the royal treasury was too exhausted to repair the evil effectually. Nevertheless, he maintained way gallantly, won the admiration of the

people, the praise of Parliament, and the love of his father. For his brilliant performance of his arduous duties, no poor acknowledgment, the King conferred on him the castle and estates at Framlingham, which had been confiscated from the Duke of Norfolk.

Alternating expeditions in Wales with short sojourns in London, where he took part in the regulation of national affairs, his sword and name had become so famous that he was engaged, in 1407, to suppress an outbreak in Scotland; and performed his task with his usual brilliant success. On his return to Wales, the rebellion there finally died out before him; and Owen Glendower himself vanished from the scene, never again to be heard of. Honours flowed in upon the pacificator, who, after his return to London, was at various periods made President of the Council, Warden of the Cinque Ports, Constable of Dover, and Captain of Calais. His revenues, when keeping house in London, and, indeed, elsewhere, were exceedingly scanty; but the King found means to increase them by giving him the custody of disaffected persons, and assigning him compensation for his trouble, from the duties on skins and wools.

In 1408, Henry of Monmouth finally quitted Wales, where he had first appeared in 1401; thus serving, as it were, an actual apprenticeship of war from his fourteenth to his twenty-first year. His master-hand, in later years, testified to the efficiency of the school in which he had been reared.

Three different negotiations were carried on subsequently to this for the marriage of the young Prince. The families of the sovereigns of France, Norway, and Burgundy were successively applied to, to yield a

daughter; but difficulties supervened, and Henry continued a bachelor till after he was King; and wooed in person young Katherine of France.

Meanwhile, the Prince often presided at the Council for or with his father, who ultimately settled upon him his mansion in Cold Harbour, near Eastcheap, where it is certain Harry held a joyous establishment. Thence he frequently repaired to court accompanied by crowds of followers; and thither such liberal supplies of wine were conveyed as probably justify the legend, that he was at the head of a hilarious, if not of a riotous household. Of actual wild living, such as might agree with the term "madcap Harry," there is no evidence. In this respect his brothers Thomas and John seem to have been more audacious libertines than he. One instance is cited by Stowe. It occurred on a grand Midsummer holiday of 1410. In the chronicler's words:—"The King's sons, Thomas and John, being in Eastcheap, at supper, or rather at breakfast (for it was after the watch was broken up, between two and three of the clock, after midnight), a great debate happened between their men and others of the court, which lasted for an hour, even till the mayor and sheriffs with other citizens, appeased the same; for the which afterwards the said mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs were sent for to answer before the King; his sons and divers lords being highly moved against the city. At which time, William Gascoigne, Chief Justice, required the mayor and aldermen, for the citizens, to put them in the King's grace." This was accomplished, the city authorities justifying the course which they had adopted, and the King expressing his satisfaction therewith.

I now come to two points in the Prince's life which have been turned to his disadvantage, but which, fairly examined, will be found to redound to his credit. In the second year of his father's reign, a statute was levelled against heretics, which was called the "burning statute," and which surrendered them and their offence to spiritual cognizance. One of the earliest acts of the Prince of Wales, after his appointment to the Presidency of the Council, was the presenting to the King the petition of "his humble son, Henry the Prince, and the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in this present Parliament assembled," praying that "Lollards and other speakers and contrivers of news might, after the feast of Epiphany next ensuing, be apprehended and kept in safe custody till the next Parliament, and there to answer to the charges against them." To this petition, which rescued heretics from the spiritual tribunal, and sent them for judgment to the Parliament, the King assented; "but," says Mr. Hallam, "the clergy, I suppose, prevented its appearing on the roll."

Subsequently, there was a poor Worcestershire tailor —a meek vocation which furnished some of the most valiant-hearted of religious martyrs—one John Badby, whose examinations and trial for heresy had, after fourteen months' duration, brought him to the stake in Smithfield. The Prince of Wales was present at his execution, by fire, from which he attempted to save this most dignified and courageous of tailors, who resolutely denied transubstantiation. To all counsel of the Prince, to all the expoundings of the Prior of St. Bartholomew, the consistent Badby uttered his resolute *nay!* And, tied to the stake as he was, a butt or tun was passed

over him, and fire set to the faggots heaped up around it. Badby was then heard appealing to the mercy of God. The Prince thought he was appealing to the mercy of man, and ordered the fire to be quenched, and the butt raised. Again was pardon and even money offered to the tailor if he would recant. But no, even with the foretaste of the horrible torture, he would not surrender his opinion touching the real presence. The Prince had gone as far as his rank and authority permitted—perhaps somewhat further, and leaving the calmly heroic tailor to his awful sufferings, he rode slowly, and no doubt sadly, away.

From this period till the year of the King's death, the history of this Prince of Wales is divided into the certain and the uncertain—dry fact and interesting legend. Since 1407, the King's health had been failing. He was almost as a leper, and the Prince had been assigned by consent of the council to be near his father's presence, that he might devote himself more peculiarly to the public service. In 1412 he ceased to be of the council at all, and was deprived of the virtue and exercise of the royal authority, which he had so substantially possessed, that foreign potentates, the Prince's own brothers, and the supreme Pontiff himself, addressed their letters to the Prince of Wales and not to the King. Within the period marked by the two dates, the activity of the Prince was very great, whether acting as President of the Council, Captain of Calais, or pursuing pirates, as Warden of the Cinque Ports. Within that period, too, negotiations for his marriage with the Duke of Burgundy's daughter were commenced and broken off. The Duke had offered his daughter as a wife for

the Prince, subject to the King furnishing him with aid in his quarrel with the Duke of Orleans. Henry seems to have been dissatisfied with the proposed dower of the bride, and though he first espoused the quarrel of Burgundy, he subsequently went over to the Orleans faction. The Prince did not readily follow his father's example, and this is said to have commenced an ill-feeling between them, which was embittered by slanderous enemies of the Prince, among whom has been reckoned his father's second wife, Queen Joanna, who is said to have been jealous of the power of her step-son. At one period of their lives, at least, the Prince of Wales and his step-mother were on friendly terms. When the former held in his custody the young Earl of March, he bribed the Queen to use her influence with her husband Bolingbroke to obtain his consent that the Earl should contract a marriage. It was an extraordinary course for the Prince to take, the Queen to sanction, or the King to further, for the Earl had a better claim to the throne (as the descendant of an elder brother of John of Gaunt) than the King himself. The Issue Rolls of the first year after the accession of the Prince of Wales to the throne record as follows:—"To Joanna Queen (dowager) of England. To money paid to her by the hands of Parnelle Brocket and Nicholas Alderayre, in part payment of a greater sum due to the said Queen upon a private agreement made between the said Queen and our present lord the King, especially concerning the marriage of the Earl of March, purchased and obtained of our said lady the Queen, by our said now lord the King, whilst he was Prince of Wales. By writ Privy Seal, 100*l*." Another entry notes the payment of an

equal sum to the Queen Dowager, instalment of a bribe administered with the same end in view.

To return to the aspersions on the Prince's character. One of them lay in the accusation of his having misappropriated money supplied for the pay of the troops guarding Calais; but this charge was triumphantly refuted. The year before he ceased to be of the Council he is also said to have exhibited unseemly eagerness that his father should resign his sovereign authority altogether; but this, too, would seem to be greatly exaggerated, although the troops of friends, and crowds of lords and gentles whom he assembled around him, looked more than ever like the founding of a hostile court, which was already more numerous and brilliant than that of his father. Traces there are, too, of the paternal mistrust of the heir-apparent. Thus we read of the Prince entering London numerously attended, and taking up his residence with the Bishop of Durham. Of this the King is no sooner informed, than he hastily leaves the Priory of St. John where he was sojourning, repairs to the house of the Bishop of London, and finally to his own residence at Rotherhithe. Finally, we come to the famous story of the Prince and the Chief Justice, a story accepted by some historians and altogether denied by others.

I have alluded to the undoubted circumstance of the dismissal of the Prince of Wales from the Royal Council, and of the substitution of his brother Thomas in his place. Popular tradition recognises in this fact the penalty inflicted by the King in return for the extreme contempt of court exhibited by the Prince in striking, or raising his hand against, Chief Justice Gascoigne,

who had committed a follower of the Prince to prison, refused to release him at the Prince's request, and who committed the Prince himself to the same restraint, for his disrespect of the King's authority in the person of the Chief Justice. The truth of this well-known legend has been hotly contested,—some upholding, others stoutly denying it altogether. The old chroniclers—the grandsons and great-grandsons of the contemporaries of the Prince, accept the story, with such variations, more or less important of detail, as rather add to than detract from the possibility of this remarkable legend. Mr. Tyler, in his history of Henry V., has gone into the question at very great length, and refuses to give any credence whatever to the story as told, or to the alleged "mad-cap" doings of the Prince of Wales. This biographer, very much in love with his hero, grounds his objections to the authenticity of the story, on the circumstance that no contemporary makes record of the alleged fact, while those who do speak of the Prince mention him as a pious, learned, well-regulated young man, whose tastes were not in accordance with indulgence in Eastcheap revelries, and swaggering ruffianly in court next morning. The dramatists who brought the story on the stage, and the chroniclers who registered it a century or more after it was said to have occurred, Mr. Tyler treats these as gossips whose slander is not worthy of attention.

On the other hand, Lord Campbell is at the head of an adverse faction, who hold that even gossip has some foundation, and that although the facts may not be as Shakspeare and the other play-writers, and Elyot, Elmham, and successive chroniclers have represented them, yet that they have in them many ingredients of

truth. The evidence on either side has been sifted with great care, and elaborately analysed. I will rather refer my readers to Tyler, Campbell, Foss, Cole, and the editors of the Chronicle-biographies of Henry V., than reproduce the conclusions arrived at by those gentlemen; satisfying myself with remarking that the learned judge named above, who has most experience in examining testimony and detecting its value, is of opinion that there is a foundation for the reports of the gay and joyous life led by the Prince, and that the incident of assaulting the judge on the bench, though it may have been exaggerated, is in substance possible and probable.

Allowing the tradition of the committal of the Prince to be true, another question has arisen, as to whether Gascoigne of the King's Bench, or Markham of the Common Pleas, was the committing judge. That the former was the individual who exercised the act of virtuous audacity has been established as nearly as such a circumstance *can* be established, by Lord Campbell. On the other hand, the Reverend D. F. Markham, in "A History of the Markham Family," cites a written memorandum made by his ancestor, Francis Markham, a lawyer, author, and soldier of the age of Elizabeth, to the following effect:—"In Henry IV.'s time, Sir John Markham was Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, when a servant of the Prince of Wales, for *coining money*, was in Newgate to be judged before him. The Prince, sending to have him released, the judge refused. The Prince with an unruly rout came and required it. The judge refused. The Prince stroke the judge on the face; the judge committed the Prince to the Fleet. The King being told it, thanked God he had so good a judge, and so

obedient a son to yield to the law." To this a ready answer may be found in the fact that false-coining being a felony, such an offence could not be tried in the Common Pleas, but must have been brought before the King's Bench. Mr. Markham, however, makes one more attempt to connect the name of his ancestor with the act, by stating his belief that "every authority agrees that the Prince was committed to the Fleet, the prison of the Common Pleas." This is far from being the case, as is manifest in the fact that for a long period a room was pointed out in the King's Bench as being the actual chamber occupied by the Prince of Wales when under committal. This last fact, which has escaped the notice of those who have hitherto discussed the question, is mentioned by Oldys, in a note to his "Life of Gascoyne," in the "Biographia Britannica." It is the more singular that this fact has not been alluded to by Mr. Markham, as he quotes the "Biographia" on another occasion, and must necessarily have perused the article on the judge.

Leaving my readers to exercise their own discretion on this vexed question, I proceed to notify the increasing illness of the Prince's father, and to remark, that as the death of King Henry grew imminent, the enemies of his house grew more active than ever in obstructing the peaceful succession of the Prince of Wales to the crown. The old fable of a living King Richard was revived, and emissaries from Scotland traversed the villages of England, in the last year of Bolingbroke's reign, declaring that Richard was residing at the Scottish Court, awaiting only a signal from his friends to repair to London and recover his throne. The indi-

vidual who represented the dead King in the Court of Scotland was one John Ward of Trumpington. His features were of the Plantagenet cast, and one Wightlock who had been for thirty years groom and yeoman to Richard, on seeing Ward, acknowledged him for his old King and master.

The boldness of the conspirators was calculated in some degree to alarm the Prince for the security of his inheritance. On the gates of Westminster Abbey, on the public buildings of London, and about the royal manor of Bermondsey, Wightlock posted papers in which he vouched that King Richard was alive in Scotland, and that he himself was prepared to enter any prison as a hostage, till the identity was satisfactorily established. He proposed that *his* King Richard should be brought to London, protected by a safe conduct; and, should that individual be clearly proved to be an imposter, Wightlock "offered himself freely to submit to the most cruel death that rage could invent;" adding that, "he was as sure that King Richard was alive in England as that he had a father and mother, and was born into the world and redeemed by Christ. And he imprecated that the devil might take him to lie body and soul in hell eternally—that he might never have mercy from God, nor the prayers of the holy church from that day to the last judgment, if what he asserted was not true."

This bold fellow was seized and confronted with the King, to whose face he resolutely maintained that the Prince of Wales was not heir to the crown, which Henry unrighteously kept from Richard of Bordeaux. They

committed Richard's daring yeoman to the Tower; but, to the universal astonishment, Wightlock made his escape. Constable and lieutenant were degraded, fined, and imprisoned, but the penalties imposed on those exalted officials were remitted. It was necessary, however, to punish some one, and accordingly choice was made of one Bathe, to whose ward Wightlock had been committed, and the humbler officer was hanged, drawn, and quartered.

The last days of Bolingbroke were, however, again embittered, and the peaceful transfer of the crown to his son the Prince again impeded by the partisans of the pseudo Richard. Again, on the gates of Bermondsey Church, and on those of St. Thomas's Hospital, was Wightlock's declaration planted, and Southwark was excited to insurrection by Sir Elias Lyvet and one Thomas Clark, who promised aid from Scotland and the Principality to carry out the attempt towards success. Again, too, were the offenders taken, and unequal justice administered; for the knight was set at liberty, while his poor follower was remitted to the Tower, not to be released till the Prince of Wales was firmly seated on the throne, which he already, it was said, too eagerly and impatiently coveted.

However this may be, it is certain that father and son were reconciled before the former was summoned away. Stowe relates that the Prince vindicated his character, in letters distributed over the realm, and that he was granted an interview by his sick father, in which the Prince so successfully explained his own conduct that the King pronounced him free from all suspicion, fell on his

neck, kissed him, called him his "right dear and heartily beloved son," and undertook that he should have justice of his slanderers.

Whenever this scene occurred it was closely followed by the death of Bolingbroke. Romancer and poet have depicted this last scene according to the spirit of their vocation. The time is certain, March 20, 1412, but the incidents are variously related. Perhaps Trussell without abandoning all romance, has preserved the essential truths of the story; and with his account I conclude the subject. Having stated that the King was at Westminster, preparing a crusade, he adds:— "The enemy of mankind seized upon him with an apoplexy, the fits whereof divers times would show him dead to those about him; but ever upon his recovery again of sense, he would demand for his crown, which he appointed, all the time of his sickness, to be placed upon a cushion in his sight. At length, the extremity of his disease increasing, he lay as though all his vital spirits had forsaken him, insomuch, that those that were about him deemed him dead, and covered his face. The Prince having notice thereof, came and took away the crown, and departed. The father reviving, demanded for the crown; and hearing that the Prince had taken it, he sends for him, and angrily demandeth his reason of his so doing; to whom the Prince, with a confident brow, made an answer, that in his and all men's judgment there present, he was dead; and then 'I being next heir-apparent to the same, took it as my indubitable right, not as yours, but mine.' 'Well,' said the King, and sighed, 'fair son, what right I had to it God knoweth.' 'But,' saith the Prince, 'if you die

King, I doubt not to hold the garland as you have done, with my sword, against all opposers.' 'Then,' saith the King, 'I refer all to God, but charge thee on my blessing, and as thou wilt answer it before the tribunal of God, that thou minister the laws indifferently; that thou ease the oppressed; that thou avoid flatterers; that thou do not defer justice, nor be sparing of mercy, but punish the oppressors of thy people; and suffer not officers to make their places the stalking-horses to their will. So shalt thou obtain favour of God, and love of thy subjects; who, whilst they have wealth, so long shalt thou have obedience; but being made poor by oppression, will be ever ready to stir and make insurrections.' And so, turning about, said, 'God bless thee, and have mercy upon me!' And so he gave up the ghost in a chamber of the Abbot of Westminster, which the servants there called Jerusalem

Thus died Bolingbroke. On Trinity Sunday, his obsequies were performed at Canterbury, Henry of Monmouth being present, making offering at the altar, and depositing his father by the side of that Black Prince, Edward of Woodstock, whose son he had deposed and murdered.

Henry of Monmouth occupied the throne from 1413 to 1422. Within that period he took advantage of the anarchy in France to invade that kingdom with 30,000 men; whence, after the surrender of Harfleur, he was about to return with his enfeebled army, when he was encountered at Agincourt by a French force quadruple his own; which he conquered with little loss to himself, but with that of 10,000 slain, and 15,000

prisoners, on the part of the foe. The victory led him to become heir of the French throne and husband of Katherine, the King's daughter. In the midst of a triumphant career he was cut off, through the unskilfulness of his doctors, leaving his English crown and his French heirship to his only son, Henry VI., at that time but a few months old. This occurred in 1422; and by the time that Henry VI. had reached man's estate, Joan of Arc had stripped the English of nearly all their conquests in France. England itself had sunk into a condition of extreme misery; and, one bright feature of a generally gloomy lot, Henry VI. had espoused, in 1445, Margaret of Anjou, daughter of Rene, titular King of Sicily and Jerusalem, and the prince of troubadours.

This ill-matched pair, King almost too bashful to look his fair wife in the face, she as energetic and as ambitious as she was beautiful and accomplished, were married at Titchfield Abbey, on the 22nd of April, 1445. The bridegroom was in his twenty-second year, the bride in her sixteenth; and nearly nine years elapsed before a son, an only child, was born to them—first of the three young and hapless Edwards. I will add, by the way, that Henry VI. was the last *English-born* and *first-born* son of an *English-born* King, who succeeded his father on the throne, until the accession of George IV., in 1820. The intervening period comprises an extent of upwards of 400 years.

CHAPTER IX.

EDWARD OF WESTMINSTER (LANCASTER).

BORN 1453. SLAIN (PRINCE of WALES) 1471.

WHEN the only child of Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou was born in the palace at Westminster on October 13, 1453, there was an universal uneasiness in, and gloom resting on, the nation. The country had been humiliated by the loss or surrender of nearly all the English possessions in France. The people were oppressed by taxation, and suffering from scarcity. The King had already manifested a tendency towards that insanity by which he was more grievously afflicted on several later occasions. Margaret was unpopular, for she was at once poor and proud; and the internal peace of the kingdom was menaced by the birth of this child of infelicity.

Until Edward was born, the heir-presumptive to the crown was Richard, Duke of York. Henry VI. was the great-grandson of John of Gaunt. In the Lancaster view of the succession, Richard of York was the presumptive heir, because he was the grandson of Edmund of Langley (Duke of York), next brother of John of Gaunt. Edmund's son, Richard (Earl of Cambridge), had married Anne Mortimer, and their son, Richard of York, was the presumptive heir of Lancaster, till Edward of Westminster was born.

But there was a York view of the succession; and according to that view the birth of young Edward did not set aside the claim of Richard of York as the rightful heir to the throne. My readers will, of course, not have forgotten a son of Edward III.—"Long Lionel." This Lionel, Duke of Clarence, was an elder brother of John of Gaunt; and *his* children, and not those of John, were nearest to the throne when Richard II. was compelled to lay down the sceptre. Now, Lionel had but one child, Philippa, married to Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. This illustrious couple had a son, Roger, who became the father of that Anne Mortimer, mentioned above, as the wife of Richard, Earl of Cambridge. Of this last marriage was born Richard, Duke of York, whose right to the crown rested on his descent from Lionel. The York claim was undoubtedly a legal claim; but the nation had accepted the rule of Lancaster, had reaped glory under it, and had legalized it by more than half a century of loyal obedience. Such was the state of things in England when a birth which made a mother's heart glad brought such calamity on England as it never knew before—and happily, will never know again.

Poor Prince! He paid the penalty as if he had been the prime offender, and the cause of all.

Born on St. Edward's day, the Queen conferred on him the popular name. The pious would be glad to hear him called after the saintly King; they who sighed for the prosperity of England hoped his future reign would be as long and as glorious as that of Edward of Windsor; and old and young soldiers might be expected to augur well of the namesake of the Black Prince.

Save that he had no royal gossips, he was right royally christened. Waynflete of Winchester was the bishop who held him at the font, around which was spread a score of yards of russet cloth of gold, and on this stood Cardinal Kemp (Archbishop of Canterbury), the Duke of Somerset, and the Duchess of Buckingham, the sponsors. The monks of Westminster were liberal with their tapers, flinging light on the baby whose christening mantle cost the extravagant sum of 554*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* Five thousand pounds sterling of our present coin would not represent the value, and how Henry's treasury ever supplied it, save by pawning the royal jewels, a course to which he and other English Kings have been compelled, I cease to conjecture, for I can find nothing that will account for this marvel.

At the ceremony at the Abbey, the King was not present. His mental imbecility even then oppressed him. The mother, however, was there; and within and beyond the Abbey, Yorkist partisans scorningly remarked that the King's absence did not imply that of the father of the child. The young Queen was already assailed by calumny, charging her with a conspiracy to force an infant impostor upon the heirship of England.

Henry was in retirement at Windsor. After the new year, 1454, a trial was made upon his feelings and his powers of observation, both of which had, during several months, continued inactive,—by showing him his infant son. The child's godfather, Buckingham, bore him in his arms into the King's chamber. Henry looked on incurious and unconscious. Buckingham performed his task tenderly, presented the little Prince to

his father in "goodly wise," and earnestly besought the King to bless the child. The King remained untouched and mute. The Duke continued his appeal, but Henry also continued unaffected, heedless, silent. And then Margaret herself advanced, hoping to have more success than Buckingham. The young mother took her boy in her arms, stood with him before the King, and showing the child to the father, asked him to bless his son. For a moment she had hope that the magic of her voice and presence had not failed, for the King turned his eyes towards her and upon the child, but they fell again languidly, the mind discerning nothing of that on which they had idly rested. And so, in disappointment, Margaret and the ducal godfather retired with the Prince.

Not till the happy Christmas time of this year, 1454, was any change in this mournful condition worked, for the better. On that day, however, the mental health of the King began to amend, and therewith his sense of piety, marked by an order, given by himself to his almoner, to ride to Canterbury with an offering; and to his secretary to repair to St. Edward's shrine in Westminster Abbey, to perform the same grateful service in the King's name. Encouraged by this spontaneous act, Margaret, on the afternoon of the very day on which intelligence of it was communicated to her, went into the King's chamber, carrying her child in her arms. Henry recognised one and looked joyfully on both, asking as he gazed upon the fair and delicate boy, by what name he had been called. The Queen replied, that the Prince had been named "Edward." At that name consciousness and memory appeared to ac-

quire strength, for the King at the mention of it threw up his arms and thanked the Lord. And (writes Margaret to John Paston in the collection of letters made by Sir John Fenn), "he said he never knew, till that time, nor wist not what was said to him, nor wist not where he had been, whiles he hath been sick till now. And he asked who were godfathers, and the Queen told him, and he was well content."

Meanwhile, however, much had been done during the King's illness at which, whether he were well content or otherwise, there are no means of discovering. Parliament had appointed Richard of York "Protector and defender of the King," offices to be exercised "during the King's pleasure, or until such time as Edward the Prince should come to age of discretion." Patents, which ran in the King's name, notified various grants, among which was one which settled on the infant Prince the same amount of revenue as his father had enjoyed at the same early age; and another received the sanction of Lords and Commons for creating young Edward Prince of Wales.

While some historians state that Edward was created Prince of Wales in his first, others declare it to have been in his fourth year. The earlier period is the correct one, and the circumstance is only worth noting as it has reference to the first heir apparent who was created to that title at so tender an age. "Worshipful sir," writes William Botoner, "to my Master Paston" (in the collection above named), "Worshipful sir and my good master, after due recommendations, with all my true services preceding, like you to wit (know) that as to novelties, &c., the Prince shall be created at Windsor,

upon Pentecost Sunday, the Chancellor (Neville, Earl of Salisbury), the Duke of Buckingham, and many other lords of estate present with the Queen." The letter containing this passage is dated "Saturday, 8 June, 1454," and the next day, Pentecost Sunday, as Sir John Fenn remarks, "was the 9th; whereas the same festival, in 1457, fell on the 5th of June, of which year's festival a writer could not speak on the 9th in the future tense."

But whatever the date, no happiness accrued with the title to the young wearer of it. He was not yet two years old when that series of battles began, in 1455, which ended with his own murder, and the entire downfall of the House of Lancaster in 1471. Those sanguinary contests, amounting to twelve, divide themselves into three parts. During the first eight years of this unparalleled struggle, eight battles were fought, in six of which the Yorkists carried off the victory. During nearly eight years that followed, the Queen and Prince of Wales were refugees in France. Two actions took place while the royal fugitives were abroad, in one of which each faction gained a triumph. The two concluding contests which followed were alike favourable to York, and Tewkesbury confirmed the promise made by the first struggle at St. Albans.

Throughout this period, the young Prince of Wales is, with slight exceptions, more heard of than seen. Till the fatal day of Tewkesbury he is generally covered by his mother's robe. Now and again, he is near a stricken field, but we only catch a distant glimpse of the boy, generally fleeing with his bold but tender-hearted mother. It is only at Tewkesbury we see him

close at hand, armed and striking more gracefully than forcibly, in his own cause.

I have said that the first of these contests took place at St. Albans. It was brought on by an attempt of the Duke of York to enter London, seize upon the King, and recover the supremacy he had held during Henry's illness. To intercept him, Henry, or rather his friend the Duke of Somerset, gave the Duke of York battle near the town just named. While it was fought and lost, the Prince of Wales was in the good keeping of his mother at Greenwich, where she heard of that calamitous May day in which Lancaster lost 5000 friends, York scarcely more than as many hundred, and the King himself was taken. He had quietly walked into the thatched cottage of a village baker, and there, as quietly, yielded himself captive to York, expressing no other feeling but horror at the mutual slaughter of Englishmen.

The household at Greenwich was alarmed, and the Prince's godfather, Buckingham, felt that if his godson's inheritance was imperilled when York made of Henry but "a Whitsuntide Lord," it was even worse now that the King was a captive. With York restored to the protectorate, the Prince's rights were not ignored, and whether child and mother were under surveillance at Hertford or Greenwich, the claims of the former were upheld by Parliament. That assembly granted him 10,000 marks annually till he should reach the age of eight years, and double that amount for the following six years. This sum was for his wardrobe and pay of servants. His own diet and residence were ordered to be provided for him in the King's court.

When Margaret subsequently contrived to obtain a parliamentary decree which restored the King to her and to himself, she might have held her own more securely had she been less daring and ambitious. To avoid the Yorkist plotters in London, Margaret made a progress into Warwickshire, with the King and Prince, hawking and hunting by the way, enjoying various pastimes, and making a joyous sojourn at Coventry, where she was personally popular, and the people were the stanch upholders of her husband and son.

Thereupon followed a reconciliation between the illustrious adversaries, and peace seemed for awhile to smile promisingly upon the land. But sharp-sighted personages beheld wonderful things—huge cocks rising from the sea, and crowing like thunder; and gigantic whales floundering in the Thames; and births very much opposed to the order of nature; and they naturally concluded that mischief was portended. Then, after the return of the court to London, quarrels ensued and increased in intensity till the Earl of Salisbury flew to arms; and, in 1459, the Prince's inheritance was once more in peril.

Now, young Edward possessed in Margaret of Anjou, a mother as ambitious as she was energetic. Her ambition, however, was rather to secure her son's power than establish her own, and although she and her foreign kindred ruled the realm and applied the revenue, as seemed most fitting to them, the succession of Prince Edward was the object. Meanwhile, her favourites "peeled the poor people;" and the popular voice, in return, again denied the legitimacy of the Prince; ridiculing the lawfulness of his heirship as a

Lancastrian, and declaring him to be a bastard Lancastrian, "gotten in Coventry." Margaret speedily, however, made use of the Prince to further her own purpose. "She, dreading that he should not succeed his father in the crown of England, allied unto her all the knights and squires of Cheshire, for their benevolence, and held open household among them; and made her son, called the Prince, give a livery of swans to all the gentlemen of the county, and to many other throughout the land, trusting through their strength to make her son King; making privy means to some of the Lords of England for to stir the King that he should resign the crown to her son; but she could not bring her purpose about." So writes the author of "An English Chronicle," seventeen years subsequent to the period to which the above passage refers, and, though his statement may not be in the main true, it reflects much of the feeling and opinions of the day.

However this may be, a present issue was fought out on the 13th of September, 1459, at Blore Heath, in Shropshire, where Salisbury routed the Lancastrian army, under Lord Audley, slaying that leader in the fight.

York thus strengthened, bent himself to increase of effort, to counteract which, full pardon was offered by Henry to all who would lay down their arms. Margaret's voice was heard in the proclamation, and the Yorkists returned for answer that "there was no trusting the King's promises as long as the hen crowed." To her, all activity, good or evil, was attributed; and not altogether without reason. The King was at Coleshill, in Warwickshire, when Margaret saw the battle of Blore Heath fought, especially to make his

residence there secure. She saw Audley defeated from the tower of Macclestone Church, and thence fled to the Prince at Eccleshall Castle. Henry had to move, or rather to be removed, from Coleshill, and he was so far interested in the matter as to faintly ask those who were carrying him off, "Which side has gained the day?"

Distrust of Margaret led to the next slaughter, the dreadful two hours near Northampton, in July, 1460. From seven to nine o'clock on that summer morning, Margaret and young Edward looked upon the fight, at a distance, and the Prince of Wales beheld that other Edward who was to rob him of crown and life—Edward, Earl of March, eldest son of Richard of York, win a triumph of which Margaret thought her husband secure. That husband followed his wont when beaten, quietly sat down in his tent, and there solitarily awaited his being taken prisoner.

From the field, in which the Prince's godfather, the Duke of Buckingham, was slain, the King was carried off prisoner to London, while Margaret fled with the Prince of Wales, first to Durham, thence by Eggeshall to Chester, and finally to Harlech Castle, in Wales. There followed the august fugitives a retinue of only eight persons, and these went not unmolested on their way. The Queen had jewels with her to a considerable amount, and before entering Wales she was stopped and robbed of them, she escaping with the Prince, while the robbers were inspecting a booty which is said to have been of the value of 10,000 marks.

Poor as they were, the wearied pair found refuge amongst faithful Welsh lieges. Meanwhile extraordinary

events were taking place in London, where York was paramount, and exacting from the Lancastrian King and the Parliament, the abolition of all right to the throne of Prince Edward of Westminster. Therewith must be recorded a circumstance of some singularity, namely, that in this year, 1460, there were two Princes of Wales in England. The rival of Prince Edward of Westminster was this Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, who was so soon afterwards to be slain at Wakefield, but who now laid claim to the crown, as nearest heir, which could not be gainsaid, of Richard II. In the year just named, holding (as I have said) King Henry in his power, the now Yorkist Parliament recognised his claim as heir, and "it was ordained by the said Parliament, that the said Richard, Duke of York, should be called Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, and Earl of Chester, and he was made also by the same Parliament, Protector of England."* This title was conferred on Richard Plantagenet, on the last day of October, 1460, and he possessed it, without however publicly bearing it, just two months, being slain at Wakefield on the last day of the following December.

The triumph for Lancaster, at Wakefield, was thus brought about. Margaret and Edward leaving Harlech reached Scotland, where they at first took up their abode at the Monastery of Linclooden, near Dumfries. At this monastery conferences took place between the Scottish Queen, Mary of Gueldres, and Margaret, which lasted twelve days, at which were drank, doubtless by the lords who "assisted," three pipes of French wine! The two Queens had each a young son, but the Scottish

* English Chronicle. Edited by the Rev. J. S. Davies.

boy, James III., was in possession of his inheritance, while the Prince of Wales had now even his title of Prince, as indicating his heirship, denied.

In Scotland, however, his rights were recognised, and the boy lived the life of a Prince, lodging in royal palaces, riding abroad, and having grooms to attend him. Better than all these, the Scottish Government lent his mother aid in money and in troops, and with them she made that dash into England which was gallantly met by Richard of York, at Wakefield, to his utter ruin, the loss of his life, and the slaying of his own young son, Rutland, screaming for mercy, at the hands of the ruthless Clifford, who knew it not.

If the Prince of Wales beheld this battle, or the scenes of revenge and cruelty which followed it, he had a sorry sight for one so young. But he had, in such case, little leisure to dwell upon acts for which, indeed, ample vengeance was ultimately taken. First, on the Candlemas-day next succeeding, when Edward, Earl of March, routed a Lancastrian army at Mortimer's Cross, with fearful slaughter during and after the fight. The Queen, meanwhile, pushed towards London, but was encountered by the way, at St. Alban's, by the Earl of Warwick, who carried King Henry captive in his train. The fight which here took place, on Shrove Tuesday, is said to have been the first in which the Prince of Wales was actually concerned, but even here we have no means of following him through the fray, though we have the assurance of his mother that he bore himself gallantly where his presence was required. If he was really in "the thick of it," he must have shared in the repulse by Warwick's terrible bowmen, and the counter

repulse which drove Warwick back on his camp, on Barnet Heath. The issue of the bloody struggle here left Margaret mistress of the field, and it was when her surviving enemies were in confused flight that intelligence was brought her of the King being alone, save with three or four who remained with him, in a tent within the hostile camp.

The King had despatched one Thomas Hoe, a barrister, to thank the victors for their pains, and to express his desire of meeting his deliverers. With a noble retinue the Queen and Prince moved forward to the King's tent, where a joyful reunion took place. The exultation of Margaret was uncontrollable, and it was pardonable when she presented her son to his father, requesting him at the same time to make a knight of the gallant boy, who certainly witnessed the conflict from a very short distance, but was not more actively engaged in it than Margaret herself. "At the Queen's request," says Trussell, "Henry honoured with the order of Knighthood thirty that had fought against the part where he was. The Prince likewise was by him dubbed knight."

King, Queen, and Prince slept at the Abbey of St. Albans that night, after a solemn service of thanksgiving, which the abbot and priests would have offered with equal fervour and sincerity had victory sat upon the helms of the Yorkists, and Warwick had been there to command the performance. On the following morning, that of Ash Wednesday, executions took place as if to intimate that success had not taught the victors mercy. In this work of vengeance the Prince of Wales grievously distinguished himself, if confidence is to be placed in

the author of the "English Chronicle," who states that Lord Bonwyle, having attempted to escape with Warwick and the other nobles who had recently held the King in captivity, the King had induced him to remain with him, on oath that he should receive no bodily harm. "Nevertheless, notwithstanding that surety," says the chronicler, "at instance of the Queen, the Duke of Exeter, and the Earl of Devonshire, by judgment of him that was called the Prince, a child, he was beheaded at St. Albans." But the English chronicler was an arrant Yorkist, recognising no virtue in a Lancastrian, save valour, nor any vice in a Yorkist at all; and I am not disposed to place much faith in his assertion that a boy so young could have been allowed to have any voice in the sentencing to death a man of any quality, much less a man whose safety had been guaranteed on the word of a King.

Yet who can say? Margaret herself let loose her northern troops upon the country to plunder it up to the gates of London, through which, soon after, the Londoners righteously refused her entrance. The Prince of Wales issued a proclamation in which he, or rather his mother in his name, disclaimed all intention of inflicting injury on person or property. Is it likely, he asks, that he, "descended of the blood royal, and inheriting the pre-eminence of the realm, should intend the destruction of that city which is the King our lord's greatest treasure?" The citizens would not weigh probabilities. Their refusal drove back Margaret and her friends to the North, and on the 4th of March, 1461, the announcement of the accession of the eldest son of Richard of York to the throne, by the title of

Edward IV., sounded as a death knell in the hearts of the Lancastrians.

A fortnight later, King, Queen, and Prince were sheltering in York, their army standing between them and the forces of King Edward. The two opposing powers came into collision at Towton, near Tadcaster, in Yorkshire, on Palm Sunday. There took place that fierce contest of ten hours' duration, amid fog, then snow and howling wind, at the end of which nearly 37,000 bodies, dead or dying on the field, attested to the obstinacy of the combatants and the hard-won prize carried off by Edward IV.

The issue of the day drove the Prince and his royal parents from York to Alnwick, where they tarried some time securely in the castle of the Percy whose body lay on Towton field. But the Yorkists drove northward, and Margaret and Henry carried the heir of England into Scotland, wandering with him through Galloway, and finally obtaining shelter in the old town of Kirkcudbright. To hard straits were the royal party here driven; but they were not without hope of recovering all they had lost. Henry promised English dukedoms to Scottish Earls for their aid. Queen Margaret, casting her eyes on the young Scottish Princess, her namesake, promised that the Prince of Wales should take her for wife, and the throne of England be her future seat, if present succour were yielded them in their extremity. "The King of Scots" (says Trussell), "comforteth them with promise of relief, but maketh a sure bargain, and receiveth, in lieu of a pension to be assigned to King Henry during his abode there, from him, upon St. Mark's day, the town and castle of

Berwick-upon-Tweed, to such poor shifts was this potent King driven to pawn his best fortress for bare food. This picture is clearly not overcharged, for as Henry pawned his fortress, so did Margaret pawn a gold cup to the Scottish Queen for a hundred pounds, she being in need of ready money, and Mary of Gueldres probably admiring Margaret's golden cup.

In other respects, however, the royal fugitives were not ill-cared for. Old palace apartments were newly furnished for them, provisions were liberally supplied to them, Margaret drew upon the government for about fifty pounds sterling per month, and the dignity of our young Prince of Wales seems to have been fairly sustained, inasmuch as the exchequer-rolls of Scotland make mention of supplying "grain and provender for six horses of the Prince of England in Falkland during twenty-three days, by order of our lady the Queen."

Nevertheless, comfort and plenty were not the attendants of each coming day. Queen, King, and Prince on one occasion spent five days together with one day's provision of bread, and one solitary herring between the three! Of persons so destitute, of course the credit was not very good, and we are told of the royal party being at mass when the Queen finding herself without money for the usual offering, asked a Scottish archer at her side to lend her a small sum for the purpose. The Scot weighed the request, and considered it, and did not like it. Neither would he be uncourteous to a lady and a Queen. Slowly, therefore, did he take his bag from his pouch, and reluctantly drew therefrom the smallest current coin of the realm—one shabby half-farthing, and unwillingly dropping it

into the Queen's hand, respectfully invited her to remember that it was only lent—not given! Margaret accepted the insult and the loan; and she acknowledged in after years that of all the painful incidents of her adversity, the most painful and the least tolerable was this fact of the ungallant Scottish archer and his wretched half-farthing.

In Scotland the royal refugees remained till April, 1462. They were not idle all that time. Emissaries on the continent and in England were fruitlessly active on their behalf. Margaret was impatient, but two of these emissaries, Hungerford and Whyttingham, addressed a joint letter to her, in which they said—"Madam, fear not, but be of good comfort, and beware ye venture not your person, nor my lord the Prince, by sea, till ye have other word from us, unless your person cannot be sure where you are, and extreme necessity drive ye thence."

That necessity soon presented itself. Margaret was at Kirkcudbright when she suddenly heard of the presence of Warwick and a train of Yorkist nobles at Dumfries, only a morning's ride from thence. Warwick came there as a wooer, by proxy, from Edward IV., who sought, or affected to seek, the Scottish Queen in marriage. Margaret, however, suspected that something more serious than wooing was intended, and procuring pecuniary aid from merchants and princes, who alike took interest for their money, she set sail with her son from Kirkcudbright, and landed in France. For a loan from Louis XI., to meet with whom she dragged her son with her from town to town, she pawned the town and fortress of Calais—an act which made her

execrable in England. She procured foreign levies, too, and with these she made for Northumberland, in the month of October. Her levies failed her, her landing was opposed, and, in a fisherman's boat, the Queen, Prince of Wales, and Peter de Breze, a faithful Norman knight, carried, not without difficulty, the intelligence of their failure into Berwick.

With the spring of 1463, however, Margaret was again in arms. Henry, who had been shut up in Harlech Castle, had joined her. Leaving the Prince of Wales in Berwick, Margaret tempted fortune for awhile without her son; it was the first time that the two had been separated, but she carried the Prince with her, when King and Queen made that forward movement which was checked by Lord Montague, King Edward's general, at Hexham. Near the water of Dowill this May strife occurred, and at its conclusion 2000 corpses covered the ground, and all the Lancastrians who could fly, followed or rather outstripped King Henry, who was so closely pursued that three of his body-guard were taken. One of these was supposed to be the King himself, for he wore the Monarch's cap with a double golden coronet, and his doing so saved, as was intended, the person of his master.

Margaret let her husband fly, but she kept the Prince of Wales close in her guard, and, hand in hand, the wanderers turned towards the Scottish border. Then followed incidents which seem to belong to romance, but which are said to make part of history. Queen and Prince, with some few followers, were attacked by robbers, despoiled of their costly garments, robbed of their jewels, and only saved from violent death because the

sons of violence quarrelled and fought over their booty. During this contest, Heaven darkened their vision, and they were not conscious of the Queen's appeal to a knight in behalf of her son,—so urgently and successfully made, that the knight in question took the young Prince of Wales up before him on his saddle, and, with Margaret *en croupe*, rode away in search of further safety. But the roads were full of peril, and the party were obliged to strike into the forest, where they wandered about in ignorance of the way, and where the knight either abandoned,—or was of little service to them. The Queen, alone of the three, possessed courage or presence of mind, and these valuable qualities she exhibited in a remarkable degree, when she beheld advancing towards them a man, hideous of aspect, wild in attire, and apparently murderous of intention. Throughout this incident, the sole anxiety of Margaret was for the Prince of Wales. Her eyes never ceased to return to him, after being drawn away for an instant, and her hand was always upon or near him. Accordingly, when the ferocious-looking denizen of the forest of Hexham approached with outstretched arm and weapon, and roughly bade the travellers "stand!" the Queen threw her arm round the Prince, and addressed to the robber such a volley of strong terms, such a reproof for the villanous life he was leading, such a heavy sermon on the consequences of his wicked ways, and such denunciations on his folly as well as his wickedness,—that one cannot but admire the meekness, patience, and good nature of the villain in question. The words used were of the very harshest, but not once did they irritate the highway-robber, for they were mingled with terms of

pity, and flattery, and beseeching, and little parentheses, phrased like modern tracts, touching sudden conversion, and hints at the advantages of being virtuous, and, finally, confidential communications of the most interesting nature. All this while the Prince of Wales modestly, but not too timidly, stood at his mother's side; and, taking him by the hand, she introduced herself and boy to the most extraordinary of assassins,—as Queen of England and Prince of Wales. The polite robber bowed, and Margaret continued to point out to him how much greater profit he might derive by saving than by despoiling them. She expatiated on her son's prospects, and how, if they were realized, the robber might one day be made a gentleman of. Then she added no inconsiderable amount of information, which might have been better reserved for the robber's wife, who, as we subsequently learn, lived in a hut hard by. Margaret continued by assuring the hideous-looking villain that whatever amount of hard fare,—in food, life, and lodging, the Prince now underwent, if he were only kept in safety, the remembrance of it when he came to his own again, would be a pleasant memory; and whatever opportunity he might have of forwarding the interests of his Hexham friend, he was not at all likely to forget to prove his gratitude. The robber, probably unused to listen to fervent appeals and strange confidences of half an hour long, was naturally confused, and looked undecided,—on which the indefatigable Queen attacked him again with reproaches for his life, hints of heaven's wrath, assurances of profit here and hereafter if he would but behave like a gentleman and a Lancastrian; and, finally, she said to him,—(as we are told by

Chastillain, the old Burgundian Chronicler, who heard her recount the story to the Duchess de Bourbon,)—by way of last appeal to his humanity: "Je te fais aujourd'hui le ventre de mon enfant, je te constitue seing et tettin qui l'a nourry; je te fais père et mère de mon portage;" and, in conclusion, she more than hinted that an outlaw and a reprobate, such as he was, should be rejoiced at the honour done him, and should seize with alacrity a chance which was not likely to be presented to him again!

George Chastillain wisely notifies here that he is not so sure that these were the words used; but he avers that the substratum of the narrative is correct. As for the robber, the Burgundian assures us that the Holy Ghost visibly descended upon him, and that this, added to the official capacity,—to the exercise of which he had just been appointed by the Queen, so wrought upon him that his heart gave way; he rolled himself in the dust at the Prince's feet, and promising henceforth to prove loyal and live cleanly, offered to devote his life to the protection of the youthful heir to the throne. Margaret accordingly entrusted her son to him, while she went off with the mute and unchivalrous knight in search of the King, whom she failed to discover. The robber himself fulfilled his promises like a noble man. Indeed, Prévost hints that he was a ruined Lancastrian gentleman who had taken to the road, and who lived with his lady in a hut in Hexham forest, which became for a while the humble palace of the Prince of Wales. The Duchess de Bourbon remarked that it was an inconceivable story; and certainly Jerningham's drama and Colman's tragi-comedy founded on the incident, are far less stirring

than the narrative; and such Queen Margarets as Miss Younge, Mrs. Stephen Kemble, or Mrs. Pope, with such a gallant robber as Bannister, Holman, or Elliston, and especially such a Prince of Wales as Master Tokely, never could have realized this scene, as the Burgundian herald has painted it, in his prolix and apparently matter-of-fact chronicle.

By aid of the gentle Lancastrian robber, and the help of Lancastrians of less equivocal vocation, Margaret and the Prince of Wales are said to have been enabled to return by sea to Scotland.—By whatever succour, it is certain that they safely arrived in the northern kingdom; and an historian, much drier than the Burgundian, but addicted like him to weave romance with history,—the almoner of the Prince de Conti, the Abbé Prévost, relates that after Margaret and the Prince had reached Kirkcudbright, they were induced to go on board a vessel, by an Englishman named Cork, who designed to deliver them to King Edward. The Queen's faithful Peter De Brezé, and his squire Barville, had been previously carried on board by violence,—a fortunate circumstance for the royal couple, as by their aid a rescue was effected for them at the cost of killing or throwing overboard the five persons who manned the boat. The boat thus cleared, was not governable by such a crew as was left in her,—a woman and boy, and a couple of Norman soldiers. After driving through the perils of a stormy night, the boat went ashore opposite Kirkcudbright, but with no further injury to the precious freight, De Brezé carrying the Queen, through the waves, to the beach, on his shoulders, and Barville performing the same office to the Prince of Wales.

In utter destitution, and with no promise of brighter prospects, the miserable mother and boy were but ill-considered by the Scottish authorities, who exhibited no alacrity in affording succour, except succour to enable the poverty-stricken fugitives to leave Scotland, which was done with an intimation that the Prince of Wales, now heir to nothing, was no longer a fitting match for the little sister of James III.

The fortress of Bamborough, off the coast of Northumberland, received the exiles whom Scotland rejected, and from that Lancastrian nest—the last that had not been blown from the old tree—the Queen set sail for France, her son still, as ever, holding by the folds of her robe, and a couple of hundred of forlorn Lancastrians sharing her fortunes, in two vessels. They designed for France, but a hurricane drove them to the port of L'Ecluse, in the dukedom of unfriendly, York-loving Burgundy. Queen and Prince went ashore, on the 31st of July, 1462, in costumes whose condition matched the lowliness of that of their warriors. Seven ladies of honour followed perforce the fashion of their mistress; and the two hundred Lancastrian refugees looked as men might do in their plight, though that was not at the worst, since they had reached a land where swords, and arms to wield them, were in constant request, and were liberally paid for. Insulted by the people, suffering from fatigue and want, the greater portion of the party soon moved on to Bruges, where Margaret left her son; while in peasant's costume, and in a tilted cart, she courageously went forward to ask help and asylum from Philip of Burgundy—he a man whom she hated, she a woman whom he abhorred. She encountered the Duke, in spite of him-

self, and so wrought upon that obdurate man by her beauty, her simplicity, her seductive tone and earnestness, her sad story eloquently told, her wonderful tact, and her glorious promises, that when she returned to the Prince of Wales at Bruges, she poured out before the boy gold crowns and jewels—the noble *largesse* of the Duke, and told him the while how these were only the earnest of greater benevolence to come.

Could they have forgotten all that had passed, the refugees at Bruges might have enjoyed the life that was now afforded them. They lacked nothing, save by the roguery of stewards, who essayed to rob them occasionally. They even lived in splendour, and honours were paid to them as if Margaret were on the throne, and young Edward its acknowledged heir. Thus, at one of the great Burgundian banquets, when water was previously offered to the Prince of Wales to dip his hands therein, before he sat at table, the young Prince, with a tact derived from his mother's example, declined to go through the formality till the Count de Charolais, son of the sovereign-duke, had taken precedence of him, by washing first. The Count, in his turn, declining, Prince Edward courteously invited him to wash at the same time with himself, that thus at least they might be placed upon terms of equality. The Count, not to be excelled in politeness, declared that he could not think of raising himself to such a height. The Prince of Wales, having gone through the forms taught him by a similar scene between his mother and the Count, ceased to importune the latter; but therewith struck by a natural thought, as it would seem, asked a very natural question, which took the form of inquiring whether such courtesy was due

to poor fugitives, such precedency in the dominions of a powerful Prince to Princes who were without dominions, —without even shelter, or the means of procuring it? "Nay," said Count Charles; "in spite of that, you are still the son of a King of England. My father is Sovereign-Duke of Burgundy, and my rank is below your own." It was a courteous speech; but unfortunately the Count uttered it, not so much to do honour to the Prince as to annoy his own father, by acknowledging the claims of young Edward in presence of the nobles of Burgundy.

The Sovereign-Duke, however, fulfilled his duty gallantly, and sent the Queen and Prince, under sufficient escort, to Lorraine, where Margaret's father, René, was poor in everything but minstrels and minstrelsy. The old man, nevertheless, did his best for child and grandchild. He entertained them himself, in his musical way, and got his folk and kinsfolk to entertain them. Finally, Duke or King René located the wandering pair in the castle of Kuerere, near the town of St. Michel; and, out of his Duchy of Barr, the titular King of Sicily and Jerusalem allowed the Queen of England and the Prince of Wales 80*l.* yearly towards keeping house. The sum seems pitiable, but it was larger than it looks, and besides, it was *all* that King René had to give.

And here, for the first time, young Edward had a settled home and rest, and leisure to learn something; for hitherto he has learnt nothing, save that life was full of misery, that sorrow was enduring, and that to be a Prince was to bear unmerited suffering, and to pay undue penalty. This poor boy, not yet ten years of age,

seven years of not comfortless exile in which to acquire some portion of that wide field of knowledge, ere he returned home to blaze in battle, for a day, and to be murdered at the end of it. In the exiled court was that faithful and accomplished Lancastrian, Sir John Fortescue. The Prince was his pupil, and Sir John set about rendering him fit to govern, by writing a treatise for his perusal, on the laws of the realm of England.

Of the personal life of the Prince of Wales during his long exile, little is known that can be relied on. Prévost states, generally, that when the Queen was not engaged in furthering her husband's cause in England, she was exclusively employed in the education of her son. Young Edward is described as possessing excellent natural qualities, which only needed cultivation, and that the latter was assiduously furnished by the anxious care of the Queen. The best masters that her means could procure in France were provided for him, but these were under her superintendence, and she alone tempered the heart and formed the judgment of her son, whose prompt progress exceeded her warmest hopes.

Between the period of their arrival in France and their re-appearance in England, a rapid succession of events had occurred. King Henry had been captured, sitting quietly at dinner in Waddington Hall, and with no other resistance than a "*Forsooth!*" and a "*Verily!*" Warwick had been despatched to France to negotiate a marriage between King Edward and the Lady Bona, sister of the French Queen. When the negotiator had succeeded, he learned of Edward's marriage with that lively widow, Elizabeth Woodville, whose Lancastrian husband, Lord Gray of Groby, had fallen at St. Albans. This act

was the commencement of the dissension which resulted in Warwick entering into opposition against King Edward, and drawing the King's brother Clarence to unite with him—an ally won, by Warwick giving him his daughter Isabel in marriage, and presenting to him a prospect of the crown hereafter. The temporary capture and the subsequent escape of King Edward followed; and Warwick appeared in France, an adherent of Margaret and Lancaster, and the proposer of a marriage between the Prince of Wales and his second child, Lady Anne Neville. Thereupon ensued his invasion of England, the flight of King Edward—during whose absence a future Prince of Wales was born—the temporary restoration of Henry VI., the return of Edward, and the collision at Barnet, which cost Warwick his life, re-consigned Henry to prison, and left only one fight more to be fought out, before King Edward was securely placed upon the throne.

It was to share in the anticipated triumph which Warwick was to achieve for Lancaster, that Margaret and Prince Edward quitted France and repaired to meet utter defeat in England. Previously to coming to this period, let me briefly notice what may be collected touching their sojourn in the former kingdom, where they had the most selfish of patrons in Louis XI., who only aided them because he thereby brought profit to himself. At his court at Amboise they were occasional visitors, but never, probably, except when serious business was on hand. With her son, she made short progresses to various *châteaux*, whose lords were proud to entertain the royal exiles; and the Prince of Wales was, on one occasion, so far deemed to possess the warrant of pro-

sperity, that, at the invitation of Louis, he stood as one of the sponsors for the infant dauphin, Charles. In the French capital, too, the exiles occasionally resided, and there tradition asserts that the youthful Prince of Wales first saw "Lady Anne," whose childish beauty so impressed his boyish heart, that at the age of fourteen he became as enamoured as a page, and as faithful as any belted knight in the romaunt of love. Tradition, too, extends much farther than this. During the intrigues which Louis XI. carried on, professedly for the interest of others, but invariably for his own, he despatched the Archbishop of Narbonne on a mission to the court of King Edward. In the ecclesiastical suite of the archiepiscopal ambassador were two ecclesiastics—one extremely young, the other several years his elder, whose real names and quality were known to none of the party save the Archbishop himself. The younger individual, a theological student, was Edward Prince of Wales; the grave, yet handsome abbé, who accompanied him, was Margaret of Anjou. The Dukes of Exeter and Somerset, and the Earl of Devon, were in the secret, and the former, who must have been in considerable peril himself, contrived to lodge the illustrious pair of clerical gentlemen in a house of his own, or one belonging to a follower of his house. On, or rather from, this stage a pretty drama was played out. Margaret, by dint of various disguises, much money, and tender-hearted gaolers, actually—so tradition asserts, and the Abbé Prévost accepts it for history—actually penetrated to the interior of her husband's prison in the Tower, where she remained, marvellously undisturbed, for a whole week, and then returned to her private residence, only to find the son

from whom she had never before been separated, gone, no one knew whither, nor how whence.

Margaret's despair was intense; but the Duke of Somerset, who had kept careless supervision over his charge, attempted to soothe the maternal inquietude by pointing out that the Prince's confidential servant had accompanied his lord, that they had taken few things with them, and that everything portended a certain and speedy return. As the Duke calculated, so did it happen. After a few days the truant Prince and the chosen attendant regained their temporary home, not a little surprised, it is said, to find the Queen already returned from her secret sojourn in the Tower; and amid her joy, her anger, and her fear, looking for an explanation of this strange escapade. It was all for love! Such was the excuse of the amorous Prince. He had crossed to Calais, still in disguise, where Warwick was "Captain," and Lady Anne was resident, and that lady the magnet which drew him to that port. The lovers had met—very much, it would seem, without regard to propriety—in secret, had renewed the old fond terms on which they had first entered at Paris, and had altogether passed a busy and a delicious time of it. Delicious, for personal reasons; and busy, inasmuch as he had gained from the too ready young lady such secrets concerning her father's intentions as she was likely to get from one of the most impenetrable men that ever breathed!

Well, the tale told, the wandering troubadour was pardoned, for Margaret was rather proud of the unusual boldness of a boy, who had never shown forwardness till thus stimulated by love. She longed more than ever to carry him to a throne and seat his chosen wife by his

side; and when, soon after this, she had reason to believe that her presence was suspected by the government, she had her son secretly conveyed over the Channel to Boulogne, while she loitered about Kent, but ultimately crossed the Channel from Sussex to Dieppe. As good fortune or tradition would have it, there crossed in the same vessel a young lady whom she discovered to be the unmarried daughter of Warwick, and these two persons, revealing themselves to each other, entered into such confidential details, and became so affectionate and unreserved towards each other, that Margaret was ready to accept Anne for her daughter-in-law long before they had landed!

On the slight foundation that Lady Anne and Prince Edward had met before Warwick proposed this match to Margaret as the price of his aid in lifting Lancaster once more to power, has this romantic story been constructed. The first idea of such a match was hateful to Margaret, for Warwick had denied the legitimacy of the Prince of Wales himself. To the latter, however, it seems to have been highly acceptable, and the marriage was celebrated at Amboise with extraordinary magnificence,—but which seemed to bespeak the confidence of all parties present, that Lady Anne was the future Queen of England; as indeed she proved to be, though not as the wife of Edward of Westminster.

While the wedded pair prolonged their wedding festival, Warwick invaded England, to prepare their triumphant path to the steps of the throne; and while he was advancing rapidly to the ruin which overwhelmed him at Barnet, the fugitive Lancastrians slowly moved forward to the final ruin which completed the shipwreck of

Lancaster at Tewkesbury. Their progress is thus alluded to by a Yorkist chronicler :—

"Here it is to be remembered that at this season of the King's (Edward IV.) coming towards and being at Warwick, and of the coming to him of his brother, the Duke of Clarence,—Edward calling himself Duke of Somerset; John of Somerset, his brother, calling himself Marquis of Dorset; Thomas Courtney, calling himself Earl of Devonshire, being at London, had knowledge out of France that Queen Margaret and her son, called Prince of Wales, the Countess of Warwick, the Prior of St. John's, the Lord Wenlock, with other many their adherents and part-takers, with all that ever they might make, were ready at the sea-side coming, purposing to arrive in the west country; whereupon they departed out of London and went to the west parts, and there bestirred them right greatly to make an assembly of as much people for to receive them at their coming, then to accompany, fortify, and assist against the King (Edward IV.) and all his part-takers in the quarrel of Henry, called King, and occupying the regalia for that time. And true it was that she, her son, the Countess of Warwick, the lords and other of their fellowship, entered their ships for that intent, the 24th of March, and so continued their abode in their ships, ere they might land in England, to the 14th day of April, for default of good wind and for great tempests upon the sea that time, as who saith, continuing by the space of twenty days."*

Sea-tossed, the expedition at length entered Wey-

* Historie of the Arrivall of Edward IV. Edited by John Bruce, Esq., F.S.A.

mouth harbour, on Easter-eve. The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a gallant following of hopeful friends, proceeded to Cerne Abbey, where on the succeeding day the intelligence of the overthrow at Barnet was conveyed to them. In momentary despair, the affrighted party betook themselves to the abbey at Beaulieu, seeking temporary safety by registering their names there as those of persons privileged to take sanctuary. There they must have remained despairing, but for the visit of Lancastrian chiefs who came to promise new levies, and who recognised assurance of success in the presence of young Edward. Habington in his history, figures forth the image of their argument and hopes:—

"But above all, what a confluence of the boldest youth there would be to the Prince, would he but take the field and appear in his own quarrel. Nothing having advanced the title of York but March's presence in all battles, or foiled the reputation of Lancaster, but King Henry's inactive piety and fighting still by deputies. The soldiers thinking it vain for them to hazard their lives, when the Prince whom it concerns timorously refuseth to venture his own."

The mother's heart was severely tried by the suggestion that in this last struggle for Lancaster, young Prince Edward should carry his own banner into the field, draw his own sword, and peril his own life for the sake of securing victory. Margaret repeatedly urged his extreme youth,—but the Black Prince was younger when he won Cressy. She spoke of his inexperience,—but this boy of girlish beauty had at least *seen* more fields than Henry of Monmouth when the latter was entrusted with the conduct of the war in Wales. Earnestly, poor

Margaret prayed that her only child might be sent back to France, there to await the issue of this imminent enterprise. Should that issue be unprosperous, he at least would be in safety, and might have leisure to perfect himself in a training, the result of which might restore the fortunes of Lancaster. But her entreaties were quietly disrespected, her sentiments overruled, and her son put prominently forward as the leader in this last venture. "His very name," says Habington, "like a diamond, attracted multitudes to the war."

With this force the last effort was made. The Lancastrians now had a divided army, — one at Bristol, the other under Jasper Tudor, in Wales. It was the object of Edward IV. to prevent the union of these divisions, by beating them in detail; and it was in order to accomplish this object that he at length encountered the Lancastrian army at Tewkesbury. The latter was exhausted by want and long marching, and Somerset, the leader of the van, saw plainly that there they must perforce take such fortune as God should send. Whether, as some say, the Prince of Wales was with Somerset in the van, or led the middle division, with tardy Lord Wenlock, — the third was under the Earl of Devonshire, is variously stated. Before the fight commenced, on the memorable 4th of May, 1471, the Queen rode through the ranks accompanied by the Prince of Wales, a real warrior, for the first and last time, and of gallant spirit now that he had to be self-reliant. And yet in the details of the battle which on the part of the Yorkists was a rush, on that of the Lancastrians a rout, he is only dimly seen. We hear of his unavailing gallantry without hearing of an especial exhibition; and in the

general flight in which he joined, yet fighting as he flew, he was captured by Sir Richard Croft; who did not deliver him to King Edward till the latter had proclaimed a reward of 100*l.* annuity for the captor, and the grace of life for the captive. Thereupon Sir Richard brought the young Prince to the King's tent, wherein were Edward, his brothers, Clarence (returned to his allegiance) and Gloucester, with various Yorkist nobles. What ensued is variously related by nearly contemporary chroniclers, or by historians who founded their narrative on the faith of chroniclers. Among the latter is Habington, who says:—

"For King Edward, presently upon the delivery of the Prince, caused him to be brought into his presence, and entertained him with some demonstration of courtesy; —moved, perhaps, thereunto by the innocency of his youth, compassion for his misfortune, or the comeliness of his person, the composition of his body being guilty of no fault, but a too feminine beauty. At first it was supposed that the King might have some charitable intention, and resolved happily to have settled him in the Duchy of Lancaster, his father's inheritance, a patrimony too narrow for a king, and something too large for a subject; and for that end is said to have entered discourse with him to make trial whether his spirit would stoop to acknowledge a superior. He therefore questioned him what mad persuasion had made him enter into so rash an enterprise as to take up arms against him, where the very attempt was rebellion, being against his sovereign, and folly, being in opposition to a Prince so far in power above him. He expected a humble

answer, as if he were to beg his life, as soft and gentle according to the complexion either of his fortune or his face. But he, with a resolution as bold as his grandfather Henry V. would have replied with, answered that to recover his father miserably oppressed, and the crown violently usurped, he had taken arms. Neither could he be reputed to make any unjust claim, who desired no more than what had been possessed by Henry the Sixth, the Fifth, and Fourth—his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, Kings of England; and acknowledged by the approbation, not of the kingdom only, but the world, and even by the progenitors of King Edward.'" Habington adds, that at this speech, the King, with a look of indignation, turned from him, thrusting him disdainfully aside with his gauntlet. "Which so mighty rage observed, and his so distempered parting out of the room, the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, the Marquis of Dorset and Lord Hastings seized suddenly upon the Prince, and with their poignards most barbarously murdered him."

Fabyan's account is, that the King actually struck Edward; and that, thereupon, the "King's servants," the officers in attendance there, slew him. The chronicler in Leland's collection affirms that young Edward was killed while "crying on the Duke of Clarence, his brother-in-law, for help;" a phrase which would imply that the Duke did not actively interfere. De Comines simply records that the Prince of Wales was killed on the field.

Trussel writes that King Edward at first received the young Prince "with a kind of countenance expressing

more signs of rejoicing to see a friend, than triumph of taking an enemy, and began to move familiar questions unto him; but not receiving such submissive, satisfactory answers as he required, and it may be some of riper years, on the like occasion, would have done, he disdainfully thrust him from him, when presently the Duke of *York* (Gloucester?) and Clarence; Thomas, Marquis of Dorset; and the Lord Hastings (the King's back being then turned), with their poignards barbarously stabbed into the breast, and inhumanly murdered, against the law of God, nature, and nations, which occasioned the revenge of his blood afterwards in general upon them all, and in particular upon every one of them." This account agrees with that of Polydore Virgil, in this much; the last-named chronicler asserting that King Edward made no reply to the spirited speech of the Prince of Wales, but that he "set aside the youth with his hand," and that the Prince was then set upon by Clarence, Gloucester, and Hastings. The cautious "Continuator of the History of Croyland," on the other hand, hints, rather than asserts, mingles the slain, the murdered, and the executed; and notifies that Prince Edward, the only son of King Henry, and many lords of lesser note, were "slain either on the field, *or after the battle, by the avenging hands of certain persons.*"

Finally, George Bucke, the semi-apologist of Richard III., quotes an ancient Flemish chronicler, not only to prove that the Duke of Gloucester did not strike the young Prince, but that his hand was restrained out of love for the young Prince's wife. "Anne was with her husband, Edward of Lancaster, when that unfortunate

Prince was hurried before Edward IV. after the battle of Tewkesbury, and it was observed that Richard, Duke of Gloucester, was the only person present who did not draw his sword on the royal captive—out of respect to the presence of Anne, as she was the near relative of his mother, and a person whose affections he had always desired to possess." I could and do wish that this were true; and though it may be otherwise, there is another reason why Gloucester may *not* have stabbed the Prince of Wales. Like him, Gloucester was at this time but a boy, in his nineteenth year, so little above the age of the Prince, that it would have been at least natural in any other boy so placed, to have felt sympathy with, rather than antipathy against, so gallant a youth oppressed by so heavy a calamity. Moreover, the French tradition, as handed down by Prévost, asserts that the Prince was slain in fight. His pursuers saw him strike fiercely at a foeman, his sword entering the body of the latter; and before he could recover his arm, his eager enemies set upon and slaughtered him.

On the day succeeding this catastrophe, the young Prince was buried, with maimed rites, in Tewkesbury Abbey, directly under the tower of the church, at the entrance of the choir. A grey marble slab, which once marked the spot, has been removed, and now serves to support the font, but a brass tablet has been erected near the place once occupied by the slab, with a Latin inscription, to the effect that "in order that the memory of Edward Prince of Wales should not perish, the pious care of the people of Tewkesbury provided this tablet to indicate the spot where he is interred."

The mother of the Prince graced the conqueror's triumph, but the King ultimately released her, and she died in France, the pensionary of Louis XI., in August, 1481. The wife of the Prince fell into the power of her brother-in-law, the Duke of Clarence; but in 1473, she married the young Duke of Gloucester, one of the alleged murderers of her first youthful husband.

CHAPTER X.

EDWARD OF THE SANCTUARY (YORK).

BORN 1470. DIED (EDWARD V.) 1483.

WHEN the battle of Tewkesbury was fought, on the 4th of May, 1471, the successor in title to the Prince of Wales there slain was a six months' old baby, whose birth had occurred at a time when rebellion was driving his father Edward IV. from the throne, for a season, and all the Yorkists in London and the provinces were beginning to despair of the permanent establishment of the sovereignty of the house of York. At that time, the unpopular marriage of Edward with the Lancastrian Elizabeth Woodville had produced three daughters, but as yet no male heir.

In the month of September, or, as some say, in November, 1470, a lady with three young girls, a scanty retinue, and in hot haste, sought a refuge in the Sanctuary at Westminster. That lady was the Queen of England. Her husband, Edward the Fourth, had at that time occupied the throne during nine years, but when his terrified consort was knocking at the gates of the Sanctuary at Westminster, and her friends and relatives hastily sheltering themselves at shrines in other churches, *he*, the King, was in eager flight also, for priests were preaching his people into rebellion at Paul's Cross, and the terrible Warwick was pursuing him over

the eastern counties, driving him into that stormy sea beyond which he found a resting-place and breathing-time, in Holland and Burgundy.

Under such unhappy circumstances was born the most luckless of our Princes of Wales; "poorly, in sanctuary," as Habington expresses it, "and, if Fortune beyond expectation altered not, heir-apparent only to his father's misery." This event occurred on the 14th of November, of the year above-named. Gloomy as were the attendant auspices, the Queen was not entirely destitute. Her physician Serigo was near her; a compassionate woman, "old mother Cobb," lent her welcome aid, and Abbot Milling supplied all that the imagination of an abbot could suggest as likely to be required by mother and child. The good abbot called in the Prior at the christening which followed, and the reverend men stood godfathers to the heir of England; Lady Scrope undertook the duties of godmother; and thus, humble as these sponsors may have been for a prince, was the young Edward admitted into Christ's flock, though we can hardly agree with the annotator on Sir Thomas More's history, that "the whole ceremony of the christening (was) as mean as a poor man's child."

In this sanctuary the young Prince remained with the Queen and his elder sister Elizabeth, till the triumphant return of the King to England, in April, 1471. On his arrival, says the "Fleetwood Historie," edited by Mr. Bruce, Edward "sent comfortable messages to the Queen at Westminster, and to his true lords, servants, and lovers, being at London, whereupon by the most covert means that they could, they avised and practised how he might be received and welcomed at his said city

of London." From entering the city, neither Warwick nor the Archbishop of York could prevent the invader. Edward, having obtained possession of the Tower and of King Henry, repaired to both cathedrals, and in St. Paul's and at Westminster publicly thanked God, St. Peter, and St. Edward, for his success. This done, he "then went to the Queen and comforted her, that had a long time abiden and sojourned at Westminster, assuring her person only by the great franchise of that holy place; in right great trouble, sorrow, and heaviness, which she sustained with all manner of patience that belonged to any creature, and as constantly as hath been seen at any time any of so high estate to endure. In the which season, nevertheless, she had brought into this world, to the King's greatest joy, a fair son, a prince, wherewith she presented him at his coming, to his heart's singular comfort and gladness, and to all them that him truly loved and would serve. From thence, that night," continues the chronicle so ably edited by Mr. Bruce, "the King returned to London and the Queen with him, and lodged at the lodging of my lady, his mother; where they heard divine service that night, and upon the morrow, Good Friday."

The residence of the Queen's mother was at Baynard's Castle, near the river, from whence the King, with the royal family, removed to the Tower, in which they were all soon after besieged, but unsuccessfully, by the Lancastrian Falconbridge, from the Thames. Thus the young Prince's first peril was encountered there where he met his death.

King Edward was firmly seated on the throne, when two years later he conferred a costly gift on his little

son, then at Windsor. He had recently confiscated all the property of Warwick's brother, the Archbishop of York; and, says Warkworth's Chronicle, "the King broke the Archbishop's mitre, in the which were full many rich stones, and precious, and made thereof a crown for himself. And all his other jewels, plate, and stuff, the King gave it to his eldest son and heir, Prince Edward."

Touching the heirship of the Prince, his father seems to have held diverse opinions as to its being an heirship to the crown. When the Queen was about to give birth to her first child, the court physicians skilled in astrology, predicted that the child would be a son. It proved to be a daughter, and the maids of honour laughed at the "medicos" and called them "fools," while Edward solaced himself with another prophecy, which said, that whether his eldest child were girl or boy, it should wear the crown of England. But now, when little Edward of the Sanctuary was growing in strength and beauty, the King misdoubting astrologers, betook himself to the study of the stars and books of magic, and became so wise in the profitless lore, thereby gained, that he was able to draw his son's horoscope with his own hand. His eldest daughter, Elizabeth, on one occasion, came upon him when he was sitting mute, but not tearless, amid a group of lords, who dared not break the silence. The Princess, bolder than they, knelt at his knee and asked him for a blessing. Edward looked upon her, took her to a recess in the chamber formed by a bay window, and seating her there, showed her the horoscope he had cast, whereby he had come to the conclusion, odious to himself, that no son of his would really

ever wear the crown. The science further taught him that though Edward of the Sanctuary would never actually be King, she, Elizabeth of York, would, assuredly, one day be Queen.

The above is a well-known legend, of which greater use has been made by the poets than by the painters. Concerning its probability, I have nothing to add; but will remark, that the King, despite horoscopes and his lessons from the stars, took such a course with the young Prince as may convince us that he had little doubt of his one day wearing the "garland of the realm," and was resolved to render him more worthy of it than he was himself.

The Prince was only three years of age when the King drew up letters of instruction to the Earl Rivers, and Russell, Bishop of Rochester, for the education of his son. These instructions are in themselves remarkable, and singular, moreover, as coming from a father of evil life,—one who afforded the vicious examples which he forbade others to exhibit in presence of his children. Edward expressed himself anxious for "the politic, sad (serious), and good rule" of his son's household. This rule was to be established at Michaelmas, 1473, and the King required the earl and bishop to see that his instructions were stringently kept and observed.

The first ten "ordinances" in these letters of instruction are addressed exclusively to Earl Rivers, for the guiding of the little Prince's person. Three, in succession, command that young Edward be made to arise every morning at a convenient hour, according to his age; and that, till he be ready, no man have access to

him, but the Earl, his chaplains and chamberlains,—or any other by permission of the Earl. It is then directed that the chaplains say matins in the Prince's presence, "and when he is ready, and the matins said, forthwith to go to his chapel or closet, to have his mass there, and in no wise in his chamber, without a cause reasonable; and no man to interrupt him during his mass time." The amount of religious service appointed for this little boy of three years of age was something appalling. Not only, in addition to the above, was he on every holy day to "have all the divine service in his chapel," where he was to "offer afore the altar," but "upon principal feasts and usual days of predication," the sire, almost as cruel as young Edward's uncle, enjoined that sermons should be preached in presence of this infant, and that all his household should attend the same, unless duty called them elsewhere. There was nothing permitted in the way of sport for this luckless little Prince of Wales, until he had risen from dinner. In the interim, his day was thus shaped for him:—"We will that our said son have his breakfast immediately after his mass; and between that and his meals to be occupied in such virtuous learning as his age shall suffer to receive. And that he be at his dinner at a convenient hour, and thereat to be honourably served, and his dishes to be borne by worshipful folks and squires, having on our livery; and that all other officers and servants give their due attendance, according to their offices."

In the next rule there is an ample provision made for his mind and morals, as there is above with respect to his meat. This rule enjoins,—"that no man sit at his board but such as shall be thought fit by the discretion

of the Earl Rivers; and that there be read before him such noble stories as behoveth to a prince to understand and know; and that the communication at all times in his presence be of virtue, honour, cunning (that is, knowledge), wisdom, and of deeds of worship, and of nothing that should move or stir him to vice."

The King, who was himself all vice, then directs that this royal infant, "after his meat, in eschewing of idleness, be occupied about his learning; and after, in his presence be showed all such convenient disports and exercises as behoveth his estate to have experience." Anon, "our son must break off sport and go to evensong; and that soon after done, to be at his supper—served in such form as I have noticed above." This meal over, the boy was to have all such honest disports as may be conveniently devised for his recreation; and then, to bed. "We will," says Edward, "that our said son be in his chamber, and for all night livery to be set, the travers" (curtain) "drawn anon upon eight of the clock, and all persons from thence then to be avoided, except such as shall be deputed and appointed to give their attendance upon him all night; and that they enforce themselves to make him merry and joyous towards his bed;"—where, thus sadly-joyously ensconced, his princely person is to be "under sure and good watch," duly kept for safeguard of "our son."

A subsequent set of rules is committed to the Bishop and the Earl conjointly, regarding the household of the Prince. These direct that mass shall be said in the hall for the officers of the household, at six o'clock every morning; at seven, matins in the chapel; and at nine, "a mass by note, with children." The last indicates a

musical service, and it sent the officials after these three duties, tunefully to breakfast.

Three chaplains guide this household, the chief of whom is the general confessor, and the Prince's almoner. This officer is directed, to "duly, discreetly, and diligently give and distribute the Prince's alms to poor people." Again, we find an anxiety on the King's part that his child should in nowise resemble himself. There was no person at court who so commonly offended as he in the matters censured in the following regulation. "We will that no person, man nor woman, being in our said son's household, be customable swearer, brawler, backbiter, common hazarder, adulterer, and use words of ribawdery, and especially in the presence of our said son."

It was a good custom of the times that gave daily companions to the young Prince—his friends to be hereafter. These were not more playmates than school, or class-fellows, and their hourly course of life was duly marked by its appointed duties. "We will," so runs the ordinance for their especial observation, "that the sons of noble lords and gentlemen being in the household with our said son, arise at a convenient hour, and hear their mass, and be virtuously brought up, and taught in grammar, music, or other training exercises of humanity, according to their births and after their ages, and in no wise to be suffered in idleness, or in unvirtuous occupation."

On fasting days these well-trained lads, who on ordinary occasions dined, perhaps breakfasted, at ten, had to wait for their repast till noon. The daily supper hour was four; and a hospitable ordinance directed that

"strangers be served and cherished according to their behaviours." Those "strangers" were, doubtless, invited visitors, none of whom could approach the Prince, but under certain regulations. Stringent rules also directed that his council and household officers should dwell within his court, not without the gates—the ushers being directed to lodge them in as close proximity to each other as was possible. These gates were closed, from Michaelmas to May at nine in the evening;—during the other part of the year they remained open an hour later. After that hour, and before six in the morning, no person could enter the Prince's residence without especial licence of some member of his council, who thought there was "cause reasonable." The gate-wardens were further directed to suffer no man to enter the said gates with weapons, but they be left at the same, and no dishonest or unknown person to come in without his cause be well understood and known; and that they suffer no stuff to be embezzled out of the gates.

A prohibition to the purveyors from taking of others "stuff without true contentation for the same," is in fact only one of several decrees against bribery on the part of the Prince's tradesmen to the purveyors of his household. Indeed, there was strict supervisal of the servants generally, they being ordered to "indent" (sign a book, or make their mark) with the Prince's council, "for all such stuff as shall be delivered unto them for their offices."

In such a household, royal as it was, there would naturally be quarrelsome fellows, but there were also certain pairs of stocks to which they were consigned, if they broke the Prince's peace,—particularly, if they drew

weapon within the precincts of his residence. A second offence of this brawling nature cost them their places.

All accounts were made up weekly; and for regular pay, honest and regular service was expected. If an officer of the household was absent, a very troublesome official called Clerk of the Cheque notified the fact to the comptroller. Every man under the Prince's roof was required to "give his time and due attendance and obediently exercise his office, and at all times be furnished with horse and harness" (armour) "according to their degrees; and not to be absent without sufficient licence; and such as shall have servants, that these be personable and able to stand in a man's stead, and no children."

A financial clause directs the receivers and chamberlains of the counties and principalities from which Edward of the Sanctuary had his titles, to deliver all sums due to him,—to his council, who were to keep the same in a chest, under three keys;—"our dearest wife, the Queen, to have one: the Bishop of Rochester and Earl Rivers to have the other two,—and that our said son's signet be put into the said coffer, and not to be occupied (used) but by the advice of his council." To the latter two individuals power was also given to remove the Prince at any time and to any place, as necessity might require; or "shall be thought by their discretion necessary." This illustrates the uncertainty of the times and of Edward's tenure of the throne. In this very year, when such regulations were being made to secure the comfort of a child who was soon to be cruelly murdered, the distress in the land was sore, but the energy of the government, on the other hand, to relieve it was immense. One illustration of this energy we

find in the exacting of a "voluntary contribution," to enable the King to maintain his and his son's household at home, and to supply means for carrying on an imminent war. The exaction was occasionally pleasant enough in its method, as may be guessed from an incident mentioned by Trussel who says, that,—"The King's kiss to a sparing, and therefore a rich, widow (amongst many others drawn in by court holywater, to make oblation), brought in twenty pounds more than was demanded, for *that* being but twenty, she gave forty." Had the performance thus rewarded taken place, not in the King's but the Prince's household, the Bishop of Rochester might have put the actors in the stocks. King Edward was especially concerned for the good of that household, of which it only remains further to be said, that there was continually ordained therein "a physician and surgeon sufficient and cunning" to keep the little Prince and his retinue in good bodily health."*

Such was the house-rule of a Prince of Wales in the year 1473. I use here the term "Prince of Wales,"—although Edward of the Sanctuary was not so created until the year 1477. The above regulations, however, show him to be in possession of the revenues not only of Cornwall and Chester, but of the Principality—which revenues were held for him by his mother, his kinsman Rivers, and the Bishop of Rochester.

All these precautions for the comfort, well-being, and education of the Prince only served, however, a temporary purpose. The effect of their exercise was to form a well-trained boy full of promise;—but before the fruit ripened the branch was blasted.

* Lambeth Pal. MSS. 647, f. 1. Halliwell *citante*.

Meanwhile, the usual distinction was conferred upon him. In 1477, when the death of the Duke of Clarence, "drowned without water, upon dry ground," as Sir Thomas More quaintly expresses it,—when the murder of the first brother to a King who was ever attainted in England, might have been expected to cast, if not mourning, a decent quiet upon the court, there appeared no face there but that of jollity and magnificence. For "at that time was Edward, eldest son to the King (during Christmas, to mingle solemnity with liberty) inaugurated, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, and Earl of Chester; and his younger brother Richard, created Duke of York,—the fate of their honours and their ruin being still the same." At this creation, adds Moor, "according to the ceremony, many young lords and gentlemen of principal name, were made Knights of the Bath, among whom Brian, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Littleton, that learned father of the laws, are registered."

After this creation, young Edward of the Sanctuary only appears occasionally, on state occasions. He seems to have been kept much apart from his brother and sisters; but something is to be collected touching his outward adornment and appearance, from the Wardrobe Book of his father, the King. For example:—"To the right high and right mighty Prince Edward, by the grace of God, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, Earl of Chester, the first-begotton son of our said sovereign Lord King Edward IV.,—to have of the gift of our said sovereign Lord the King, 5 yards of white cloth of gold tissue for a gown, by virtue of a warrant under the King's signet, and sign manual, bearing date the 17th day of August, in the 20th year of the most noble reign of our said sovereign Lord the King,—unto the said Piers

Courteys for the delivery of the said cloth of gold direct: —which cloth of gold tissue, 5 yards.

The above is the only entry in the Wardrobe account of Edward IV. for the year 1480, in which the Prince of Wales, who was then ten years of age, is named. His little brother of York is more frequently noticed;—in one entry, he is presented with a mantle of blue velvet, lined with white damask, garnished with a "garter of ruddeur," and a lace of blue silk with buttons of gold. At another time he has purple and green velvet, green damask, and white cloth of gold, for gowns; and again, crimson velvet, and "velvet upon velvet green cloth of gold," for covering for the harness and saddle for his use; and further entries this year of parcels of blue satin for gowns and purple velvet for lining, and green satin gowns lined with black sarsnet, show that he must have been a remarkably well-dressed little Prince,—and doubtless his elder brother of Wales was not inferior to him in splendour and costliness of attire.

From the very earliest age, the heir apparent was present at all state and ordinary court ceremonies. When only eighteen months old he was brought in to add his welcome to that of others given to illustrious visitors to the King and Queen;—and on these occasions, he was carried, not by his nurse, but by his chamberlain, Master Vaughan, who also bore the young Prince, decked-out in robes of state, at such ceremonies as creating a peer or begirding a knight. On more interesting occasions, too, than this, we have a glimpse of the young Prince; as, for instance, when Lord Rivers introduced to Edward and his consort, his printer Caxton, with a newly-printed book. Between his parents, seated

on handsome chairs, stood the fair young Prince, looking through his clustering curls at the marvellous man, by whose art the sad story of the little spectator was to be made more familiar to a world of sorrowing readers.

Nor is his presence to be detected only at solemn and stately ceremonies. Once in his life he was present at the most curious and frolicsome of weddings—that of his brother Richard with Anne Mowbray, heiress of the Duchy of Norfolk. The bridegroom was in his fifth year, the little lady had just entered her fourth, and there was a vast amount of mirth at this match, which ended by a banquet and romps in the Painted Chamber. This event occurred in the same year that Edward of the Sanctuary was created Prince of Wales.

There was also a similitude of business created for him, as well as a reality of fleeting pleasure, of both of which he was to enjoy so little. Thus, in the last year of the reign of Edward IV., 1483, the Prince of Wales, all young as he was, was sent down to Ludlow Castle, there to nominally preside over the adjacent Principality, and to keep in submission the Welsh, who, without being in insurrection, gave much trouble to the sick and languid King; and, unheard-of vexation to municipal authorities, striving in vain to keep them from acts of violence. Edward of the Sanctuary proved a pacificator, and the Welsh, who refused to respect the laws, had reverence for this helpless boy. Moor finds a reason for this, in that the Welsh "have always been very affectionate to those Princes who have borne the title of their Principality, as being memorials of their ancient liberty and dominion." For this reason we are told that they showed wonderful respect to Edward, to whom, though

but a child, "they were more obedient than ever they were known to be to their ancient magistrates."

Edward was surrounded by a court consisting chiefly of his own kinsmen on his mother's side. The Queen had so surrounded her youthful son in order that his interests might be the better protected, and chief among these guardians of the Prince was his loyal and valiant governor, his uncle Anthony Woodville, Earl Rivers.

While the Prince was at Ludlow, his father lay dying at Westminster, surrounded by relatives and nobles bitterly antagonistic to each other, and foreboding in his heart, evil to his son, from the dissensions that were likely to ensue. Trussel cites a very long speech which Edward is said to have delivered on his death-bed. It is brilliant with morality, piety, philosophy, and policy, and is perhaps founded on a few words of farewell and warning which he may have uttered. Its chief object is the safety and prosperity of his heir.

After this royal death, in April, 1483, Edward of the Sanctuary was brought on his way to London, in the care of Earl Rivers, and unescorted except by a few menial servants. Small as this company was, it became divided, young Edward sleeping one night at Stony Stratford, when his tardy uncle was only at Northampton. Between those two localities, the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham appeared with an armed force, and no man was permitted to pass that night between those towns, save the emissaries of the two Dukes. At an inn, in Northampton, the two Dukes supped in familiar and friendly fashion with the Earl, ending the night by forcibly placing him in arrest, and then riding forward to Stony Stratford, where with much show of loyalty

they saluted, and took possession of young Edward of the Sanctuary.

From this moment to that of his death he was a prisoner. The last gleam of seeming life and liberty allowed him was at Hornsey, where he was entertained at a banquet, given in his honour by the City of London, and where, for the first time, his health was drunk in public, as King Edward V. Further, therefore, it is not my province to accompany him. How the brief life, commenced in captivity in the Sanctuary, ended by murder in the Tower, need not here be recapitulated.

I will only add a word of his brothers and sisters. Of these young Edward was most associated, after the establishment of his household, with his elder sister Elizabeth, whose love for him and his unhappy brother, the little Duke of York, is well known. The family of Edward IV. and Elizabeth Woodville consisted of ten children. Of this family three were boys, Edward, Richard of Shrewsbury (Duke of York), and George. The last named died in his infancy. Of the seven daughters, Elizabeth became the wife of Henry VII.; Mary died unmarried, in her twenty-sixth year. Cicely had a peculiar destiny; affianced to a King (of Scotland), the downfall of her father's house prevented the marriage; she subsequently espoused a lord—Viscount Willes—and on his death united herself with a Lincolnshire esquire, one Thomas Kyme. The period of her death is unknown, but it is said to have occurred in the Isle of Wight. Anne, the next daughter, was engaged to the Emperor Maximilian, but she was ultimately content to marry Thomas Lord Howard, who was allowed by Henry VII. to draw 120*l.* per annum for her diet.

She died before her husband, and left no children surviving. The next daughter, Katharine, like her sisters, was affianced to crowned princes, but subsequently married in a much lower degree, namely, to Lord William Courtney, afterwards Earl of Devon. Like her sisters, too, she was almost entirely supported by the court. She was left a widow, in 1511, when thirty-three years of age, and to keep off all suitors, she made a vow before the Bishop of London never to change her widowed condition. The youngest daughter of this remarkable family, Bridget, enjoyed perhaps the most enviable, certainly the most tranquil, fortune of them all. In early youth she took the veil at Dartford, her sister, the Queen, paying 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum for her support in the nunnery, in which she remained till the period of her death, in the thirty-seventh year of her age.

CHAPTER XI.

EDWARD OF MIDDLEHAM (YORK).

BORN 1474. DIED 1484.

ON the south bank of the Yore—that pleasant stream which runs like a line of light through Wensleydale, in Yorkshire—stands the neat and quiet little town of Middleham, once the capital of the Dale district. Above the town, frown the grim ruins of a castle, which was commenced by the Fitz-Randolphs, was completed by the Nevilles, and was destroyed, so far as it is now seen, by time and—of course—Oliver Cromwell!

Middleham was the property of the Earl of Warwick, the father of the Lady Anne who was the first Princess of Wales who became a Queen-Consort, and who brought with her hand this castle and territory of Middleham to her second husband, Richard, Duke of Gloucester. There is a tradition—or supposition rather—that, in their childish days, Richard and Anne passed some time together under the old roof of the castle, whose masters were the "Peacocks of the North." That they met in their youth is well known, and that Richard, who was altogether a precocious individual, loved the little Lady Anne in his boyhood, and met with small return of affection, is also a portion of the Middleham legend.

We come to facts concerning this ill-matched pair, as soon as we have passed away from the bloody field of

Tewkesbury, where Gloucester made no secret of his purpose to marry the widow of the Prince of Wales, Edward of Westminster. She was under attainder, and Middleham is said to have been a forfeited estate, already conferred by the King, on Gloucester. But Richard, at all events, coveted the lady as well as the land; and the lady, having no heart for such a wooer, concealed herself in London, and even passed, in the disguise of a servant, for a menial in a citizen's family, the better to hide from her high-shouldered and cruel-minded suitor.

In her purpose she was abetted and aided by Gloucester's brother Clarence, who had married Anne's sister and great co-heiress, Isabella, and who was interested in Anne's remaining a widow, in order that her rich possessions might fall to his wife and himself, or to their children.

Notwithstanding this opposition and concealment, the young Duke of Gloucester overcame his brother, discovered the lady, and married her, consenting or otherwise, in the year 1473. He was then twenty-one years of age, his bride just two years younger. Their only child, Edward of Middleham, was born in the following year, in the castle so named, the residence of his parents. For nine years little is known of him; they included the best years of his father's life—for, during their course, the Duke of Gloucester recovered from the Scots that town and castle of Berwick which had been sold to them by the last Lancastrian King; and he had founded those religious and charitable establishments in and about Middleham, the relics of which, whether in ruins, or in alms yet available, have preserved a grateful memory of Richard in that part of Wensleydale.

About the castle precincts and the tranquil valley the little Lord Edward rode in cloth of green, a feather in his cap, and whip in hand, upon a northern pony. From the tranquil routine of such a life he was suddenly summoned with his mother, in 1483, to repair to London, where his father already held as King. Mother and child set out on a brilliant progress, the last in which Anne took part—the first and last in which the Prince had share. They slept in convent or castle by the way, offering alms at the nearest shrines, as they arrived and departed. Early in July they reached London, where they were lodged at Baynard's Castle, the house of Queen Elizabeth Woodville. On the first Sunday in the July of that year, Prince Edward was of the water-pageant which illustrated the passage of his parents from the last-named residence to the Palace of the Tower. On that same day, he was proclaimed Prince of Wales; and on the evening of that day the "young Princes" in the Tower were removed from the state-apartments, which were occupied by the new heir and his royal parents. Edward of Middleham slept that night in the bed previously occupied by Edward of the Sanctuary. The latter, with little Richard of Shrewsbury, Duke of York, slept for the first time in the bed wherein they were soon after murdered. Such were the changes of the royal family of that period.

The following day was that of the first coronation of Richard and Anne, a gorgeous spectacle, at which the Prince was present. Then ensued a trip to Windsor, and thither came, now that he was heir of England, the Spanish Ambassador, to propose a marriage between Edward of Middleham and the eldest daughter of

Ferdinand and Isabella of Arragon. The lady in question was that Isabella who subsequently married Don Juan, the heir of Portugal, and was the eldest of four daughters, the youngest of whom, Katherine of Arragon, not yet born, ultimately married two brothers, both Princes of Wales, Arthur and Henry Tudor.

From Windsor, Prince Edward accompanied his mother to Warwick Castle. This residence was then the property of the young Earl of Warwick, son of "Malmsey Clarence" and Isabel Neville, the sister of and co-heiress with the consort of Richard III. Here they kept court alone, for the space of three weeks, at the termination of which period they were joined by the King, who had unsuccessfully commenced a work at London, for the perfecting of which the only fitting tool was to be found in Warwick Castle. This person was James Tyrrell, afterwards "*Sir* James," the directing murderer in the assassination at the Tower. Did Richard, whose heart for his only child was as tender as that of any young mother's, look on his sleeping son that night on which he despatched Tyrrell to murder the sons of his brother in the Tower? If he did, he probably reconciled himself to any vexed conscience by which he may have been possessed, by murmuring that the deed was to be done to secure the glory, greatness, and safety of that unconscious and innocent boy.

When that dire deed *was* accomplished, Richard and Anne, and young Edward passed on in triumphant progress through Coventry to York, where, as if to make assurance doubly sure, the King and Queen were once more crowned, and Richard re-created his son Prince of Wales, investing him a second time with garland, ring,

and sovereign-rod. So much did he do, to have recognised as heir in the North, where Richard was personally popular—that boy, "whose singular wit," he said, "and endowments of nature wherewith (his young age considered) he is remarkably furnished, do portend, by the favour of God, that he *will make an honest man.*" Thus, the eldest and the youngest son of Richard of York, alike agreed in a desire to make of their respective offspring men of superior quality to themselves.

And here let me remark that Richard had a heart, however cold it may have been towards others, that loved to dwell on the perfections of his own children. Thus when he appointed his youthful son, John of Gloucester, a natural child, to the office of Captain of Calais, he was led to do so, he said, because the great liveliness of his wit, the agility of his limbs, and his proneness towards good manners, afforded a great and undoubted hope of receiving from him, through the divine grace, good service in time to come. The deed which gives to John of Gloucester the important office named above, is dated March 11th, 1485. The Prince of Wales had then been several months dead; his mother was then dying, and after the former great calamity, Richard seemed to find consolation in exalting the virtues and ennobling the person of his illegitimate son.

The legitimate boy, for whom Richard had accomplished so much in London and York, walked through the streets of the northern capital that afternoon, jewelled, and mantelled, and "demi-crowned," as became an heir-apparent, led by his mother and preceded by the King. And so passed on the brilliant company to Pontefract, where intelligence arrived of menacing outbreaks, which

threatened the crown of Richard, and the succession of young Edward. To suppress these, the King turned southward, accompanied by Anne; the Prince being sent under careful escort to Middleham Castle; and there or elsewhere parents and child never, I think, met again.

But the welfare of this child was ever uppermost in Richard's mind. In whatever public act he took part that had respect to the affairs of the kingdom, he thought of this boy. When the father was in London, in the February of 1484, the Continuator of the Chronicle of Croyland tells us, that "one day at this period, in the month of February, shortly after mid-day, nearly all the lords of the realm, both spiritual and temporal, together with the higher knights and esquires of the King's household (among all of whom John Howard, who had lately been created by the King Duke of Norfolk, seemed at that time to hold the highest rank) met together, at the special command of the King, in a certain lower room, near the passage which leads to the Queen's apartments, and here each subscribed his name to a kind of new oath, drawn up by some persons to me unknown, of adherence to Edward, the King's only son, as their supreme lord, in case anything should happen to his father."

At this time the affairs of Richard wore promise of prosperity. King Edward's widow and daughters were in his power; he had trodden out the first flame of insurrection, and seated firmly on the throne himself, he sought to render the accession of his son secure. He thought he had just accomplished this desired fact when the young Prince himself, in the midst of good health, was taken suddenly ill, growing gradually and mysteriously worse, and finally passing away, by "an unhappy death," as

Rous calls it—referring to some conceived evil manner of death (it would seem) rather than to actually dying, on the last day of March, 1484. The Continuator of the Chronicle of Croyland, alluding to the King's designs, and the counter disposition of Providence, remarks that, despite the securing the allegiance of the nobles for the son at Westminster,—

"In a short time after it was fully seen how vain are the thoughts of a man who desires to establish his interests without the aid of God. For in the following month of *April*, on a day not very far distant from the anniversary of King Edward, this only son of his, in whom all the hopes of the royal succession, fortified with so many oaths, were centred, was seized with an illness of but short duration, and died at Middleham Castle, in the year of our Lord 1484, being the first of the reign of the said King Richard. On hearing the news of this at Nottingham, where they were then residing, you might have seen his father and mother, in a state almost bordering on madness, by reason of their sudden grief." So died, beneath the house-roof where he was born, and so was lamented this youthful Prince of Wales, Edward of Middleham, the boy of Wensleydale.

In some document which Richard had to sign after his son's death, the name of the young Prince occurred, and that name is followed by the words "whom may God pardon!" This expression was probably not a mere formality. It may have been wrung from the heart of a man who had shown no mercy towards other fathers and their children, and to whom pardon from God seemed the highest blessing he could ask for the innocent child

whom Heaven, in its mercy, had removed to the far and better land.

In the March of the following year, the body of his mother was entombed in Westminster Abbey. In the August following, the crown of England was hanging on a hawthorn-bush on Bosworth field, and the corpse of the first English Monarch who had fallen in fight, since Harold, was carried to Leicester with a halter round the neck. Thus terminated in 1485 the dream of Richard, with whose death ended a struggle unrighteously commenced by Henry of Bolingbroke, in 1399. It began with the displacing of a Richard by a Harry, and it ended in the triumph of a Harry over a Richard; and, by the period that York and Lancaster became united in the persons of Henry VII. and Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., this unnatural contest had cost the precious lives of not less than one hundred thousand Englishmen, slain by each others' hands!

BOOK III.

PRINCES OF WALES

OF THE

HOUSE OF TUDOR.

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CHAPTER XII.

ARTHUR OF WINCHESTER,
BORN 1486. DIED (PRINCE OF WALES) 1502.

HENRY OF GREENWICH,
BORN 1491. DIED (HENRY VIII.) 1547.

THE BROTHER-PRINCES OF WALES.

THE marriage of Henry VII. with Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., only united the illegitimate blood of Lancaster with that of York. Henry was descended from John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, eldest natural son of John of Gaunt and Catherine Swinford. His Valois and Welsh blood was derived from his grandmother, Katherine (widow of Henry VI.) and her second husband, Owen Tudor. The mixture of blood was completed by the descent of each of the royal pair from an ancient royal lineage of Wales—that of Henry pretending to go back to Cadwallader himself. Thus, in him was accomplished the prophecy of the British King. The blood, though not the bones of the great monarch, had returned to Britain, and the dragon of the great Pendragonship blazed once more on the helm of the monarch of the Isle.

The royal marriage was celebrated on the 18th of January, 1486. In the autumn of that year, Henry and Elizabeth were residing at Winchester—the great stage of the bright glories of the Arthur of romance. In the

September of that year, in the old castle of that renowned city, their first child was born—a prince, strong and able, though prematurely entering on the world, the which, as Lord Verulam remarks, "physicians do prejudge."

This royal birth, premature as it may have been, was distinguished by the general satisfaction it afforded. It brought happiness to the King, gave a young mother's joy to the Queen, excited in the Church a sovereign delight, filled the courtiers with excess of pleasure, and rendered the entire nation jubilant. And Henry Tudor called his son Arthur. He despised Norman "William," and Saxon "Edward," and "Richard," and even "Henry," which distinguished the Lancaster kings, and to the new-born child he gave the name borne by the flower of guileless kings—the British name of Arthur.

The father augured for the child a glory like that of the monarch of old time; the boy's fate, in one point, at least, rather resembled that of his prince-namesake, who was heir to the throne which he was never to ascend. So, Arthur he was named, although his tardy godfather, the Earl of Oxford, arrived too late at the christening, to pronounce the name by which he should be called. There seems to have been much more in it then, than may be discovered now; "for thereat," says Grafton, "Englishmen no more rejoiced than outward nations and foreign princes trembled and quaked, so much was that name to all most terrible and fearful."

In the description of the christening of Prince Arthur, (Addit. MSS. 6113) it is stated that although the royal infant was born on the Wednesday, about one

of the clock in the morning, he "was not christened till the Sunday next following, because the Earl of Oxford was at the time in Suffolk, which should be one of the godfathers at the font, and also the season was rainy." The writer further states that immediately after the birth of this heir to the throne, *Te Deum* was sung in the Cathedral Church and all the other churches of Winchester, "and many great fires in the streets, and messengers sent to all the estates, &c., of the realm of the comfortable tidings, to whom were great gifts given." While *Te Deum* was being sung, all the church bells "fired" by way of accompaniment. A new font of silver gilt was placed near the ordinary font of the cathedral on a stage, "with a step like a block for the bishop to stand on." The font was "hallowed" by Bishop Alcock. Then, long preparatory ceremonies had to be gone through, such as delivering the salt, after solemn assay, to the Earl of Essex, and gilt basons and new towels to my Lord Strange, and a grand marshalling of officials in readiness to receive the future King Arthur—which he was not to be.

Then came the procession; torchbearers flinging their light on high; nobles, knights, and esquires; ecclesiastics, and heralds, and pursuivants, and cupbearers, and then tapers shedding soft light on Lady Anne, the Queen's sister, who advanced with "a rich chrysom pinned on her right breast;" and was followed by Lady Cicely, the Queen's sister, who bore the little Prince wrapped in a mantle of crimson cloth of gold furred with ermine; the Marquis of Dorset and the Earl of Lincoln rendering her assistance. This brilliant company, gorgeously waited on, proceeded under a canopy, the Queen the while watching the procession, and bishops

clustering around her, and the whole illustrious assembly growing cold and impatient, as well they might, seeing that "they tarried six hours and more for the coming of the Earl of Oxford."

Tidings reached the cathedral that he was drawing nigh, but the tardy Earl approached not, and finally, by the King's command, the solemnity proceeded, "and the Earl of Derby and Lord Maltravers were godfathers at the font, and Queen Elizabeth was godmother." Into the font the little Prince was put bodily. There was no "sprinkling," he was baptized by immersion, at which moment the long-expected Earl of Oxford arrived—too late for his office. When the young Arthur had been carried to his traverse, chrysomed and clothed, he "was borne to the high altar, and laid thereupon by his godmother."

After the Queen had deposited the Prince there, and while evening service was being celebrated, Prince Arthur was carried on an earl's right arm, "and the Bishop of Exeter confirmed him, and the Bishop of Salisbury knit the linen cloth about his neck."

The usual costly offerings were then made at the altar, and spice and hippocras served round at St. Swithin's shrine; which pleasant portion of the solemnity being joyously gone through, Lady Cicely bore Prince Arthur back to his cradle in Winchester Castle; the King's trumpeters and minstrels welcoming the young Briton with flourishes and congratulatory fiddlings as he reached his nursery door. Better still than sound of cornet or violin, he was there visited by the King and Queen, "and had the blessing of Almighty God, and of his father and mother."

And, excellent arrangement too, in its way, several

pipes of wine were broached in the churchyard, "that every man might drink enough;" for in those days the common folk were recognised as guests, and although the locality was not one for jollity, the King and Queen furnished them with a cup of wine, to be "crushed" to the health of the heir-apparent.

In Arthur's grandmother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond, he and the succeeding children of the royal family possessed one of the most notable superintendents of a nursery that ever sovereign's house was blessed with. The nursery of Prince Arthur, however, seems to have been maintained beyond the period when he could have been reckoned amongst the babies. This I find by a paragraph in "Original Letters," edited by Ellis (Vol. i. 2nd Series), the date of which is the sixth year of the King's reign; and which directs that the sum of twenty marks sterling, due to "our dear and well-beloved Dame Elizabeth Darcy, lady mistress unto our dearest son, the Prince;" and five marks to the King's well-beloved Agnes Bathe and Emlyn Hobbes, "rockers of our said son," for "wages of half year ended at Easter last past," shall be forthwith paid to them. Arthur, at least, could hardly have stood in need of being rocked to his sleep when he was above five years of age!

His father, we are told by many a chronicler, hated the House of York, and had no particular affection for his consort, inasmuch as she was a member of that house. But however much the sire of Arthur hated "York," there are numerous circumstances by which we may infer that he loved the lady. Henry was not demonstrative in anything but his antipathies; and Elizabeth of York

had her full portion of what little warmth there was in the heart of Henry Tudo

The family that grew up around them, and filled with noisy joy the galleries of Windsor and Westminster, and the passages at Shene, Croydon, and Greenwich, consisted of two sons and five daughters. The grateful joy of the Queen at the birth of her eldest son was testified by her foundation of a Lady Chapel at Winchester. When the next prince, Henry, was born at Greenwich, June 28, 1491, there was less excitement in the land, if not less gratitude in the mother, for he was considered a personage of inferior interest; remarkable, indeed, for his young health and strength, but one who was not at all likely to make such a figure in the world, or be at all of as much importance and influence as Arthur of Winchester! The latter was then Prince of Wales, and heir to the throne. Henry was Duke of York, and of no more account than so illustrious a "younger brother" could well help being. Arthur was, for the time, the cynosure of court and people, and the jewel of the household, but most dear in the father's heart. When sickness sat heavily on *that* boy, hearty were the King's prayers put up for his recovery to Our Lady of Walsingham. Of the brief-lived Prince Edmund, it is only necessary to record the name.

The sisters, who housed with the young Princes, till Arthur kept house apart, were four in number—Margaret, born in 1489, who was afterwards Queen of Scotland, and whose son, named Arthur, from the brother whom she loved, like him, failed to reach the throne of which he was the heir. The remaining sisters were Elizabeth, who died young; Mary, the "pearl of

England," as she was called by the French during the short time she was Queen-consort of France; and who did not ill deserve the name when she married her old lover, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. The other daughter was Katherine, the last Princess who was born in the Tower, and whose birth cost the Queen her life, in February, 1502-3.

The discipline of this household of young people was under a varied control. The King's mother was the great controller for a time; while the King's wife was only as the eldest child in the establishment. Dame Jane Guilford was the governess; and of her we know little, except that she was a lively dancer.

But it is with Arthur and Henry, who in succession bore the title of Prince of Wales, that we have most to concern ourselves. The aptness of both boys for learning was remarkable; and if little Prince Arthur, under his tutor, Bernard Andreas, an Italian, really acquired the proficiency which is assigned to him by chroniclers, he probably owed in part his early death to the labour which he had been compelled to undergo in his mere childhood. In his earliest years, as we are told, the lights of all noble virtues began to shine in him. His tutor, Bernard Andreas (or Andrew Bernard), avers, what is most incredible, that he either "learned without book," by rote, or otherwise "studiously learned and revolved with his own hands and eyes," the following authors:—in Grammar, Garin, Perot, Sulpicius, Gellius, and Valla; in Poetry, Homer, Virgil, Lucan, Ovid, Silius, Plautus, and Terence; in Oratory, the Offices, Epistles, and Paradoxes of Tully, and the works of Quinctillian; in History, Thucydides, Livy, Cæsar, Suetonius, Tacitus, Pliny, Valerius

Maximus, Sallust, and Eusebius. Speed, in quoting this terrific load for the brains of a child, does it with pride; being, he says, the more particular to signify what authors were then thought fit for the *elementary* and *rudimental* instruction of princes! and to "lay their example to all of noble and gentle birth, whose superficial boldness in books in these frothy days is become most scandalous and injurious to the honour and use of learning."

Perhaps, after all, we may discover in the words of Andreas warrant to conclude that the learning of little Arthur was not so profound as would at first sight appear. The boy, however, was certainly a good Latinist; and assuredly he had occasional healthy relaxation from assuredly heavy labour. He pitched his tent, set up his butts, and practised archery in the fields on the east side of London. His brother Henry was there too. At four years of age, the latter might have been seen trotting through the City, on his pony, to Mile End, to attend the tournament there, and figure at the butts. At this last practice, Henry never equalled his elder brother, who was so accomplished a toxophilite that the best archers of that day were called "true Prince Arthurs." But the grace and beauty of Henry acquired for him a distinctive appellation also; and the women, in prophetic spirit, says M. Audin, hailed him by the name of "King."

Such glimpses, however, as we can obtain of Arthur Prince of Wales, in his youth, exhibit him rather in the grave than the gay aspect of his age. He was but ten years of age when he made two visits to Magdalen College, Oxford. On each occasion he lodged with the

President, while his attendant lords were accommodated in the fellows' apartments. Rushes were provided for the Prince's bedchamber; his table was furnished with jack and tench, red wine, claret, and sack; and the formality of presenting him and the courtiers with gloves was duly observed. The young scholar was a likely youth to be held in high esteem at Oxford; and he would seem at this early period to have had his establishment apart from the other royal children.

Prince Arthur must have completed his education early, if we may accept a phrase of Erasmus in its literal sense. The Hollander had been welcomed to court by Henry, on the introduction of the learned Lord Mountjoy. On one occasion he left Mountjoy's house, in company with Sir Thomas More, and this illustrious couple visited the "neighbouring country palace, where the royal infants were abiding, Prince Arthur excepted, who had completed his education. The princely children," continues Erasmus, "were assembled in the hall, and were surrounded by their household, to whom Mountjoy's servants added themselves. In the middle of the circle stood Prince Henry, then only nine years old, and he bore in his countenance a look of high rank, and an expression of royalty, yet open and courteous. On his right hand stood the Princess Margaret, a child of eleven years, afterwards Queen of Scotland. On the other side was the Princess Mary, a little one of four years of age, engaged in her sports, while Edmund, an infant, was held in his nurse's arms." Audin states that Mountjoy himself introduced the philosopher to the Prince, "who received him as one who had an European reputation, and begged, as a favour, to be allowed to correspond

with him. This proposal from the young Prince, Erasmus accepted with ill-concealed pride. The child did not forget his promise, and a year after, Erasmus showed Richard Pace, with feelings expressive of sincere joy, a letter from the Prince, written in elegant Latin."* The letter alluded to merits the epithet applied to it; but it was not written in Henry's tenth year, for in it he makes allusion to the death of his most esteemed brother, the King of Castile (Phillip), and never, adds the Prince, "did messenger bring me more unwelcome news, since the death of my most beloved mother." ("Nunquam enim post charissimæ genitricis mortem nuncius huc venit invisior.")

While the elder brother of Henry was alive, there is said to have been a serious intention on the part of the King to educate him for the Church—having, as an end in view, the Cardinalate and the Archbishopric of Canterbury. A recent biographer of Henry (Froude) treats this as an absurd idea originating in the foolish imagination of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who asserts that much in his history. But other writers agree with Lord Herbert, and considering the character of Henry VII., his parsimony, his readiness to provide for his son at the expense of the Church, and the profit that might result to him from having a champion in a son who might be an ecclesiastical prince, the circumstance is divested of improbability. In this dream of the father, the papal tiara itself may have occupied a dazzling position. It once had temptations to Maximilian for himself, though that Emperor may have been mad when he informed his daughter that he entertained serious thoughts of attempt-

* Erasmi Epist. 451, pars ii.

ing to procure his election to the Papal Chair. If a Kaiser dreamed of the tiara for his own brow—or even if he did not—might not such a King as Henry VII. covet a cardinal-princedom in the Church and the primacy of England for his younger son? The brother of King Stephen was only Bishop of Winchester.

No doubt the profound theological knowledge and attainments of Prince Henry were the ripe fruits of a maturer study; but his early stages of learning and many of his early accomplishments had an ecclesiastical character about them. That character may have been imparted to them by one of the tutors whom King Henry assigned to his boys—a man who commenced with Prince Arthur alone, but who was also the instructor of other of the royal children.

A greater man than Bernard Andreas shared with him the care of Prince Arthur's education and health; and this care could not have been confided to a more accomplished scholar or a more skilful physician than Bernard's colleague. The individual who undertook the task of making the mind and body of Prince Arthur grow in wholesome vigour, was Thomas Linacre, a native of Kent, though of a Derbyshire family. Two years previous to Prince Arthur's birth he was a fellow of Oxford, already of repute for his learning, although then only in his four-and-twentieth year. Subsequently, he travelled, and studied in Italy; held companionship with Politian, and was highly esteemed at the court of Lorenzo de Medici. In Italy he perfected himself in the knowledge of the Greek language, of the science of medicine, and natural philosophy. On his return to England, he lectured on physic, and taught the Greek

language at Oxford; and became of such renown for his scholarship and medical science that Henry VII. sent for him to court, and appointed him to the important offices I have named above.

Linacre, however, seems to have been concerned in the education of some of the other branches of the royal family. He translated "Proclus, on the Sphere," and dedicated it to his pupil, the Prince of Wales; but he also composed (in English) a breviary of the rudiments of Latin Grammar, for the use of the little Princess Mary—a book so approved by Buchanan that he translated it into Latin, with a strange idea of making it more generally useful. He is not stated to have been officially engaged with Arthur's brother, either when the latter was Duke of York or Prince of Wales. Nevertheless, some of the accomplishments which most distinguished Henry of Greenwich may, perhaps, be traced to Thomas Linacre of Knight Rider-street. If Henry owed his musical taste and skill, as he undoubtedly did, to the direction and example of his mother, he must have been indebted to Linacre for several qualities which they held in common. Henry, it is well known, was no mean physician, and his study of theology was a "dear delight" to him, even at an early age; at a later period, he manifested its profundity also. Now Linacre was constantly at court—at Westminster, Shene, or Croydon—and distinguished as he was, there and abroad, as a philologist, he was also famed for his medical proficiency, and remarkable for the zeal with which he pursued his theological studies,—a zeal which, subsequently, carried him into the Church. Was it not rather owing to Linacre's example than to the King's wish to make of the Duke of York a churchman, archbishop—Pope,

perhaps—that Henry became so partial to, nay, so perfect in, the knowledge and practice of physic, and so sharp a controversialist — so perilous to all adversaries who ventured to break a lance with him in a theological quarrel? Then his Latin, even when a boy, was so pure and so elegant, that it excited the admiration of Erasmus; the Prince's subsequent correspondence with whom led him into a happy imitation of the Hollander's style. This fact shows his "impressionability," owing to which, added to better natural qualifications, he received from Linacre that purity and elegance, both "severe" of their kind, which perhaps distinguished the Latin of the renowned physician above that of all his contemporaries. It is certain that Henry of Greenwich held Linacre in no ordinary esteem; and when he changed the silver rod of Prince of Wales for that of the golden sceptre of Britain, one of his first acts was to appoint Linacre physician in ordinary to the King.

But ere this occurred there was another Prince of Wales to enjoy his brief bachelor dignity, scholarship, and relaxation, and his still briefer married time with a bride from Spain, who was not wooed and won under a period of seven years; the political arrangements commencing when Prince Arthur was eight years of age, and the marriage being celebrated when he was sixteen.

For no two crafty sires in a comedy ever acted sincerity and meant the reverse more strikingly than Henry of England and Ferdinand of Spain did on this occasion. Each watched the course and prospect of the other's fortunes; each dallied and deferred, or turned to write protocols, as long as the "other side" failed to present the

appearances of an advantageous match, and it was only when Henry's throne seemed unassailable, and the crown of Ferdinand was radiant with glory, that the two crafty fathers came to an agreement, and the marriage was decided on of Arthur of Winchester and Katharine of Arragon.

At the time of this decision, the Prince of Wales was a graceful boy, brimful of Latin and other learning, ardent in feeling, but having nothing of the vigour of his brother, Henry. Katharine, who was about a year older than Arthur—a mature age for a daughter of Spain—was a lively girl, fond of dancing, and, without being unattractive, was not remarkable for beauty. The Prince had, for several years previously, wooed his bride by letter, and in very choice Latin—a stiff and pedantic course, but such was the course prescribed—and here is a sample of the young wooer's style, done into English:—

"Most illustrious and most excellent lady, my dearest spouse, I wish you very much health, with my hearty commendation. I have read the most sweet letters of your Highness, lately given to me, from which I have easily perceived your most entire love to me. Truly, then, your letters, traced by your own hand, have so delighted me, and have rendered me so cheerful and jocund, that I fancied I beheld your Highness, and conversed with and embraced my dearest wife. I cannot tell you what earnest desire I feel to see your Highness, and how vexatious to me is this procrastination about your coming. I owe eternal thanks to your Excellence, that you so lovingly correspond to this my so ardent love. Let it continue, I entreat, as it has begun, and like as I cherish your sweet remembrance, night and

day, so do you preserve my name ever fond in your breast, and let your coming to me be hastened, that instead of being absent we may be present with each other, and the love conceived between us, and the wished-for joys may reap their proper fruit.

"Moreover, I have done as your illustrious Highness enjoined me, that is to say, in commending you to the most serene Lord and Lady, the King and Queen, my parents, and in declaring your filial regard towards them, which to them was most pleasing to hear, especially from my lips. I also beseech your Highness that it may please you to exercise a similar good office for me, and to commend me with hearty good-will to my most serene Lord and Lady, your parents, for I greatly venerate, value, and esteem them, even as though they were my own; and wish them all happiness and prosperity.

"May your Highness be ever fortunate and happy, and be kept safe and joyful, and let me know it often and speedily by your letters, which will be to me most joyous. From our Castle of Ludlow, 3rd nones of October (15th), 1499. Your Highness' most loving spouse, Arthur, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, &c., eldest son of the King."—It is addressed "To the Most Illustrious and Excellent Princess, the Lady Catherine, Princess of Wales, Duchess of Cornwall, &c., my most entirely and beloved spouse."

As a sample of the youthful ardour of this Prince of Wales, the above may suffice. There are other letters in the Egerton Collection of Manuscripts, but these are of a similar character, and in the same correct Latin. In them, Arthur informs Katharine that he is delighted to

discover in her own epistles her love towards him. His impatience to behold her is indescribable. He asks her to keep his name in her memory and bosom, expresses the joy of his parents at hearing through him the messages of affection which she transmits to them, and prays that she will reply quickly to his inquiries.

Later, the boy-lover informs his lady of the delight with which he has received her assurance of love and duty—the proofs of her good-will; next to the ecstasy of beholding her is that of seeing a letter written by her own hand. Her love for him is beyond his merits, however much he may desire to be the object of so much affection. He is anxious to do all that lover can do for her honour and service, and he prays her sincerely to be sure to let him hear from her, full assurances of her health and safety daily.

The marriage contracts which were to bind this youthful couple may be consulted in Rymer. They are remarkably explicit in some particulars which were said, when Henry married his brother's widow, not to have been fulfilled; an assertion which was made, not for the sake of truth, but to suit an especial purpose.

Katharine set out from the Alhambra, which she never again beheld, on the 21st of May, 1501, but she did not reach Plymouth—storm-tossed as all royal brides have been on their way hither to their home—till the 2nd of October. Prince Arthur was then in Wales, but he made such speed southward as the roads and the season would admit, and on the 5th of November, as the bride was near East Hampstead on her way to the metropolis he passed within sight of Katharine, who thus pleasantly "encountered the pure and proper presence of Prince

Arthur, who had set out to salute his sage father." On his way he would seem to have visited Oxford University, for the third and last time. He was kindly received at Magdalen College, with speeches; and afterwards visiting other colleges was received with the same ceremony.

On the 6th of November, at Dagmersfield, after a world of affected coyness and reluctance, on the part of Katharine's noble and ecclesiastical escort, King Henry led Prince Arthur to his bride, whom he saw in her chamber for the first time. Neither could speak the native language of the other; and accordingly, recourse was had to Latin, and with the aid of the bishops present, the young people said handsome things of each other, and progressed so favourably, that the King made them, then and there, plight their mutual troth. A supper followed the ceremony, after which the lively Infanta fell to dancing with her ladies. The bridegroom appears to have lacked courage to dance with her; but, to manifest his content, he took out his sister's governess, and went through a measure with sprightly Lady Guilford.

It was the 12th of November before the Spanish Princess entered London, when the city made for her a curious demonstration of welcome.

"The mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, with other of the conservatórs, councillors, and aiders of the City of London, so orderly with good policy had provided the said city, that the fellowship of every craft should, 'all things laid aparte,' in the several liveries and bodies of their names, be present at the coming of this most excellent Princess. And for the said great number of crafts were barriers made on every side of the way, from the middle of Gracechurch-street unto the entering of the

church-yard of Paul's, that they might, from the comers and common people, *have their space and ease, and also be seen.*" In other words, they wished to enjoy comfortable inspection of the new Princess of Wales; and they desired to afford her a competent idea of the grandeur and importance of London aldermen.

For a November show, the affair was highly successful, but Katharine must have been well content to find herself, at last, quietly within the Bishop's palace, on the eve of her marriage with a Prince who was lodging hard-by at the "Dean of Paul's."

The night previous to the marriage,—in order that the Prince "should be most in a readiness,"—he was lodged at the "Dean of Paul's place," whence, on the wedding morning, he made his entry at "the south door, next westward to our Lady of Grace, in the body of the church." He had a gallant company about him, and so had the bride, who was not only accompanied by a bevy of maids, but by "a great estate of bachelors that have not been married," who were assigned by the King to lead her to the altar. The young Duke of York,—who was to be her second husband,—led her from the palace to the cathedral.

Now, this illustrious couple were married by banns, being publicly "asked" as they stood waiting on an elevated stage. And then, in a sort of solemn sport, the banns were denied. A doctor of laws, previously appointed, brought forward objections openly against the said banns and marriage, alleging that the said marriage could not be lawful, exhibiting in support of his allegation, various reasons supposed to be grounded in the law of Christ's church. To this opposition another "famous

doctor" made a confuting reply; and then the Master of the Rolls gravely examined the arguments, and ended by pronouncing the marriage good and effectual in the law of Christ's church. This dialogue and replication was held "for the more honour of the said marriage, although there be no cause of substance nor in effect why the same ought to be done." So runs the text of the "Traduction and Marriage of the Princess, &c.," printed by Caxton's friend and successor, Richard Pynson.

One paragraph in this admirably printed pamphlet would seem to authorize the bride and bridegroom to withdraw for awhile, should they grow weary of the length of the service in which the especial celebration of their marriage was not concerned. On this account provision was made that they might have "always some place secretly to resort to for such casualty as may fall during the high mass:" but here a page has been lost from the old pamphlet now before me, and further enlightenment on this *extra* portion of the august ceremony is not to be procured.

—It dazzles the eyes of the mind only to read of all the "bravery," as it is called, which illustrated this wedding,—on the going to the cathedral, within the edifice, and after the ceremonial. And when it has been read, the mind fails to realize anything but a glittering confusion of all classes of living creatures, and all sorts of devices, and of every phase of brilliancy, gaiety, and jollity which the City of London could assume at such a season of the year. But, as Bacon, and other historians following him, remark,—"The vulgar annals can tell you the splendour and glory thereof, in apparel, jewels, pageants, guests, and other princely compliments, the

only weighty business of many weaker brains." Let it suffice, therefore, to say, that it took a complement of nineteen bishops and abbots, with the Archbishop of Canterbury completing and heading the score, to make of the Princess Katharine and the Prince of Wales,—both of them attired in white,—"man and wife."

Feasting and music followed at the episcopal residence, where the guests admired a bride who brought with her a dowry of 200,000 gold crowns, half in money, and the remainder in promises; all which the King took into his own keeping. The bride was endowed, in return, with a third of her husband's revenue arising from his possessions in Wales, Cornwall, and Chester. The guests augured well, too, of this match; and, indeed, on that morning a player, representing the old star-learned King Alphonso, had appeared before the royal pair, and, saluting them as Arcturus and Hesperus, promised them long connubial felicity, and a bright offspring; but,—as a chronicler remarks,—"It is not good to tell fortunes from the stars." The fortunes promised never came to pass; but had there really been any "cunning people" present that day, they might have recognised a foreshadowing of the future in a singular circumstance. When the ceremony was concluded, and the bridal procession was about to return to the Bishop of London's palace, from which it had issued in the morning, it was not the bridegroom who led forth the bride,—but young Henry, Duke of York, who stepped forward and led hre forth—as if she were already the wife which she afterwards became. The records do not say in what humour he was followed by the Prince of Wales.

But common fame has many a tale to tell of after-

ceremonies and frolics. Some of these tales were evidently framed, at a later period, to accommodate the views of those who furthered the second marriage of Katharine with the succeeding Prince of Wales. Of another story, referring to the day after the wedding, Eachard says of it, that "though light and disagreeable to the majesty of history, it cannot be omitted." Other annalists narrate the story without making a comment. I will neither make comment nor narrate story—it would only serve to show that Arthur was an impudent, boasting young fellow, who had the bad taste to speak coarsely of his Spanish bride, in order to excite a senseless laugh among his attendants. Eachard accepts the narrative as true; but a better opinion of Arthur prevents me from arriving at the same conclusion. If I *could* do so, I might agree with Bacon, who, on this point, does not agree with himself, nor with fact, and who says, that "his father's manner of education did cast no great lustre upon his children."

The entertainments in honour of this rare marriage lasted a whole weary fortnight, Sundays included, after mass, when the revellers renewed their revel with fresh zest. These entertainments included masques, and banquets, and queer devices, and tournaments in which the aspiring knights thwacked one another with right hearty good will. Some of the fun seems to have been of a very slow and solemn nature, and as Katharine and the Prince of Wales were present at every spectacle and exhibition, they must have experienced a sensible relief when a wet or windy day marred the revelry and gave them temporary repose. On some occasions they, of course, were actors as well as spectators. As, for instance, in Westminster

Hall, where they descended from their elevated seats, and danced "bass dances" in presence of the King and Queen and the illustrious and delighted assembly. They danced not together on these occasions, nor in the same dance; and perhaps the Prince of Wales was weary, or affected a languor, for when his young brother Henry succeeded him, leading his sister Margaret by the hand, *he* went at his work or sport with such vigour, that, flinging off his robe, he danced away in his jacket, and exhibited a vivacity that excited the laughter and applause of that pleasure-stricken assembly. Thus Henry carried off the bride at the wedding, and now carried off the applause at the festival. He already seemed to take what of right belonged to Prince Arthur—precedence on this great solemnity and riot.

At the end of a fortnight the Prince of Wales, with his bride, returned to Ludlow Castle, where he was residing on the arrival of Katharine in England. He went thither, thence to govern Wales; and brief as his government endured, there are still documents extant showing he was not altogether given to idle dalliance there, and bearing his seal, which carries on the obverse the triple lions on a shield, surmounted by a cap of maintenance, and having for supporters a single lion holding the symbol-feather, with the motto *Ich Dien*. On the reverse, the Prince himself is seen, armed, mounted, grasping a sword in his outstretched hand; and on his left arm a shield charged with the roses of England. On his horse's head are the "feathers;" on his own helmet, a lion, and the background of the whole is diapered with feathers and with roses.

It scarcely need be said that this young and loving

couple were not entrusted alone in Ludlow Castle to rule themselves or the Principality. A council took from them all responsibility. It consisted of Sir Richard Pole, the Prince's kinsman, as great chamberlain; Sir Henry Vernon, Sir Richard Crofts, Sir David Phillips, Sir William Uvedale, Sir Thomas Englefield, Sir Peter Newton, Sir John Walliston, Sir Henry Morton, and Doctor William Smith.

This last gentleman had the most difficult mission and the greatest amount of responsibility, for to him (and our Lady of Walsingham) was confided the oversight of the precious health of him who was to be another Arthur, King of Britain, and whose Guinevere was wiser than that majestic and loving sinner of old.

When the gates of Ludlow Castle closed on this princely young pair, they seemed to shut out all mankind from any knowledge of passing events there. The traditions of the locality preserve the memories of the youthful heads of a great household, handing them down to after ages as winning popularity, although in seclusion, and attracting congratulations and sympathy during the long honeymoon, but the brief married-life of a few months in extent, which they passed here together, divided from the outer world. Some state, too, they kept, and their court was that of a king and queen, but on a miniature scale; and some occupation was found for the Prince, who, says Lingard, "amidst his vassals, was instructed by his council in the rudiments of government."

Truly he was the hope and joy of the nation; and his father loved him, probably, better than any other living being upon earth. But that father had put to death the

young Earl of Warwick, the descendant of the Duke of Clarence, and the last of the Plantagenets. The young Earl's crime was his nearness to the throne, and after a sad captivity he had been judicially murdered.—It was said, in part justification of the act, that King Ferdinand had refused to consent to the marriage of his daughter Katharine with the Prince of Wales, as long as so near a claimant of the house of York was alive. Katharine herself must have been aware of this report, for she remarked, subsequently, that small was her right to expect happiness from her marriage with the family of Tudor, if it had been purchased at the price of innocent blood. For the shedding of that blood retribution fell upon the King of England. Whether Arthur was delicate, as some say, or robust, as is asserted by others, he suddenly fell ill, and unexpectedly died on the 2nd of April, 1502, not having been then full five months married.

A few days subsequently, the King's confessor, deputed by the privy council, entered the royal chamber at Greenwich, early in the morning. To the inquiring look of the King, who was then alone, he answered with a maxim in Latin, implying that if we accept benefits from the hands of God, we are bound to receive affliction also, with submission; and then he informed the King of the decease of his elder and best-loved son. Henry VII. straightway sent for the Queen, that they might endure this affliction the better together. When Elizabeth of York came and saw him oppressed with sorrow, she "besought his Grace that he would first, after God, remember the weal of his own noble person, the comfort of his realm, and of her. She then said that my lady his mother had never no more children but him only,

and that God by his grace had ever preserved him, and brought him where he was. Over that, how that God had left him a fair prince, two fair princesses, and that God is where he was, and we are both young enough; and that the prudence and wisdom of his Grace sprung over all Christendom, so that it should please him to take this according thereunto."—"Then the King thanked her of her good comfort. After that she was departed and come to her own chamber, natural and motherly remembrance of the great loss smote her so sorrowful to the heart, that those that were about her were fain to send for the King to comfort her. Then his Grace, in true, gentle, and faithful love, in good haste came, and relieved her, and showed how wise counsel she had given him before; and he, for his part, would thank God for his son, and would she should do in like wise."*

In other guise did the young Prince leave his castle of Ludlow than the gay one in which he had entered it, five months before. His last "state" there was that in which his sered and chested body lay, with his alms-folk around it, bearing torches night and day. In the afternoon of St. George's Day, the 23rd of April, the corpse was carried one stage towards Worcester Cathedral—to Ludlow parish church—the Prince's banner before it, and preceding and following, a crowd of ecclesiastical and secular dignitaries—among them "two Spaniards of the best degree, belonging to the Princess." Deposited in the church, an officer-at-arms demanded aloud "For Prince Arthur's soul and all Christian souls, Pater Noster." After gorgeous service, the dead was left under "goodly watch" for the night, and on the

* Leland, Collectanea, vol. v.

morrow there was more gorgeous service still—high mass, sermon, incensing, offerings—and then the raising of the body to a car drawn by six horses, all magnificently arrayed according to the sorrowing splendour of death, with some touches of prudential economy in the provision of coverings of common material, to protect the more costly trappings of coffin, hearse, and car against dust and foul weather.

Of the latter they had more than enough by the way. Foul roads, high winds, and rain beset the sad procession. The torches were extinguished, and in some places oxen had to be sent for to aid the six horses to drag the car through the ruts and mud. And thuswise, train, and nobles, and bishops, and gentlemen reached Bewdley, on St. Mark's Day, April 25; and placing the corpse of the Prince in the church, "went to their dinners, for it was fasting day"—a good reason for the course thus followed!

Next morning the same routine was pursued, until the sad but splendid company approached Worcester. On the road, doles of groats and half-groats were given to the poor, and all the honours that loyalty could devise and money pay for, were readily offered by church, convent, town, village, prince and peasant, as young Arthur passed on. When he reached the cathedral town of Worcester, the spectacle was more imposing than any the old city had before witnessed. Dead kings had lain and living princes lived, within its walls, but seldom was young prince carried to his rest with such an amount of pomp, such glorious circumstance of mourning, as marked the entombing of the Tudor Prince of Wales.

This pomp and circumstance were at their highest,

when young Lord Gerrard, heir of the Earl of Kildare, rode into the cathedral on the dead Prince's courser and covered with his armour, where he made offering of the horse to the gospeller of the day, the Abbot of Tewkesbury, and then retired on foot, bearing a pole-axe in his hand, the head downwards, and was so led away. To see the weeping when this was done, and not have wept too, would have argued, we are told, a hard heart in the spectator. There were offerings made—of gold, and money, and rich palls, which were thrown over the coffin, and one of which Worcester has preserved to this day. Meanwhile, service was sung and sermons preached, and doles of groats to the poor made throughout and about the church; and, amid a wail of mournful melody, the princely corpse was lowered to its grave, "with weeping and sore lamentation." The herald, who details the ceremony at great length in Leland, says, "The orisons were said by the Bishop of Lincoln, also sore weeping. He set the cross over the chest, and cast holy water and earth thereon. His (the Prince's) officer of arms, sore weeping, took off his coat of arms and cast it along over the chest, right lamentably. Then Sir William Uvedale, comptroller of his household, sore weeping and crying, took the staff of his office by both ends, and over his own head broke it, and cast it into the grave. In like wise did Sir Richard Croft, steward of his household, and cast his staff broken into the grave. In like wise did the gentlemen-ushers their rods. This was a piteous sight to those who beheld it. All things thus finished," writes the sorrowing herald, "there was ordained—*a great dinner*," which the great nobles in Church and State, doubtless, no less needed than enjoyed.

"Thus God have mercy on good Prince Arthur's soul!" is the closing exclamation of the pious herald who wrote the account of the spectacle he had witnessed; and even a "Reformer" might have given a harmless *Amen* to the hearty, if useless, Catholic formula. It was a prayer for a Prince of extraordinary hope, the sword of whose mind—to use an old phrase—wore through the sheath of his body. With naturally cheerful inclinations, he was half-worn out by study when he was a boy, and then at the canonical age admitting such a circumstance, fifteen years old, this poor and pleased lad was wedded to the young Spanish lady, in her seventeenth year, full of energy and liveliness, and so fond of dancing that, at their first or second interview, she so displayed her graceful and vivacious skill therein, that for very shame the princely scholar and lover took to dancing too. Then ensued those magnificent nuptials, with a fortnight of such continued dissipation as nuptials had seldom preceded. Finally came the five months which the young couple passed together at Ludlow, in whose grounds and castle they remained embowered. But there the health of the young Prince of Wales gave way, and gradually declining, at the expiration of the above period Arthur of Winchester died—so some of his biographers think—of the plague!

With this death, Henry, Duke of York, rose into importance. At this time, when eleven years of age, he was lively to restlessness, not addicted to look in the face of people to whom he spoke, rapidly blinking his eyes, and giving bold, sharp, and curt replies. Yet he could be, and often was, extremely bland and affable. He was strikingly handsome, and the people were wont to follow him in crowds to the palace. He, in return,

as he grew up, is reported by the ballad-makers to have gone much among the people in disguise, noting their manners and customs, observing their bearing in respect to the law, and learning from them much instruction not to be acquired elsewhere.

I have mentioned the obligations he was probably under to Linacre. He is also said to have had for his tutor the witty, coarse, and sarcastic Skelton, the laureate;—and M. Audin, who thoroughly hates his hero, affirms that Empson and Dudley were the two iniquitous tutors "under whose tuition the Prince of Wales learned the art of oppressing the nation!" In another page the French biographer says, "his education was entirely clerical. He commenced chanting at seven, at ten he had his part assigned him in the choir of the Chapel Royal, and at twelve composed masses. One of his anthems is still sung at Christ Church, Oxford, composed while he was Duke of York—'O Lord, the Maker!'" M. Audin further states that Henry had given to him the *Summa* "of St. Thomas, which was studied with much avidity in the sixteenth century;" and that, "like Luther, Henry, when fatigued with his studies, used to amuse himself by playing on the flute."

It has been said that half a year was allowed to elapse after the death of Arthur, before his brother was created Prince of Wales. The reason assigned for the delay being, the possible birth of an heir to the first Prince. This, however, is incorrect. Henry was created Prince of Wales only a few weeks subsequent to Arthur's decease.

Mr. Sharon Turner refers to Rymer (xiii. 11) for the

patent so creating Henry Prince of Wales, on the 22nd June, 1502; but the document thus referred to in Rymer simply expresses that the King gives on that day "to our dearest son Henry, Prince of Wales, the office of Guardian and Capital Judiciary of the Forest de Gaultres," in the county of York, with William, Bishop of Carlisle (Bishop of Durham elect), for his deputy. This is proof enough that the creation of Henry dates from an earlier period.

Soon after this arose the question of his marriage, resolving itself into the question of an union between himself and the widow of his brother. The negotiations were cautiously opened by the father, and craftily carried on, each side affecting a certain amount of pleasure, and both being desirous not to appear too eager for the conclusion. Ferdinand feigned a desire that his daughter and that part of her dowry paid with her, should be returned to him; Henry desirous of receiving the portion which yet remained unpaid, seemed most to wish for the completion of the marriage between his son and Katharine.

Then Ferdinand expressed much delight at the projected espousals between "so noble a Prince" as he of Wales (Henry), and it was a comfort to him, he said, that his daughter Katharine should have "so noble a father-in-law as my brother of England." These words were merely formal, for the writer's experience of Henry VII. as a father-in-law to Katharine was in the utmost degree unsatisfactory. The Spanish nation, it appears, or a part of it, was as satisfied as the Spanish King. The English envoys there informed their master that the larger portion of the common people in Spain are utterly ignorant

of the existence of any other country beside their own;" but they add that "such of them as had been made partakers of the erudite information that there did exist other nations under the sun, greatly rejoiced at the contract with England."*

Katharine evinced some distaste at being transferred from one brother to another, but she submitted herself to her father's will. Accordingly, on the 25th of June, 1504 (or the 27th, 1503, according to Audin), she was betrothed to Henry, Prince of Wales, in the Bishop of Salisbury's house, in Fleet Street; the bridegroom being then thirteen years of age, and the bride about nineteen.

This was a simple formality, but when Prince Henry entered on the canonical age of puberty, he was forced to protest against the validity of any contract into which he had been compelled to enter during his nonage. This protest was made before the Privy Council at Richmond, but the Prince of Wales did not himself read it, nor had he entered into it at all, but in obedience to his father's wish. King Henry's object was to have in his possession means of objecting to the subsequent fulfilment of the marriage, if such an objection were likely to be profitable, in certain contingent circumstances.

Meanwhile, Katharine, the widow of one and not yet the wife of another Prince of Wales, had but an uneasy life of it here in England. Her third portion of the revenues of her first husband was not paid to her, and she was compelled to contract debts in London and elsewhere. Her servants, unable to obtain their

* Introduction to the Letters of Catharine of Arragon, in the "Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies," by M. A. E. Wood.

wages, remained unseemly clad." Her ladies were as badly off as her servants, and to these she had not a maravedi to give, that she might relieve their distress. "Each day," writes the Princess of Wales to her father, "my troubles increase; since I came into England I have not had a single maravedi, except a certain sum that was given me for food; and *that* such a sum that it did not suffice, without my having many debts in London." Instead of having a friend in the Spanish ambassador in London (Puebla), she had a bitter foe, a "rogue," as she calls him, who helped to reduce her to poverty, deprive her of her household, and force her into a humiliating dependence upon the Court. Ferdinand seems rather to have sanctioned the proceedings of his envoy than supported his daughter in her adversity. She "will soon die," she writes, after suffering from ague for two months, if her father do not succour her, and punish that rogue severely. Ferdinand counselled her to be agreeable to the King in all things; but that was hard to compass, for he demanded the unremitted half of her dowry, depreciated the value of jewels and plate offered in lieu of cash, and she eagerly assures her father that "money" alone will be agreeable to her father-in-law. Wanting this, the King had been positively rude to her; he had refused to relieve her distress, affirmed that he was not bound to give her anything; that what he did furnish was of his own good will, and that he would do nothing more till the arrears of her portion were paid. Katharine intimated that her royal father would keep his promise, and that the money would be forthcoming. The ungracious King replied that he was not so sure of that, and that, at all events, it remained to be seen. Poor Katharine should

have been supported in such a scene by the Prince of Wales, but she makes no allusion to him, uttering only complaints, and declaring that, in 1506, she lacked means to procure linen under-garments, and that from the day she had left Spain, with her Spanish wardrobe, she had only purchased two new dresses. She was even compelled to sell her bracelets that she might procure a black velvet robe, for the very good reason she gives, "I was all but naked."

One request made to her father is for a Spanish Confessor, as she "knew no English," and could not communicate with a priest in the latter language. This would show that she was never Linacre's pupil, although she is said to have learned Italian of him. The Prince of Wales's tutor could teach it skilfully, but surely if Linacre had given her any instruction it would have been in English.

Altogether the period between her betrothal and her marriage was one of suffering, during which, however, no thought of either of the Princes of Wales seems to have entered her mind. It is in such sufferings that royalty sometimes is wounded; and such was the case here, for Katharine occasionally wrote, to please her father-in-law, sentiments entirely contrary to those she really entertained. The latter she occasionally explained to her father, in cypher, but even these despatches were often intercepted. The most striking instance of this occurred when the widowed King Henry sought to re-marry with Joanna, the sister of Katharine, and it was the interest of Ferdinand not to refuse, nor yet to accept such a proposal.

Meanwhile Henry, of whom the affianced lady makes

no more mention in her letters than she does of her dead lord, Arthur, maintained a quiet and well-regulated life, obtaining thereby the admiration and affection of his contemporaries, and enjoying the particular esteem of scholars and philosophers.

"When the King was but a lad, he dared to challenge even Erasmus to a Latin letter written in his own hand. Erasmus gave me this to read at Ferrara. He always carried it about him wherever he went, in a little box, as a hidden treasure." Such is the story told by Dean Pace, of St. Paul's, in 1517. Further, Erasmus stated to Servatius, "When I was in Italy, the King, a little before his father's death, sent me, in his own writing, *literas amantissimas*." Sharon Turner points to the fact that Henry had all the more leisure for literature while Arthur was alive, because he was not the next heir to the throne, and was really destined for the church. When he became Prince of Wales, although so young when such a change in his prospects occurred his intellectual tastes were formed, these he never ceased to cultivate, and the example was influential with the people.

Few witnesses to the early excellence of Henry's character have given more favourable testimony than Sir Thomas Chaloner, who was himself a gallant soldier, an able statesman, a learned writer, and subsequently English ambassador in the Netherlands. His Latin poetical works were collected by Lord Burleigh, and published by his order—the noble editor prefixing to them a Latin poem of his own. The good old knight vouches for the precocity of the Prince in wit, dignity, and virtue,—in sounding hexameters—

Hic igitur, longo Regum de sanguine cretus
Pene puer, didicit sceptris succedere avitis,
Jam juvenis, jam Rex, jam se præstantior ipso
Si spectes animi sublimis pignori docto
Quem Musæ fovere sinu, Charitesque lepore
Dotarunt, gratæ multa gravitate loquelæ.

The personal beauty and majesty of the Prince are thus illustrated,—

Vicerat ille omnes tunc pulchros pulchrior unus,
Tanta fuit sacræ Majestas regia formæ.

The Prince's mind, says Sir Thomas, was as fair as his body. Young Hercules had not such arms as his to bend a bow, or such strength to wield a club. Pollux could not wrestle, nor Castor tame wild horses like the Prince of Wales. In his armour he looked more resplendent than Hector; and, in the chase, Hippolytus was a fool to him! Virtue breathed through his very pores, adds Sir Thomas, and then he turns to the maiden Queen, in whose reign he penned his panegyric, and, after showing that in Elizabeth are centred all the virtues that adorned, the merits that distinguished, and the beauties that rendered remarkable her august father, as Prince and King, he earnestly implores her to marry, that another little Prince of Wales may be seen playing about court, whose beauty might remind beholders of that of Henry of Greenwich—though of course the little Prince asked—for would, as the poet thinks, certainly excel his marvellous grandfather, both in beauty of features and grace of action

In youthful grace and beauty, in study and sports, in brief intercourse with his betrothed, and in community with scholars, the life of the Prince of Wales passed on, till the 25th of April, 1509, on which day his father,

Henry VII., departed. What the popular estimate of the Prince was at this period is manifested in a letter from Lord Mountjoy to Erasmus:—"I do not for a moment doubt, beloved Erasmus," says the writer, "that your sorrow will be suddenly changed into joy on hearing that Henry Octavus, or rather Octavius, has succeeded his father. Oh! if you could but witness the happiness of the people, you would weep with joy. Heaven smiles, the earth leaps with gladness, everything seems redolent with milk, honey, and nectar." At this burst of congratulation, we leave the young Prince, now King, with a few added words. Just two months after his father's death, he married his brother's widow—living with her as his wife twenty-four years, save one month. Two sons of this marriage, both of whom were named after their father, died prematurely. The Princess Mary was left the only living offspring of Henry and Katharine. A Queen regnant had never hitherto been known in England, which the King looked upon as a male-fief. It was not illegal for the crown to pass to an heiress; but its due administration could only be derived from the hand of a male possessor. In the mind of Henry, the birth of a prince was the first object of his desire, and it was most so when there was the least likelihood of its accomplishment.

But in the year 1519, a lady, who four years later became the wife of Sir Gilbert Taillebois, gave birth to a son, of which King Henry was the father, and Wolsey became the "Gossip." The boy gave such early promise of beauty and intelligence, that he easily won the especial love of his graceless sire. His mother, a Blount, of the Shropshire branch of that family, was very young at

the period of the birth of this child. Her second husband was Lord Clinton, the first Earl of Lincoln.* She was a rare beauty, of sprightly character, and accomplished in all outward graces and goodly pastimes. The King's light o'love, however, appears to have been speedily relieved of all maternal superintendence of the young Lord Henry Fitzroy, who, in his sixth year, began his brief career of greatness, was created Earl of Nottingham, at Bridewell Palace, and subsequently Duke of Richmond and Somerset. He was only six years of age when he wore all these titles, and the Garter also, to add to their splendour. At Windsor, his stall was placed next to that of the sovereign, to whom, said his patent, he was "nearly related;" and he had precedence given him over all the other dukes in the peerage.

Young as he was in years, he was despatched under honourable convoy and escort, to Sheriff-Hutton in Yorkshire, where a household was established for him as (nominal) Lord President or Viceroy of the Northern administration. His journey occupied about three summer weeks. His Grace "had a horse litter," which he was too manly to use often, preferring to ride a hack or "hobye." Hospitality was readily afforded as he passed on his way, burgesses met and presented him with fish, Lord Abbots and other godly men offered him their homage and heaps of fat venison and wild fowl; nobles lodged him at night, and set him forward on his road, when it pleased his little "Grace" to leave them.

At Sheriff-Hutton his household was mounted on a

* Inventories of Wardrobe, &c., of Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond. Edited for the Camden Society, by J. G. Nichols.

footing which could not have been exceeded had he been residing in Ludlow Castle, as acknowledged Prince of Wales. Sir Edward Seymour, afterward the Protector Somerset, was Master of the Horse, and the Dean of York was Chancellor of the Household, the check-roll of which numbered 245 servants, whose annual stipends amounted to nearly 900*l.*

In this household, where nobles held office, and to the Lord of which a Fairfax acted as Serjeant-at-Law, there was one indispensable official in the person of the well-known "John Palsgrave, schoolmaster." This office was subsequently undertaken by Dr. Croke of the University of Cambridge, which learned gentleman lived on the very worst of terms with George Cotton, the comptroller of the household and governor of the little Duke's person.

Croke was a rigid disciplinarian. He required early rising, mass before lessons, and plenty of instruction after it. But Cotton, who was a layman, ridiculed the priest, kept the "Prince" in bed, persuaded him to eschew early mass, expressed a contempt for Latin, taught the handsome boy to address impertinent speeches to his master, introduced to him buffoons and such-like worthnothings, and when the Prince had acted worse than usual, actually rescued from beneath the rod of the preceptor one of the half-dozen fellow-pupils of the Duke, whose privilege it was to be soundly flogged whenever their more illustrious school-fellow had offended, and stood in need of understanding what his offence would have brought upon him, had not his person been sacred.

Dr. Croke, in short, was very ill-used both by pupils and governor. His authority was entirely set at nought, notwithstanding which, so quick of intellect was the

Duke, in his spare moments of application, that at eight years of age he could read Cæsar, and could write a fair Roman hand, which that villain Cotton did all he could to spoil and convert into a vulgar illegible secretary penmanship. The dissension waxed in intensity and bitterness, till the poor Doctor at length surrendered his office. Subsequently, the Duke improved famously in the facility with which he read his "Cæsar;" and his sire marked his approval by bestowing on him a suit of armour.

At this period Italy was in a state of confusion and anarchy which excited the pity of a disinterested monarch like Henry, and before his son was ten years of age he had entertained an idea of setting at least Lombardy free, by getting his natural son made Duke of Milan. Failing this, he began to consider how he might rid himself of his daughter Mary, by a foreign marriage, and exalt the Duke of Richmond by procuring for him a bride from the family of the Emperor of Germany. It was intimated to the Emperor, by the English negotiators of this last matter, how near the Duke was to the King, how excellent his qualities, how princely his condition, and how easily "he might be exalted to higher things, if the King so willed it." It is clear that Henry Fitzroy was never so near being Prince of Wales as when Lee and his co-negotiators opened this view of things to the Emperor of Germany.

This and other projects of a like nature came to nothing. Richmond when about twelve years of age visited the Court of France with the poet Earl of Surrey. The noble pair passed a year there, but when the Duke returned he found himself a person of less importance than before. Anne Boleyn was in her short-lived lustre

and power; and she married the Duke, with the King's consent, to the only daughter of her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk. The bridegroom was only in his fifteenth year, but being a married man he attended parliament! His last state, like his life itself, was only of brief duration, he dying in his 17th year, at St. James's palace. He was buried at Thetford, but his tomb is at Framlingham.

The death of this handsome, graceful, and accomplished lad terminated the uncertainty in which the succession to the crown had been during his life. "Well it was for them," (Mary and Elizabeth,) says Fuller, "that Henry Fitzroy, his natural son—but one of supernatural and extraordinary endowments—was dead; otherwise, some suspect, had he lived to survive King Edward VI., we might presently have heard of King Henry IX., so great was his father's affection, and so unlimited his power to prefer him."

After the divorce of Katharine, down to the death of Henry, five consorts, in fifteen years, shared his perilous greatness. Of these, Queen Jane Seymour gave birth, in 1537, to Prince Edward, at Hampton Court. This Prince, on his accession as Edward VI., was ten years old; but he was never created Prince of Wales. A month before Henry's death a patent for the creation was about to be prepared; but the King's sickness and death supervened, and Edward of Hampton, although Duke of Cornwall, was never ruler, by himself or by deputy, of the Principality.* It has been asserted that, previous to the birth of Edward, the Princesses Mary

* Courthope (Somerset Herald) in "Historic Peerage," by Sir H. Nicolas.

and Elizabeth were styled Princesses of Wales, enjoying all the privileges thereto belonging. Of this, however, there is not a shadow of proof.

It remains to be stated that, until the creation of Henry of Greenwich as Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, there was always and at the same time a Charter passed for granting to such Prince the estates and revenues belonging to the principality of Wales and Earldom of Chester then in the possession of the Crown. These revenues, according to a survey made in the reign of Edward the Third, amounted to 5986*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.* yearly, after deducting the salaries to the judges, &c. It is said also, that there was sometimes passed another Charter, by which all arrears of rent, &c. were granted to the Prince. But the passing any such charters or grants was omitted at the creation of Henry, afterwards Henry the Eighth, and has been ever since omitted; consequently, the Princes, since that time, have enjoyed nothing but the titles of Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, and the revenues, by being since granted away, are now reduced to little or nothing.

"But," says the anonymous author of 'A Succinct History of the Regencies, &c. in England,' published in 1731, "as to the estates and revenues of Cornwall, as they were by Act of Parliament annexed to the Crown, in the reign of Edward the Third, and therefore could not be granted away without an Act of Parliament, they remain the same, or rather better than they were in the reign of that King; for no one of them has ever been granted away, except the Manor of Isleworth, near London, and the Manor of Wallingford, in Oxfordshire; the former of which, Henry the Fifth granted by

authority of Parliament to Sion Monastery, founded by him; and the latter, Henry the Eighth, by the same authority, made parcel of his honour of Newelme; but by both these Acts, lands of greater value were granted and annexed to the Duchy of Cornwall, the yearly revenues of which duchy cannot be computed, because many of them are casual; but, at the highest, can never be near sufficient for supporting the honour and dignity of the heir-apparent to the Crown of Great Britain."

From the year 1509, when Henry VII. died, till 1610, in which year King James I. created his son, Henry Frederick, Prince of Wales, that title was not in existence in England. At the expiration of one hundred and one years, it revived in the House of Stuart, when it was again borne by two brothers, both of whom were natives of Scotland. Henry of Greenwich was the son of an English-born mother. Upwards of three centuries elapsed before England saw another Prince of Wales born of an English mother, in the person of Albert Edward, the son of our lady and sovereign, Queen Victoria, born in the year 1841.

BOOK IV

PRINCES OF WALES
OF THE
HOUSE OF STUART

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BROTHER-PRINCES OF WALES.

I. HENRY FREDERICK OF STIRLING.
Born 19th February, 1594. Died 1612.

II. CHARLES OF DUNFERMLINE.
Born 19th November, 1600. Died (King) 1649.

When Anne of Denmark, the consort of James I., King of Great Britain, set out from Holyrood to join that monarch in the English metropolis, she was accompanied by two of her children, Henry and Elizabeth—the latter born in 1596. Their brother, "Babie Charles," was left behind, a poor weakly boy, at Dunfermline. Few people augured long life for that delicate child, and it had been a happy circumstance for him had the expectation of his death been early realized.

When the elder brother was christened, at Stirling, according to the rites of the reformed Episcopal Church of Scotland, the attendant ceremony had more of splendour about it than usually characterised the baptism of an heir to the Scottish throne. The King, and not the "gossips," gave the name; and as James, either in joy or nervousness, repeated the appellation forwards and backwards, "Henry Frederick, Frederick Henry," so Cunningham, Bishop of Aberdeen, imitated the royal form, by pronouncing three times the names as they were delivered by the father. The child was healthy, fair, and vigorous.

Six years later was born Prince Henry's brother Charles, at Dunfermline. Weak and languishing he came into the world, taking, as it were, a reluctant possession of life. So brief a tenure was the feeble Prince expected to enjoy, that he was hurriedly baptised, lest he should die before he was enrolled a member of Christ's flock. A month later, he was deemed strong enough to undergo a state-christening at Holyrood. This ceremony, however, lacked the pomp which had distinguished that of the christening of Henry Frederick.

These two brothers, with their sister Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of Bohemia, formed the surviving family of James and Anne, when the death of Queen Elizabeth, in 1603 opened to them away to that throne which the Tudor Sovereign had occupied with glory and advantage to England. When James departed alone to take possession of his great inheritance, in April, 1603, his eldest son was in his tenth year, and was already remarkable for his attainments. His mind was of such precocity that, in his sixth year, James considered him capable of comprehending the excellent advice pedantically given in the King's own work, the "Basilicon Doron." The principles of this tripartite book were not those which the monarch himself ever cared to follow; but he strongly impressed them on his son, with whose education he had little else to do, the young heir of Scotland being shut up in the strong Castle of Stirling, lest mischief should befall him, and the Crown lose its first begotten heir.

He was yet but a mere child when he addressed a letter in French to the States General. His Latin letters to his sire bespeak marvellous proficiency, if they

were of his own composition, which the learned father himself sometimes doubted. Similar letters were addressed by the little scholar to his kinsfolk—nicely phrased, but somewhat stilted,—altogether unchildish. By the time he had entered his ninth year he had already got beyond Phædrus, into the elegancies and difficulties of the comedies of Terence, and the epistles of Cicero. Nor was he a mere bookish boy; he could ride, dance, and sing with skill; and Richard Preston, a good soldier, instructed him in the use of arms,—sword and gun, how to bend a bow, toss a pike, and use a target—services which were munificently recompensed by planting the said Richard in the peerage of Ireland by the proud and ancient title of Earl of Desmond.

The instruction of the youthful Prince was indeed a matter of wonderful interest to others besides his kinsfolk. No less an individual than Pope Clement VIII. was anxious to have the direction of it. James was informed that if he would permit this papal superintendence, Rome would assist him with all her power against any opposition to his accession to the throne of England. The King wisely declined the offer, and bided his time. That he was opposed to the proposal was sufficient ground for so perverse a lady as his wife to look upon it with favour. No wonder that a Scottish puritan minister intimated from his pulpit to the "guid Lord," that people might pray for the Queen for the fashion's sake, but that there was no justification for their doing so, "for she will never do us any guid."

When James had reached the English throne without papal aid, he wrote a letter to his son, remarkable for its proud tone and deep sagacity. "Let not this news," he

says, "make you proud or insolent, for a King's son and heir was you before, and no more are ye yet. The augmentation that is hereby like to fall unto you, is but in cares and heavy burthens." Prince Henry, however, considered, or was taught to consider, that the throne of Great Britain was a higher seat than the sovereign chair of Scotland; and in a missive to "Madame, and most honoured mother," he congratulates her on "the happy success of this great turn, almost above men's expectation." The Prince's Latin reply to his sire's epistle is only worth noticing for the sake of stating, at the same time, that it must have been dictated. It has no trace in it of the simplicity of young Arthur's letters to Katharine of Arragon.

Anne of Denmark, with the son at her side who had hitherto been in the keeping of the Earl of Mar, and accompanied also by her young daughter Elizabeth, left Holyrood for Windsor in May, 1603, arriving at the latter palace in June, after a month's progress. Of all the welcomings that greeted the travellers, the most brilliant was that at Althorpe, where Ben Jonson met the illustrious company with a masque, and in Spenser's woods poured out his musical felonies from Paradise, in the ears of the Queen and of the Prince, on whom Ben's eager eye

"Did feed itself, but could not satisfy."

Ben hoped for a hero in young Henry, such as England had possessed in the other Henry of Agincourt, — or the Edward of Cressy and Poictiers. Therefore sang the poet to the Prince:—

"Shine bright and fixed as the Arctic star,
And when slow time hath made you fit for war,

Look over the salt ocean, and think where
You may but lead us forth who grow up here,
Against a day when our officious swords
Shall speak our actions better than our words."

The same idea took possession also of more prosaic men. Soon after the little Prince was settled at Oatlands, Lord Spencer sent him a copy of the "Memoirs of De Comines;" and Colonel Edmondes, when presenting him with a suit of armour and the works of Froissart—a gift from Holland,—declared his "hope in God that Henry should follow the footsteps of the Prince of Wales, King Edward III.'s son." Swords, guns, and targets were also the appropriate and significant gifts made to this child, after the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot in 1605. Kings and princes, English nobles and gentles, made him at various times similar offerings. Henri IV. of France sent him a panoply; and if he slept for a night at the house of an English gentleman, it was not uncommon for the host to pray his acceptance, when leaving, of a suit of armour, worth several hundred pounds. Henry of Stirling, too, acted up to his warlike reputation, and young as he was when, in 1603, his sire buckled the garter beneath his knee, he exhibited all the graces of chivalry at the ceremony,—a nobly modest bearing, quickness of wit, and at the altar a reverence of action worthy of young Samuel. In aid of his knighthood, levies were made on the public. London alone, on one occasion, contributed nearly 1300*l.* The clergy and laity of Rutlandshire especially distinguished themselves by expressing their willingness to be taxed, as the first fruits of their love for such a Prince. The product of the impost was increased by a politic artifice. Formerly the levy in aid for knight-

ing a prince was made at the rate of one shilling in the pound, on the value of land; but on this occasion landholders were informed that no compulsion would be employed. They were left to mete the levy by the measure of their love, and out of affection or policy they replied liberally to the intimation. Whenever the young Prince entered a new order of chivalry, the occasion was made use of to mulct the landholder, whose inclination was often directed by the government. Such ceremonies "admitted of a willing contribution from the people," says sly old Wilson, "and such old customs as bring in money are never out of date."

After all, young Henry was only a home-keeping knight. The most terrible passage at arms in which he was ever engaged previous to his being created Prince of Wales (in 1610), was at the famous tilting behind the barriers, which followed the famous challenges in Whitehall. The mock affrays sustained by the Prince and troops of friends divided into antagonists, were performed —for such is the proper term—in presence of illustrious and applauding spectators. It was a jousting of four days' continuance, so systematic in its theatrical aspect, that registrars noted the numbers of pike-thrusts and cuts of the sword made by the carpet chevalier, who was then older than the Prince of Wales was at the time he stood victor on the field of Cressy.

The mimic fray was followed by carousing. On the evening that succeeded Twelfth Night, in the year last mentioned, as Chamberlain writes to Winwood, "the Prince with his assistants all in a livery, and the defendants in their best bravery, rode in great pomp to convoy the King to St. James's, whither he had invited

him and all the court to supper, the Queen only being absent, and there ended his table, the allowance whereof, from the publishing his challenge, had been 100*l.* a-day."

There was, perhaps, more of the admiral than of the general in the eldest son of James I.; the interest he took in the navy seemed to be marked by more of serious earnestness. He had scarcely been a year in England, when Phineas Pett, one of the masters of Woolwich Dockyard, constructed for the Prince a model ship, twenty-eight feet by twelve, which lay off the King's private stairs at Whitehall, and which Henry himself had named the "Disdain." In this vessel he made fresh-water voyages, and the "Disdain" became a familiar sight on the river. The princely admiral was promoted to a larger vessel in 1606, when in his twelfth year. On this occasion he had accompanied his uncle, King Christian of Denmark, a recent visitor at court, to Gravesend, where lay the Danish fleet waiting to convoy its master home. The King made a present of his vice-admiral's ship to little Henry, the value of which was 2500*l.*, adding thereto a naval rapier and hanger, worth a couple of thousand marks. In the barge belonging to the Dane, the Prince frequently rowed to Woolwich, where he inspected the yard, partook of very excellent cheer, and was saluted at arrival and departure with unusual salutes from brazen "chambers" cunningly disposed. When these were first fired in Prince Henry's honour, he approached this dread artillery, and ordered that they should again be loaded and discharged in his presence. Phineas Pett, however, fell into a loyal trepidation at the thought of

the peril to which such an exhibition of villanous saltpetre might subject the hope of the nation, and with much ado he persuaded the curious Prince to get into his barge and row out of harm's way, where, waving his handkerchief as a signal, the brazen mouths pealed forth such a song of war as proved highly agreeable to the nicely critical ears of the music-loving Prince.

Phineas Pett was his especial favourite, and the friendship of Henry was manifested for him on the occasion when the master was involved with others in a hostile accusation of mal-practices in the dockyard. The young heir to the throne stood by him during the inquiry, and, when this had terminated to Pett's justification, Henry expressed an indignant regret that Pett's accusers could not be rewarded with a halter.

Almost from the month of the Prince's arrival in England he had his separate establishment—at first at Oatlands, with his sister Elizabeth, subsequently at Nonsuch and Hampton also; and in town at St. James's, where barns and stables were erected for him by the King's command. In the early years, at Oatlands, the establishment comprised seventy servants —of whom twenty-two were for "the chamber," serving in the Prince's presence, and forty-eight "below." Subsequently the number was more than doubled—the superintendence of the whole was in the hands of Sir Thomas Chaloner. So ill-regulated was this establishment, through the uncertainty of the pecuniary supplies promised by the government, that servants were constantly in arrears of wages; and purveyors enforced delayed payments by refusing to furnish provisions! As Henry grew older his houses contained a gay com-

panionship of "sprightly blossoms," as Wilson calls them; and these probably gave some trouble to Colmer, the King's "cock-master," whose privilege it was to decide all disputed wagers relative to cock-fighting. Three thousand pounds, yearly, was the sum allowed for the Prince's apparel and linen, but the expense was for ever in excess of the allowance. The apothecaries presented large claims for "phisicale and odoriferous things" for the Prince's use; and there was more money spent upon jewels than on books. The young master was not insensible to the uses of money; and was so watchful of his rights, that in 1609 he claimed, as Duke of Cornwall, the rent and arrears of rent of land (amounting to about 100*l.* per annum) belonging formerly to the recently-dissolved "Priory of Coventry." About his country houses were the Spanish hawks and Danish hounds sent as gifts from beyond sea. On his tables was the renowned linen manufactured in Holland, and presented to him by the Dutch government. At this time all the royal residences were distinguished by considerable riot and confusion. Those of Prince Henry are supposed to have formed an exception, from a fact which proves the rule—namely, that he had boxes in each house in which were deposited the fines levied on all persons detected in swearing. These were divided among the neighbouring poor. The more blasphemy reigned in the palace, the greater their comfort in their huts and villages.

For companionship the Prince had more of the society of his sister Elizabeth than of that of his melancholy brother Charles. Between the two former there was a marked similarity of character and features. They fre-

quently rode out together, and the Princess loved her brother, as fondly as Elizabeth of York loved the Prince of Wales and precocious Richard who perished in the Tower. At four o'clock of an August morning, the Prince was out with his hounds; and, though not unmeasurably addicted to hunting, his letters contain, in return for paternal permission to follow the chase, promise of increased application to his studies.

And of these I will now say a few words. They were directed by Adam Newton, who, though a layman, was subsequently appointed Dean of Durham, a piece of preferment which he ultimately resigned for a baronetcy. This appointment of laymen to ecclesiastical offices was then not uncommon—it was only suppressed by the Act of Uniformity. The year previous to the creation of Henry as Prince of Wales, Lord Eure, the president of the Principality, informed Chamberlain (in a letter to be found in the Domestic Series at the State Paper Office, a series in which I have found many scattered facts which I have here produced) that ministers were so scarce in Wales, the Bishop of Llandaff had been compelled to allow laymen to officiate in the churches.

Mr. Newton was the Prince's "Pædagogue," keeping his pupil close to his "humanities," and occasionally exchanging sharp words, on occasional provocation. Under his supervision, the Prince was wont to transmit New-Year's gifts to the King in the shape of Latin letters, themes, essays, and occasionally a bunch of lumbering hexameters. On the strength of this, the religious and literary world, and even English Senecas, like Hall, or country simpletons, like Coryat, pelted him with dedications, for which he made a princely return

in diamonds. The King contemplated his scholarship with pride, and accordingly the Queen endeavoured to render him less inclined to the Muses than to amusement. Indeed Harlay, the French minister, declared of her that she would make a Romanist of the boy, if the King should die during his son's minority.

Adam Newton's honorarium as "schoolmaster of Prince Henry" was 200*l.* per annum, but he had an occasional gift, by warrant on the treasury, of much more than that sum. Nor was this young Henry's only master. Ferabosco taught him music at a trifle less than one pound per week; and Henri IV., whose admiration of the Prince's penmanship was known to all Europe, sent him Peter Bourdin, Lord of St. Anthoine, to make him equally skilful in horsemanship. It is a truth that at a very early period Henry showed a love for contemporary history, and Newton, to encourage this, willingly placed before him all letters from travellers abroad, containing accounts of the writers' experience in the morals, customs, and history of the nations they traversed. Henry further developed this taste for himself by appointing Lydyat, the famed opponent of Scaliger, to the offices of his chronographer and cosmographer. The purchase made by the King of Lord Lumley's library for him, was another aid towards the acquirement of that knowledge which this modern Henry Beau Clerc loved to lay up.

Nevertheless, his houses were not invariably localities where this love could be quietly and uninterruptedly cherished. "The Prince's household," writes Chaloner to Sir Julius Cæsar, "intended by the King for courtly college or collegiate court, was become so great a court,

that it was ready to be overwhelmed with the charge and burden of itself." The master thereof was of more regular habits than his followers, and never while he lived, after the Gunpowder Plot, did he omit repairing to sermon on a Tuesday, the day of the week on which the conspiracy was to have been carried into effect. "I shall have lived to no purpose," once exclaimed the saintly and scholarly Hall, "if I fail to profit that princely soul!"

Had all the learned and illustrious personages who admired or affected to admire Henry of Stirling, tempered their admiration as discreetly as that divine, they, too, might have profited rather than spoiled, or, as Salisbury did, polluted, the mind of the Prince. The adulation was in more than one sense offensive. Cornwallis wrote to him that he was "the perfect composition of the graces of God and nature," and he prattled of the lustre of the beams of his virtue, as something too bright for mortal to look upon. Salisbury's son, Lord Cranborne, informed him that the eyes and hopes of his youth were in Henry's person and fortune. To be deprived of the pleasure of the Prince's presence is, of course, to be in darkness worse than Cimmerian, and to behold that gracious countenance is once more to bask in the warmth and light of a new sun. Foreign ambassadors extolled in his hearing his virtues and accomplishments; and when they wrote to their royal masters recommendations to procure influence in the princely household, by pensioning some of the inmates, the kings, wiser than their legates, procured the influence at a cheaper rate, by eulogizing the princely judgment as self-dependent,

and not to be biassed by meaner souls. Occasionally Henry had a neat answer at hand for the fulsome flatterers, and when Lord Dunfermline presented him with a catalogue of his virtues, Henry remarked that the list was of possessions to be acquired by him, not already enjoyed. Between the French and Spanish ambassadors, each coveting his alliance, he was nearly strangled by the stringency of their affectionate flattery.

So habituated to incense, he well knew in his own turn to scatter it skilfully where there was a divinity to be propitiated, as in the case of that most Sacred Majesty his father, at the frequent recollection of whose vast benefits conferred on him, Henry declares that he is *stricken into silence and amazement*. It was the disease of the times. Even the most scholarly were affected by it, and Sir John Harrington himself, pretending inability to comprehend a passage in the *Agricola* of Tacitus, implores the Prince to enlighten him, or he must rest for ever in utter darkness; and also to pardon the childish weakness of a letter destitute of the graces and learning which mark the epistles of his Royal Highness!

Worse than all these, however, was James's "little beagle," Salisbury the Lord Treasurer, of whom the Prince early entertained a jealousy which the wily statesman refused to discern. Does Salisbury inadvertently leave Royston without kissing the Prince's hand, he accuses himself of "gross and beastly oblivion." He avows himself a greater ass than "Tom Derry," the Queen's fool, and piles up the most nauseous adulation, such as might win contempt from the court buffoon. There is no species of flattery which Salisbury does not

employ. To flatter one man he vituperates thousands, and the villain thinks he has said an acceptable thing to a boy of fifteen, when he intimates in the very coarsest terms that all the maidens of England make small account of their honour, when they think of the irresistible beauty of this paragon of a Prince.

Henry of Stirling matriculated at Oxford, at as early a period as Henry of Monmouth. Magdalen received him in 1605, when he was but eleven years old. His reception was made the occasion of a festival of several days, comprising much versifying, and Latin plays, and disputations in law, divinity, philosophy, and medicine. Some of these disputations were on recondite questions, as "Whether children imbibe the temper with the milk of their nurses," and similar notable subjects. Even James himself grew weary of the solemn trifling, and showed his humour; but Henry bore bravely up through it all, and Wake assures us that the University saw as much of the Prince's temper and genius as answered their most sanguine wishes.

In such wise the young years of this hopeful Prince passed on till 1610 arrived, and Bacon and Hobart were employed to draw up the preamble of the patent for his creation as Prince of Wales. To the great act itself we will now devote a few illustrative lines.

The ceremony of making Henry Prince of Wales, was not confined to a mere parliamentary solemnity, but all London was provided with a gallant show on the occasion. Never did May go out or June come in accompanied by such "bravery" as made holiday in honour of the event.

On Wednesday evening, the 30th of May, the Prince

and a troop of young companions went from St. James's to Richmond, to sup, sleep, and return processionally next morning.

This latter passage was made by water; the day was fine, the river and shores covered with shouting spectators, and the progress so slow that the Prince landed for awhile at Barnes, where he "refreshed himself in an arbour by the waterside, and took a short repast of such sweetmeats and other things as could then be provided on the sudden."*

On again getting afloat, the gay procession dropped down to Chelsea, where the City Companies in fifty-four stately barges, met the young hero of the day. Here, too, the fairest nymph the city could hire, and who had courage to mount a pasteboard whale, was towed alongside the royal barge, where, as Corinna, Genius of Great Britain, she addressed the "great Duke of Cornwall" in a speech as full of pedantic conceits as could justify the pedantic fashion of the times.

From this spot, at two o'clock P.M., the City barges and sea-monsters escorted the Prince and his company to the capital. As the joyous array reached Whitehall, the tide was at flood, and the show at its brightest. To see the latter, the King and other members of the royal family stood at the Privy-gallery windows. Delicate seamanship extricated the Prince and his flotilla from the press of boats, and after some manœuvring, he landed at Whitehall Stairs, on his way to which he was bidden farewell in another pedantic oration, delivered by Amphion, riding on a dolphin, and announcing himself as the Genius of Wales.

* Nichols, Prog. James I.

At Whitehall the Prince had been expected at noon, and dinner had been commanded accordingly, but now it was getting late in the afternoon, and after much showy and solemn state observed at his landing and entering the palace, he sate down to meat, and wearied with the formalities of the day, went early to bed.

Nothing further was done until the following Monday, when at half-past ten another water-procession was formed, in which the King conducted his son to the landing-place at Westminster, whence, suitably attended the august couple proceeded on foot to the Upper House of Parliament, heralded, surrounded and followed by a gorgeously-arrayed multitude of peers. After awhile, the King ascended the throne, royally robed, and there awaited the coming of his son. Prince Henry speedily entered with his company. He wore a surcoat of purple velvet, and he walked bareheaded. He was preceded by Garter, bearing the Letters-Patent, and was supported by the Earl of Nottingham (Privy Seal) and the Earl of Northampton (Lord Admiral). The Prince bowed thrice as he advanced towards the throne, and then knelt there on a rich cushion while the important document which Garter, after respectfully kissing it, had delivered to the Earl of Salisbury, was read by that nobleman. The reading having been concluded, the King "put the robes upon him," girded him with the sword, invested him with the rod and ring, and set the cap and coronet on his head. Thus attired and adorned, the Prince was conducted by the Earls of Worcester and Suffolk to his place on the left hand of his father, the King.

At this point James was informed that etiquette required him to kiss the newly-created Prince, but James

was a strict disciplinarian, and he first extended his hand to his son to *be* kissed, before he arose and heartily kissed his son. Some State formality followed, at the end of which the water procession was again formed, "the trumpets sounding in the row-barge all the way as they went, and the heralds going before them in the same."

The chronicler quoted in "Nichols's Progresses of James" adds that, "the King that day dined above, but the Prince dined in the Hall and was served with great state and magnificence." He sat at the head of the centre table of three placed "longways," and with him his brother Charles Duke of York, and "divers great lords." Instead of toasts and health-giving, and odious speech-making, the guests were edified by proclaiming the style and title of the King and Prince in English, French, and Latin, with the usual largesses. "Then the trumpets sounding, the second course came in, and dinner done, that day's solemnity ceased."

Four-and-twenty noblemen and gentlemen were created Knights of the Bath in honour of this occasion. This creation was a process of some length. They met at Durham House, in the Strand, on the previous Saturday, prayed, supped, bathed, "each in a several bathing-tub which was lined both within and without with white linen and covered with rich say, and a ticket of every man's name set upon his tub very orderly." After this ceremony the elevated gentlemen went all to their pallet beds in one room, each pallet spread beneath the sleeper's shield of arms. Sunday was a solemn day for them and a gay one for London. They went through much praying and changing of costume, before

they rode forth to Whitehall to be invested by the King, and so rendered fit to feast with the Prince on Monday. They attended divine service in the Royal Chapel, and on retiring were encountered by the chief cook, gilt-handled hatchet in hand, who challenged their spurs, received his fees, and bade them to ever keep in mind their duty as knights, or he might yet have to hack off the spurs from the heels of any among them who should disgrace their chivalry. Thus warned and armed they were fitted for companionship next day with the Prince of Wales.

A letter in "Winwood's Memorials,"* treating of this matter, states that after the Prince was invested, he offered with a low reverence to depart, but "the King stept to him, and as it were by the way of welcome to that degree of greatness, took him by the hand, and then kissed him." Of the banquet the same writer states that, "he who sat nearest unto the Prince, was the full distance of half the board from him." In addition to all this there were jousts in the tilt-yard, and a slashing sea-fight and fireworks on the Thames, and masques at Court, the machinery of which must have pressed heavily on the Treasury, and costly gifts made to the Prince, and therewith a grand court ball, commenced by children and carried on by their elders till "it was high time to go to bed, for it was within an hour of the sun's, not setting, but rising. Howbeit a further time was to be spent in *viewing and scrambling* at one of the most magnificent banquets I have ever seen." So that the Elizabethan school must have had a rudeness in it to which modern discourtesy may proudly

* Vol. iii. p. 179.

turn at *scrambling* suppers, and cite as an authority. Altogether the investiture of this Prince of Wales must have cost a large sum, and yet contemporaries saw a sort of shabbiness in it, as we gather from a letter of Dudley Carleton to Sir Thomas Edmonds, in which he says of the programme of all that was to follow the actual ceremony of investiture, that it was to be "performed in as private a manner as may be, and altogether after the fashion of Prince Arthur, first son to Henry VII. who, you know, was a good husband" (of his money). "And the King in this time of necessity, which is so prest to the Parliament, is not willing to undergo any needless expense, which is the cause that makes the creation so private; whereas, otherwise, there was to have been a solemn entry and passage through the City of London, which is now contracted betwixt Whitehall and Westminster, and that by water."

Hitherto, our Princes of Wales had only added to that title those of Duke of Cornwall and Aquitaine, Earls of Flint and Chester, and perhaps a nominal barony, as in the case of the Black Prince, who was Lord Warke in right of Joan. Henry of Stirling brought with him a garland of new titles, the most of which have been inherited by successive heirs-apparent of the English throne —namely, Prince and Steward of Scotland, Duke of Rothsay, Earl of Carrick, Lord of the Isles, and Baron and Knight of Renfrew.

For the support of his household he was allowed 1500*l.* monthly, but this did not include his entire revenue. Grants were made to him of ancient possessions in Wales, to the amount, in round numbers, of 4000*l.* annually. From the honour of Eye, in Suffolk,

and similar resources, he derived about 3000*l.* annually, and he had other means supplied by the treasury, when his expenses exceeded his income. It speaks ill for the bespeakers of the masques and other braveries which celebrated his creation, that, for years after, the honest men who provided the finery were still unpaid. The State Paper Office has preserved these testimonies against the improvidence of the Court.

On the other hand, the occasion of the creation of the Prince was taken advantage of, in order to ask for various favours. One of the petitioners is Avis, Lady Cooke, who writes to Lord Salisbury the details of a domestic incident which had touched her ladyship nearly. There was a certain fascinating Mr. Fotherby, son of the Archdeacon of Canterbury, who had wooed and won her daughter. "Her worth and her birth are much degraded by that match," wrote the proud Lady Cooke, who had small regard for the son of an Archdeacon. If the Prince of Wales would but make him a knight, she might then look upon her son-in-law with complacency!

It was at the creation of the Prince that his brother Charles, then ten years old, made his graceful *début* among the little lords and ladies, and noble young ballet dancers who figured on that occasion. He had had a slowly successful struggle for the life which it had been well for him had he lost early. The little Duke of Albany, as Charles was styled in his youth, remained in Scotland a year after the royal family had left for England. Lord Fife, his guardian, transmitted bulletins of his health. One of them says:—"Your Sacred Majesty's most noble son, Duke Charles, continues, praised be God, in good health, good courage, and lofty mind;

although yet weak in body, he is beginning to speak some words. He is far better, as yet, with his mind than with his body and feet; but I hope in God he shall be all well and princely, worthy of your Majesty, as his Grace is judged to be by all, very like in lineaments to your royal person." In the summer of 1604, as the Duke made no further progress, the Queen despatched Dr. Atkins (with a fee of 50*s.* per day) to Scotland, and with him one Edward Phillipps, an apothecary, who had an honorarium of 40*l.* The physician, in July, wrote to Cecil, that he had found Prince Charles recovering, and that he was *beginning* to walk alone, which (though now four years old) he had never done before. After he had perished on the scaffold, wise folk in the North thought nature had been unwilling that he should live. Equally wise folk, when Prince Henry died early, remarked that it could not well have been otherwise, seeing that he never cast his first teeth—a sure sign of death, sooner or later!

Five hundred pounds sterling were sent to Scotland to defray the charges of bringing the poor little Duke, who could neither walk nor talk, to England. He arrived in London in better condition than was expected; and in the State Paper Office lies the solemn "discharge, for Alexander Seaton, Lord Fyvie, Chancellor of Scotland, of the custody of the Duke of York, with attestation of his being in perfect health." When taken to Whitehall, there seems to have been some difficulty in providing him with quarters, since 20*l.* yearly was accorded to Sir Thomas Knyvet for vacating his lodgings in the Palace, in order to accommodate the weak, deformed, and stammering Prince, who, in course of time, was

carried from that palace to the throne, and, in a succeeding period, from the throne back to that palace, there to be slain.

For the weakness in the boy's ankles, the King prescribed irons; for the unintelligible attempts at speaking, he would have had the Prince's tongue cut. For the misshapen legs, even his brother Henry is said to have had his joke, intimating that Charles might be appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, and that in such case he would be able to conceal his ill-made limbs beneath his robes. But Charles fell into more tender hands than these, and Lady Carey, who had the charge of him, rendering to him mother's service which he had not from his mother, by care and wisdom and love born of her office, made of that poor "Prince Riquet with the tuft," as fair and straight and well-spoken a youth as the fairy made of the Prince by power of able woman's magic.

With the new year 1606, Charles, who brought with him to Whitehall the titles of Duke of Albany, Marquis of Ormond, Earl of Ross, and Lord Ardmannoch, placed an English title before them all. "See," writes Carleton to Chamberlain, in the January of that year, "little Charles is made great Duke of York."

Previous to this advancement, the Duke's household was arranged. Indeed, as early as November, 1604, a warrant was issued to Lord Suffolk to administer the usual oath to Peter Young, Almoner of Scotland, overseer of the household of "little Charles," and guardian of his education. The salary of 200*l.* attached to the office was not long enjoyed by Peter. In the following year, Thomas Murray was appointed to be the Duke's "pædagogue," with the mastership of Christ's Hospital,

Sherborne, and a promised pension of 200 marks for life. Murray was otherwise paid by a curious process. For instance, in 1609, a grant was made to him and others of 10,000*l.*, consisting of debts due to the deceased Duke of Somerset, Lord Hussey, and Archbishop Cranmer, attainted persons;—and Murray and his co-partners were authorized to enforce payment.

Meanwhile, as in the case of Prince Henry, more money was expended on jewels for Duke Charles than for books. Besides these outlays, warrants were issued granting to Lady Carey 600*l.* yearly for apparel and linen for the Duke, and 50*l.* for him to distribute in gifts and rewards. In learning he was apparently, but perhaps not actually, less precocious than his brother. "Sweet, sweet father," he writes, "i learn to decline substantives and adjectives. Give me your blessing." In his ninth year, an age when Arthur of Winchester wrote, and Henry of Stirling was supposed to write, excellent Latin letters, Charles says, in a Latin note to the latter, "To enjoy your company, to ride with you, to hunt with you, will yield to me supreme pleasure. I am now reading the 'Conversations of Erasmus,' from which, I am sure, I can learn both the purity of the Latin tongue and elegance of behaviour." This last phrase was probably Murray's opinion in Murray's own words. For by this time it had become a recognised fact that the pedagogue of a prince was the actual writer of his letters. There is in the Bodleian library a document, from the hand of King James himself, addressed to Murray, in which that sovereign says to his son's tutor:—"Considering the pains and travails employed by you, not only in the careful education of our

dearly beloved son the prince, and instructing him in all kinds of good learning, according to the capacity of his tender years, but also in penning and framing his missive letters in divers languages, directed either to ourself or foreign princes, we are willing both to testify our acceptance of this your service, formerly done, and to encourage you with the like faithfulness and diligence to prosecute the same. Therefore, we have thought good to command you to continue the penning and writing of all such missives as shall be directed by our dearly beloved son the prince, in any of his affairs within or without our realms; giving and granting unto you, to this effect, the custody and keeping of our said son's signet, with such allowance as shall be thought reasonable and fit, and all other privileges and pre-eminences belonging thereunto."

This is a pleasant insight into the inner chambers of *quasi*-learned young princes! Henceforward we can only look for their true sentiments when they write simple English, under their own hand. As, for example, when Charles addressed a note to his lively mother, then rendered quiet by the gout. "I wish from my heart," says the boy whom she especially loved, and who loved *her*, "that I might help to find a remedy to your disease; the which I must bear the more patiently, because it is the sign of a long life. But, I must for many causes be sorry; and specially because it is troublesome to you, and has deprived me of your most comfortable sight, *and of many good dinners, the which I hope, by God's grace, shortly to enjoy!*" There spoke the loving and the hungry boy, and he adds, in the spirit of one who had some fun in him, grave as he looked in youth

and manhood—"when it shall please you to give me leave to see you, it may be I shall give you some good recipe, which either shall heal you, or make you laugh." And then kissing the "most sacred hands" of his "most worthy mistress," as he styles his mother, he subscribes himself, rather formally, her "most humble and obedient servant, CHARLES."

The brother princes are not often to be met with together,—save in the notice taken of them by others, as by a flatterer who eulogized the piety and promise of Henry, adding of Charles,—"there is no great prince in Christendom that doth not wish himself such a son." The Duke of York was occasionally housed in Sir Christopher Hatton's old residence at Holdenby, which had been purchased for him by the King, who had appointed the wife of Sir Edward Coke to the office of keeper. In his lodgings at Whitehall he had been in some peril, as early as 1605, just previous to the "plot," after which one of his servants, Agnes Fortun, swore that Thomas Percy came to the duke's lodgings, about the 1st of November, "inquiring the way to his chamber, and as to the hours at which he rode out, and as to how he was attended." The object was to gain Charles's person, not his life. In after years the "plot," in its consequences, perilled the life of his brother, if we may credit the fact registered at the State Paper Office, that in the spring of 1608, Francis Tillotson, himself a priest, gave information to Lord Danvers, that a conspiracy was forming in four different countries,—at Rome, under one Parson; in Madrid, under Cresswell; by Fludd, in Lisbon; and by Baldwin, in the Low Countries;—the object of which was to revenge on Prince Henry

and his father the death of Garnet, executed for his participation in the Gunpowder Plot. The means to be employed consisted in the despatching of five disguised Jesuits to England, to assassinate the sovereign and the heir-apparent.

Amid plots or rumours of plots, the chief incident which marked the short career of Henry, as Prince of Wales, was the important matter of his marriage. Wilson, when noticing the endeavours of the king to win a Spanish princess for the elder son, remarks that —"After some traverses, it was found that there was more time lost than ground gotten; for princes in treaties lie at the snaps, and the most backward often gets the better of it. But the king being not so hot then for this, as he was for the other son with another sister (the eldest being matched into France) made a quicker and more honourable retreat."

France was more ready to offer a bride, in the person of "Madame Christine," second daughter to the French King, who promised with her a dowry of 50,000 crowns, and ultimately bade, with the lady, twenty thousand more. In these affairs, Henry manifested nothing of the ardour of young Arthur,—the probability being that he found "metal more attractive" at home, or certainly might have found, for it was cast in his path on purpose to draw upon it his princely regard. He was simply passive, and yet acute in detecting the littleness of his father's mind;—as when, in 1612, he wrote: "The cause which first induced your Majesty to proceed in this proposition by your ambassador, was the hope which the Duke de Bouillon gave your Majesty of breaking their other match with Spain. If the con-

tinuance of this treaty hold only on that hope, and not upon any desire to effect a match with the second daughter, in my weak opinion I hold that it stand more with your Majesty's honour to stay your ambassador from moving it any more, than to go on with it."

Rochester joked upon the extreme youth of the young lady, wished well she were not the *acerba virgo*, unripe maiden that she was, but he tried to render the Prince of Wales an active wooer of the French bride of nine years old. There is a mournful tone in which the Prince, who was twice that age, replies, in probably the last letter which he ever penned:—"I choose rather to bewray the weakness of my judgment by obedience, than that his Majesty should not find in me a willingness to do my best endeavours for the satisfying of all his commandments." This obedience, in a matter where the heart now, and future happiness were concerned, was perhaps carried beyond its proper limits; and such yielding was not characteristic of the Prince in all things. Not that the Prince was the rough, soldierly young fellow for which some have taken him. Lord Campbell suspects (in his Life of Lord Ellesmere,) that it was well for our liberties that Henry died young, "for," says his lordship, "if he had survived, and shown the genius for war of which he had given manifestation, such battles as Edge Hill, Newbury, and Naseby, would probably have had a different result, and the Long Parliament would have been the last that would ever have assembled in England." But I think that Henry's martial character was greatly the result of his mother's influence, exercised in that direction, because the King hated the entire paraphernalia of war. On the other

hand, the young Prince possessed a decided taste of his own for serious men and serious pursuits. When he heard Williams preach at Newmarket, he "took great notice of him," says Hackett, "as an honour to Wales, and gave him his princely word that he would reward him after the weight of his worth." Certainly, he had a heart for greatness in his fellow-men—he could not comprehend how his sire could keep captive in a cage so rare a bird as Sir Walter Raleigh. Nor was this the only point on which he differed with his sire, or on the subject of the King's household. "I have heard," says Dr. Goodman, "that the Prince did sometimes abuse the King's servants, which the King took ill." And again, says the old Bishop of Gloucester, "I confess that the Prince did sometimes pry into the King's actions, and a little dislike them. A knight told me a tale that he was privily sent by Prince Henry to see how the Royal Navy was ordered; what defects there were, and to be a spy upon them; and no doubt but he had others in the Signet office." The old prelate believed the young Prince "had heroical intentions;" but these were exactly the sort of intentions which the King most heartily disliked; and accordingly, the attendants on the Prince of Wales, who were suspected of having prompted him to this course, were dismissed from his household.

The rules for the ordering of Prince Henry's household after his creation as Prince of Wales, when, I may mention by the way,—to be assured that he was in truth the sovereign prince he was said to be, he caused all tenants of land within the territory, whence a portion of his revenues was derived, to renew their leases, paying

the customary fines—these rules, I say, regarding his household, form a good sized pamphlet in themselves, but certain extracts may serve to show their character as well as reflect something of that of the times. For example, all ragged and unsweet persons are warned from his vicinity. His gentlemen are to see him "decently arrayed and disarrayed;" "unseemly speech" in his presence is forbidden, and express prohibition made that any of his gentlemen carry him out of the house, without leave of the Comptroller, Sir Thomas Chaloner.

The grooms of the chamber are reminded not to come into the Prince's sight "with their doublets unbuttoned or their hose untied." The grooms or the gentlemen are ordered to "lie nightly on a pallet in the privy-chamber," and to take care that the chambers "be strewed, aired, and made clean before the prince comes out of his chamber." Then, when he goes abroad, his chambers are to be locked till he returns; when at study intrusion is forbidden; cleanliness of speech and conduct is insisted on; fear of infection is impressed, and if the gentlemen-ushers find any of the servants or pages without beds, they are ordered to billet them "in the towns nearest at hand." Other persons ordered to sleep out are "such as have not shift of apparel and linen." They were only permitted to make the house "noisome" in the daytime. Some of the rules serve as proofs that the interior of a palace could only be kept "sweet" by the most stringent orders; and that gambling and noisy sports were not uncommon is shown in the commands to the authorized officials to suppress them, whenever detected.

The Prince's dinner is ordered to be served at half-past ten; his supper at half-past five, and a comfortable privacy is secured for him by an order for the ejection of all unemployed persons, from the apartment. No man below the degree of "quality" could pass the wicket, bearing his sword. The "pleb" was compelled to leave his dagger or rapier with the porter, who possessed a very large amount of authority. There is a symptom of early going to bed in the injunction to close the gates "without fail" at nine o'clock at night; and the porters were to keep a sharp look-out that none of the household shirked a daily attendance at prayers, twice. Every embezzlement of kitchen-stuff is provided against, and a curious item has respect to certain daughters of mischief, threatening the dismissal of all persons who draw them to "haunt about the stables, that are not by sufficient warrant to be there;" adding that "all night-walkers" and other evil persons specified, shall be dismissed, "except there be appearance by their submission of amendment." There is a special word of warning too against "busy-bodies;" the poor are to be fed from the remnants at the various tables, and if any official in the house dare to omit taking the sacrament at least four times in the year, he is forthwith to be dismissed; twelve times in the year being the rule recommended to the house. As for the seats in his Highness's chapel, an officer is to have regard that such seats "be not pestered and taken up by men of mean quality."

The scale of prices for provisions furnished by the purveyors, seems to have been nearly a fixed, or only a slightly sliding scale. "An ox should weigh 600lb. the four quarters, and cost commonly 9*l.* 10*s.* or there-

abouts." Respecting wages, the salary of Sir Thomas Chaloner, the head of the household, amounted only to 66*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* yearly, with his diet. Of gentlemen of the privy chamber, ordinary and extraordinary, the Prince had forty-nine. The wages of the pages of the bedchamber were only one-third less than those of Sir Thomas Chaloner, and they wore livery too. The highest salary was that of Dr. Hammond, and of two yeomen, Wilson and Bower, who had 100*l.* per annum. The Prince awarded to his librarian less than to his pages, namely 30*l.* per year, with no additions, while Walter Meek, his barber, received 20*l.* yearly, with 48*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* board wages; and 26*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* yearly for livery. But the higher officers had fees.

Despite rigid regulations, Prince Henry maintained a brilliant and a crowded court at St. James's. From the commencement, he had not less than from four to five hundred officers and servants—and more of the nobility resorted thither than were required to do homage to the King at Whitehall. The royal father's jealousy at this circumstance was manifested by an expression alluding to the Prince of Wales—burying him alive. Figuratively, such was the case, or was soon likely to become so. The Queen had caused her husband to fear rather than to love her elder son—the warmth of her own love being shed upon her younger boy, the Duke of York. But Henry was the hope of the nation, and the idol of the courtiers. On one occasion when King and Prince left the downs at Newmarket by two separate routes, all the persons of rank accompanied the latter. When James saw that he was followed only by ordinary servants, he is said to have burst into tears. James may

have remembered the remark of a Welsh gentleman to his son that there were 40,000 men in Wales ready to serve the Prince against any king in Christendom. On hearing the remark, the jealous sovereign had hastily asked—in what service? The ready Prince, to assuage his father's fears, as hastily replied:—"In cutting off the heads of 40,000 leeks!" But it is not said that James smiled at the moderate joke.

The Prince was perhaps driven into presenting himself in strong contrasting lights, unfavourable to his father. Unprincipled politicians and courtiers have found this an easy task, when it suited them, to play off the heir against the sovereign. So, at a chase, provokingly interrupted by a butcher's dog springing at the weary stag, as he stumbled on the high road, and there killing him, when Prince and courtiers came up and saw the ignoble spectacle, the latter intimated that such a sight would have made the Prince's father swear in a way intolerable to human ear. "Tush!" exclaimed Henry, riding away, "all the pleasure in the world is not worth an oath."

This gentlemanlike principle he observed in practice; and it is further worthy of observing of one so young, that (according to Sir Charles Cornwallis) he had formed a design to select the most learned and experienced of his chaplains, whose counsels in all matters of conscience he had determined to follow. This resolution was only impeded by his early death.

If, in some respects, this young Prince of Wales has been overrated,—the promise he gave, and the hopes formed of him, having been taken as great accomplished realities;—on the other hand, in the few cases where there was trial of his judgment, he came off with credit

to his discretion. His royal parents did not afford him the example of a couple well-regulated in their tempers. Bishop Goodman presents us with ocular testimony on this head; and it is when the angry pair were irritating each other that their son appears in the gracious character of a peacemaker. This is manifested by a letter of the young reconciler, in 1610. The King had been suffering at Royston, from a sore foot. The Queen, at Greenwich, had written a note to her husband, without noticing that important circumstance, and had omitted to reply to a subsequent note addressed to her by James. The latter bade the Prince inform her of his displeasure, and tell her of his fears that she was "returning to her old bias." Henry of Stirling replies: "Her answer was that 'either she had written or dreamed it; and, upon supposing so, had told first my Lord Hay, and next Sir Thomas Somerset, that she had written.' I dare not reply as you directed, 'that your Majesty was afraid lest she should return to her old *bias*, for fear such a word might have set her in the way of it, and, besides, make me a peacebreaker, which I would eschew. Otherwise, most happy when favoured by your Majesty's commandments,'" &c.

The alliance of a Prince with such present reputation and hopes of future greatness, like Henry, was especially coveted by France, who, as before noticed, offered the hand of the Princess Christine, with 50,000 crowns in it, to the heir of England. On small eagerness being manifested to accept this offer, France condescended to make the dowry more acceptable, by adding an additional 20,000 crowns. Henry seems to have been passive in the matter, though some writers

describe him as eager for this union. Of one fact we are assured, that, having little desire to wed with a Romanist lady, he at least wished she might be very young, as there would then be the greater hopes of her conversion. The match went off, in consequence of the protracted negotiations, Henry himself dying before a satisfactory conclusion had been arrived at.

Meanwhile, his father being concerned in providing him with a consort, the Prince, if report may be trusted, was occupied in establishing himself in power. In this case we come upon a passage of his life in which he really resembled that hero of Agincourt, with whom Ben Jonson rather rashly likened him—

> That other thunderbolt of war,
> Henry the Fifth, to whom in face you are
> So like, as Fate would have you so in worth.

This similarity consists in the dissension which is said to have arisen, on the application of the Prince, in the year 1611, when he was seventeen years of age, for authority to preside at the Privy Council. This was, in fact, to ask to divide the government, and to invest the son with the actual or the delegated power of the father. The application, if made, as it is asserted to have been, by Johnston the historian, did not succeed. Sir Robert Cecil is reported to have intimated to the Prince that the failure was owing to the opposition of Rochester; and it is further said that this report, entirely false in itself, renewed a hatred for Rochester, which had commenced years before at a quarrel at tennis, which had issued in blows, and which was embittered by circumstances connected with another phase of the Prince's character.

The family of the Howards, and that of Devereux, Earl of Essex, had rendered services to the mother of James, which that monarch had partly recompensed by creating two brothers of the Howards respectively Earls—of Northampton and Suffolk. The infamous daughter of the latter, James had married to the Earl of Essex, when both of them were children. Essex had been the playfellow of Prince Henry, and had broken his head with a racket, because the Prince had called him "son of a traitor." The Prince is said, in the "Aulicus Coquinariæ," to have "made love to the Countess of Essex, before any other lady living." This is stated as a "notorious truth;" and D'Ewes furnishes additional testimony in the alleged fact that the Earl of Northampton, Lady Essex's uncle, had invited her to be forward with the Prince, and to anticipate him in demonstrations of affection. Now, it is well known, whatever else be true or false, that Rochester won the heart, and afterwards obtained the divorced hand of Lady Essex, and that they both became subsequently known as the Earl and Countess of Somerset—the poisoners of Sir Thomas Overbury.

Lady Essex had a brother, Lord Howard De Walden, touching whom D'Ewes says, "that Prince Henry disdained that there should be any, the least notion of marriage, between Theophilus, Lord Howard de Walden, the eldest son of Thomas Earl of Suffolk, with the Princess Elizabeth, his sister." Bishop Goodman, however, remarks that, "as to the report that Prince Henry should say that he would not have one of the Howards, I do not remember that any one of the Howards did displease him." Certainly Lady Essex did not, till she let her

heart rest on a man whom the Prince detested; and from that time, however little connection there may be between the two subjects, the sunlight of the Prince's life was quenched.

In the month of September, 1612, when Goodman was beneficed at Stapleford Abbotts, Essex, he went with others to the King's house at Havering, in the adjoining parish, to attend divine service there. The Prince of Wales was present with the King. "Many of our brethren," says Goodman, "the neighbouring ministers, came to hear the sermon before the King; and some of us did say, looking upon Prince Henry, and finding that his countenance was not so cheerful as it was wont to be, but had heavy, darkish looks, with a kind of mixture of melancholy and choler;—some of us did then say that certainly he had some great distemper in his body, which we thought might proceed from eating of raw fruit, peaches, musk melons, &c. A while after, we heard that he was sick."

Soon after this occurrence, the Prince Palatine arrived in England to wed with the Princess Elizabeth. The Prince of Wales exerted himself indefatigably in rendering agreeable the sojourn of the Palatine in England,—undergoing great fatigue in the performance of that duty. On the last Sunday in October, 1612, the two Princes dined with the King in his privy chamber at Whitehall. It was noted by Chamberlain, in a letter to Winwood, that both the Princes sat at dinner bareheaded. The repast was not yet concluded, when Henry suddenly turned pale, became ill, and was removed in a fainting condition to St. James's. There he lay the whole week, gradually becoming worse, unvisited,—but inquired after

by King and Queen, too grief-stricken or too fearful of infection to do more, and at length in such imminent danger, that on the succeeding Sunday the revel and play that should have made Whitehall merry were deferred; and Butler, the Æsculapius of his age, was summoned to aid his court colleagues in restoring the Prince to health. "Butler's eye," says Fuller, "was excellent at the instant discovery of a cadaverous face on which he would not lavish any art. This made him, at the first sight of sick Prince Henry, to get himself out of sight." It was with extreme reluctance that Butler yielded to the proposal of the other physicians that the Prince should be bled. Henry bore his sufferings bravely, not desiring life, he said, if health were not to be its companion. Health assuredly had not been vouchsafed him during this last year, but the cause lay greatly in himself, indulging, as he did, in bathing in the Thames, at Richmond, after supper, and that not a light one; while the imprudent young Prince himself had been suffering for months, from cough and gradual decline.

Prince Henry died on the 5th of November. He made a comfortable end, says Goodman, and had no suspicion of poison. Raleigh had sent him a draught or prescription which he said would surely effect a cure, unless th patient had been unfairly dealt with. As his recover did not follow—for the Prince took the medicine thu unprofessionally supplied—the Queen was the first wh thought of poison. But among the orthodox and loya and masquerading crowds who thronged about the palac of St. James's on that "Guy Faux night," and indee all over the land, there were clear-sighted individual each looking through his own spectacles, and assignin

accordingly a very sufficient reason for the Prince's death. Among these reasons were—that the nation had failed to grieve deeply enough for the death of Queen Elizabeth; that Queen Anne, the Prince's mother, was too much addicted to favour Papistry; that the Prince had never cast his first teeth; that foreign almanacs had foretold the falling, about this time, of a brilliant star; that a lunar rainbow had been seen, one limb of which rested on St. James's Palace; that King James had recently moved his mother's body from Peterborough to Westminster, and it was well known that when such a circumstance occurred, some young member of the deceased person's family was sure to die; and, finally, the Romanists, on whose shoulders the Protestants were not ill-pleased to pile the responsibility, asked one another what else could be expected, since the Sherborne lands were not restored to "the Church." Each lay proprietor of them had come to ill. Raleigh had not flourished; Prince Henry had found his sharing in them productive of death; and Somerset ("I maun ha'e them for Carr," said the King) would not find his partaking of the plunder bring felicity to his house. The curse of Bishop Osmond would cleave to all unlawful holders of the manor!

As soon as the Prince of Wales died, the King hastily left Whitehall for Theobalds. The Queen remained at Somerset House, but declined to see James before his departure, fearful of thereby "refreshing the source of the wound." It does not appear that they saw the dying boy after he was in imminent danger; but, on the other hand, it is asserted that his sister Elizabeth went frequently, sometimes in disguise, for the purpose of penetrating to his

bedside; but, though access was yielded to more common people, her approach was debarred, on the plea of contagion.

The autopsy of the body produced a medical certificate to the effect that the Prince died from natural causes. Wilson and others point to the fact that no tests to try the presence of poison were employed, and they do not scruple to darkly hint that the father slew, or may have slain, or was capable of slaying, the young son whose life was a rebuke to the vices of his sire.

Truly, never was Prince more possessed of the popular heart than Henry. While James was down at Theobalds, and Anne shut up in an apartment tapestried with black, at Somerset House, two thousand mourners followed the dead hope of England from St. James's, by Charing Cross, to Westminster. Near the body was carried the effigy of the people's Prince, under a canopy, and clad in his richest robes. At this semblance of life, which seemed to embitter death itself, many, as they gazed, burst into tears. A long, sad ceremony at the grave was concluded by a wailing note from the herald's trumpet; and amid the profound silence that ensued, the king-at-arms, having proclaimed the titles that once distinguished the now coffined heir of England, wished longer life to his "next brother, his Highness Prince Charles"—for whom it had been better had he been entombed that day with young Henry of Stirling.

Defunct princes give liveliness to elegiac poets, and the rule was encountered by no exception on the present occasion. These mournful singers, however, are generally not without sources of consolation; and now, though their Henry was no more, the State was yet held up by

"two pillars"—Charles and Elizabeth; and the minstrels were comforted, much more so than the servants of the deceased Prince, whose salaries and pensions were left for years in arrear.

Thus the marriage of Elizabeth and the Prince Palatine had to be deferred, lest the ambassadors who came to condole, should arrive amid feasting and dancing. The Prince's debts amounted to no more than 9000*l.*, and for these there existed ample assets. His collection of medals alone was valued at 3000*l.*, and the records of the State Paper Office show that the King "put money in his pocket." In December, we find that Parliament did not meet, because the King's necessities had been relieved by an increase of what was at first stated to be 20,000*l.*, but which ultimately proved to be 60,000*l.* a year.

The idea that the Prince had been poisoned was not easily eradicated from the public, nor from a portion of the governing, mind. Morgan, a schoolmaster and minister at Southampton, said to a certain Roger Morse, that "before the Prince's body was cold, his soul was frying on a gridiron in hell." Morgan, on being questioned, replied, that he had only said to the officiously-informing Roger that naughty people in Spain had made use of such an observation. What suspicion the higher powers affected to have, was directed against the Roman Catholics, and failing there, against any one whom it was thought convenient to suspect. Coke was not idle in the matter. On the trial of Mrs. Turner, and the persons of higher rank implicated in the murder of Overbury, Coke intimated that he knew more than he chose to tell them of evil practices with regard to Prince Henry; but this was, perhaps, uttered only to prejudice

the case of the poisoners. For three or four years subsequent to the death of the Prince there was no lack of witnesses ready to tender information; and this even was made to implicate an honest Romanist pastrycook, one Sarah Saul, who for eighteen years had kept house in High Holborn, with her husband, Edwin Saul, and had never before got into trouble. It appears that on May-day, 1612, the Prince had gone *Maying* up to Highgate, had caroused there, and had become naturally and deservedly ill, in consequence. All that spring and summer his health had declined; and he died on the anniversary of the national deliverance. It was concluded that Sarah Saul might have been employed to deal with him; and in November, 1615, the startled but confident old lady was summoned to render what explanation she could before Coke himself. Such a presence did not render her confused. "She confessed that Mr. Pullen, the Earl of Arundel's steward, about one of the clock at midnight was three years, on May-day, came to this examinate's house in Holborn, and called her up presently to provide a banquet for the Prince that is dead, and for the Prince that now is, both of them going a Maying to Highgate, with many others; which banquet was carried away by four of the clock, having scarce time to dish it out: and said that Mr. Pullen, Mr. Dixe, and Mr. Arden, were there at the dishing of it out, carried them away in a coach, and this examinate went with them in the coach; and the banquet was all of dried fruit and rough-candied. And the banquet was set on the table about six of the clock in the morning." This indicates an amount of "madcapism" on the part of Henry and Charles which cannot be paralleled on

authority by any of the alleged *escapades* of Harry of Monmouth. Susan Saul—as she signs her deposition—adds, for her religion and the good name of her house, that "she confesses that she thinks the Catholic religion is the best, and that she never came to church this sixteen years or thereabouts; and said, that biscuit-bread was sliced and served out of the house to the banquet, which was none of the examinate's as she takes it."

I rejoice that no harm came to honest Susan. The inquiry dropped, and controversy began. Whether the question will ever be indisputably decided, it would be useless to conjecture. There is one circumstance connected with the death of the Prince which must be noticed before we pass to his successor. In the course of his illness he was prescribed for by Mayerne, the great French physician, who knew more about the State poisonings common in France than any of his colleagues. "In Mayerne's collection of cases, for which he wrote prescriptions" (says Mr. Amos, "Great Oyer of Poisoning," 497), "everything that relates to Prince Henry's last illness is torn out of the book." This is singular; but if Mayerne had been capable of administering poison, he would not have scrupled to enter a record of innocent preparation in his medical register.

Thus died, leaving doubt as to the cause, and grief as to the fact, Prince Henry; of whom, and of his brother Charles, Ben Jonson thus fondly prophesied to the King and Queen, at the close of the Masque which preceded the mock fights at the famous "Barriers" at Whitehall—the nearest approach to war ever made by the former Prince, of whom it would be difficult to say whether he was, in theory, more of the soldier or the sailor; in real

practice being neither:—"And this young knight, that now puts forth so soon into the world, shall in your names achieve more garlands for this State, and shall relieve your cares in Government; while that young lord shall second him in arms, and shake a sword and lance against the foes of God and you."

Early in 1613, the royal sorrow for the loss of such an heir as Henry was so far assuaged as to admit of the betrothal of the Princess Elizabeth and the Prince Palatine; at which ceremony, mourning was still worn. But at the nuptial ceremony in February, the tokens of sad memories were laid aside: the bride was in white, the King sparkling with jewels, and the young Duke of York forward and graceful in conducting his sister to the altar. The King had decided upon taking to himself the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, alleging that the dukedom, when not possessed by a prince born Duke of Cornwall, the first-born son of the Sovereign, lapsed to the Crown. But the lawyers overruled him, and James yielded with tolerable grace.

It is not, after all, easy to determine which son was the "favourite" of the Queen. Each has been named by turns; but much seemed to depend upon the humour of the hour. When Charles was a self-willed boy—as Henry was occasionally—his mother is reported to have once said of him that "he would live to plague three kingdoms by his wilfulness."

Charles played no very prominent part previous to his own creation as Prince of Wales. We hear of him at sermons with the King; paying visits to Phineas Pett, at Woolwich; and on one occasion, appearing in the King's privy chamber. The Queen, not very wil-

lingly, had brought in the new favourite of her husband, Villiers, styling him a candidate for knighthood worthy of St. George himself; and she bade Charles to bring her his father's sword. The young Duke advanced and drew from the sheath, handing it to the Queen, who in her turn approached the King, weapon in one hand, Villiers drawn by the other. James affected to be alarmed at this Amazonian display; but as Villiers knelt, she and the "little Duke" (he was then a slim boy of fourteen) guided the King's hand in laying the sword on Villier's shoulder; in doing which the three, between them,—the King in his awkwardness, the Queen in her haste, and the Duke in his boyish and thoughtless glee, very nearly poked out one of the finest eyes that ever sparkled under knightly brow.

In boyish gladness, in tennis—at which he was an adept,—in hunting, and court revelries, the youth of Charles passed on. It was the happiest period of his life; poets praised his presence, and sang of glories—which were not to come; flatterers encircled him, and prattled of virtues—which but for them he might have attained; and young ladies invented a dance, or dance-figure, indicating their admiration of the young Apollo, by calling it the "C. P." (*Carolus Princeps*). At length arrived the period, in 1616, four years after the death of Henry, when Charles was to be created Prince of Wales. Not in solemn, sumptuous, and therewith gay celebration, such as had marked the creation of the deceased Prince. The weather (November 4th, 1616) was inclement, and that, with the ill health of Charles, prevented all public show; and such ceremony as was observed, took place within doors, at Whitehall, privately; and

under one and the same roof he was invested with a title which distinguished the heir-apparent to the throne, and, years subsequently, stripped of his royalty, and sent forth to death! The King stood at the window to see his son arrive, but the Queen, for fear of renewing her grief for the defunct Prince, was unable to be present.

Winwood read the patent of creation, kneeling the while, and the young Prince listened, in the same reverent posture. Beecher, writing to Carleton on the subject, informs the latter that there was no "solemnity" on the occasion, except a combat of barriers performed by the Inns of Court; and that the courtiers projected nothing in honour of the event, because Charles was disinclined either to be left out or to take a part in any festival proceeding. "It is whispered," writes Beecher, "that he is of a weak and craizie (sickly) disposition."* Among the Knights of the Bath "dubbed" in celebration of the elevation of the Duke of York to the Principality, was "Mr. Seymour, that married the Lady Arabella." At the ceremony itself many things went wrong. The Bishop of Ely, by mistake, prayed for *Henry*, Prince of Wales; and when the "two dozen sons of noblest houses," who had been made Knights of the Bath, dined at Drapers' Hall, with the Lord Mayor and the municipality, they behaved with a rudeness to the citizens' wives which created a disgust, and was remembered when the Prince of Wales, as King, stood, with his Cavaliers, at issue with his people.

On the other hand, for scant ceremony at Whitehall, and lack of courtesy in the City, there was much rejoicing in the official residence of the governors of Wales—

* State Papers, Domestic Series, 161(

down at Ludlow Castle; and it was fitting that there should be a day of festival there, since the 4th of November, 1616, was no such day in London. Ludlow, in whose castle the Lord President of Wales had his council throne, exhibited such a show of loyalty and gladness that record was made of the same by Daniel Powell, whose "natural father," as the son calls him, was that Doctor Powell who translated those old chronicles of Wales which are still pleasant and acceptable to the ears of the sons of the ancient Britons.

The younger Daniel was no great personage himself, but he was moved, he says in his address "To the Reader," by the great cheerfulness and exceeding forwardness which was in my countrymen and all in these parts, upon the day of his *Highness's* creation as Prince of Wales. Accordingly he registered this loyal story in a book called "The Love of Wales to their Sovereign Prince, expressed in a true relation of the solemnity held at Ludlow, in the county of Salop, upon the 4th November last past. Anno Domini, 1616. Being the day of the creation of the high and mighty Charles, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, in his Majesty's Palace of Whitehall."

Daniel's warm Welsh blood enables him not to care a fico for those extremely awful beings—the "critickes." "However," he remarks, "the carping critickes may calumniate my honeste indeavours, yet I am sure they can never obliterate the memory of that day's mirth;" and with this consolatory reflection he proceeds to make record of the solemnities and rejoicings of that never-to-be-forgotten day.

By following him through this record, we seem to

share in the celebration. We hear the proclamation of resident Lords of the Council read in Ludlow town, and we see the ancient streets gradually filling with thousands of holiday-makers. Here is a limner carrying a shield of the Prince's arms, to be affixed under the pulpit in St. Lawrence's Church. There, hastens another heraldic painter to hang a similar shield in the chapel within the castle. This is before breakfast time, when things as yet are only getting into order.

The great town clocks rival each other in striking nine loudest, and then commences the business of the day. There, might be seen richly clad magistrates and even loftier personages, with suitably apparelled burgesses, and troops of scholars handsomely decked, all marching in procession to the church. They went along, that bright and bannered train, on that fair November morning, not silent and shame-faced, but with songs on their lips and gladness in their eyes, and their songs were hymns of praise of their Prince, and psalms of thanksgiving that Heaven had made him such a matchless Prince as report declared him to be.

In this wise, having before them "the Town Waites, and other loud instruments of musicke," and being escorted by a hundred soldiers, "well appointed and furnished with halberts, pikes, corslets, muskets and caliners," and Captain Leonard Lloyd at the head of them, they all set forward to church, with a wonderful clamour of divers instruments, lustily playing, in or out of tune, according to the accident of the moment.

From the Castle Green, too, had descended a glorious procession of all the notable personages of the castle, bravely arrayed, "with good consorts of musicke, as

cornets, sagbuts, and other winde instruments," and these processions and sounds united into one mass, at which moment, "a volley of shot was fired by the musketeers and caliners, which so pierced the ayre with the great noyse of drummes, and sound of trumpets, fifes, flutes, and other instruments, as the like in these parts hath not been seen; to the great admiration and much rejoicing of all the spectators." Indeed, the performance was "encored," and another volley being discharged, at the church door, and all the bands again breaking forth into crashing harmony, the grand personages, and many of the multitude, put on a quiet air and went soberly into church.

There, Master Thomas Pierson, a grave, reverend divine, and worthy preacher, awaited them after prayers with a short text and a long sermon. The former was from the 72nd Psalm: "Give the King thy judgments, O God; and thy righteousness to the King's son." There is an air of decent resignation in the way in which Daniel Powell remarks that Master Pierson "made a very learned sermon of an houre and halfe long." He adds no complaining comment, but there is a sense of oppression in the very phrasing.

Then not only the "singing men and quiristers," but also the organ highly distinguished itself, seeing that the former sung psalms "to and with the great organ," which indicates unusual power in the voice department of that huge instrument.

The "parson" having had his turn, then came the opportunity of the poet. The council-lords and other folk of note and standing returned in noisy or tuneful procession through the town, but in the market-place

they were arrested by a gorgeous display of Latin verses let off by divers scholars—but the display itself was the result of "the painful industrie of that judicious and laborious Maister of Artes, Humfrey Herbert, chief scholemaster of his Majesties free schole there, upon one dayes warning." And considering the shortness of the warning, the verses are not worse than laudatory poems by poets with much leisure.

It must not be supposed that it required of necessity a Master of Arts to "make" verses at one day's warning. There was a Ludlow alderman—honour be to his name, it was "Maister Richard Fisher," who would not be beaten by the judicious and laborious graduate. The alderman could not get a Latin muse into harness, but he walked along soberly and sonorously in English lines, recited by a couple of the scholars. And though an alderman, he was modest, acknowledging that "what the fulness of his joy brought forth," was not at all "equal to the cause's worth:" as a prophet, the spirit of the *vates* sat but uneasily on this respectable member of the Ludlow corporation, who foretold that under Charles, should—

> The proudest opposition learn to know
> The duty to our sovereign king we owe.

The Lords of the Council, however, were good-natured listeners. They, the magistrates, bailiffs, and other magnates lauded every measure, not forgetting the "gracious bouldnesse" of the scholars who had delivered the poetic message to the general ear.

Blaze went the bonfires, clash went the divers bands, and bang went volley after volley, as the procession moved on to the Court House of the Principality, where

"Sir Thomas Chamberlayne, Knt., Serjeant-at-Law, and Chief Justice of Chester," outdid the poets by the eloquence of his prose, as developed in a speech, in which he hit upon the happy fact that this day of the creation of the Prince of Wales was on "a happy and glorious day, the bright sunshining glory of Great Britain, being the first day of the week, and the first day of our term, and the next day to the Lord's own day, and the next day before our wonderful day of our great deliverance from the Gunpowder Treason, the King's day." Such singular coincidences were hardly followed by the happy consequences they were supposed to augur, nevertheless they were received with favour by an audience who were assured by Sir Thomas, that "The most excellent Prince takes it for a high honour and great dignity unto himself to be created Prince of Wales: and *therefore*," added the loyal Serjeant, "all we of this principality and jurisdiction are the rather bound to yield all honour, duty, and service to him who hath so much honoured us and all Wales."

At the conclusion of a speech, more wisely brief than the sermon, "all the people with a loud voyce prayed and cryed *Amen! Amen!*"—And then came the climax of the noisy portion of the ceremony; for the *Amens* had scarcely died away when—"all the musicke played, drums were struck, flutes whistled, trumpets sounded, people showted, and another piercing and thundering volley of shot was let flye, the eccho and report whereof resounded admirably to the great solace and comfort of all present."

There is a touch of satire in these last words of the worthy chronicler, seeing that they are followed by the

intimation that one o'clock was now full come, and with it, dinner-time. Hence the solace and comfort. "The best sort of gentlemen," we are told, dined together at the Castle; the bailiffs and burgesses and baser sort of loyal folk "went down to the Towne;" but to do the Castle justice, it must be stated that Ralph Mansfield, chief steward, tapped of his best; and the worser sort of gentlemen did not depart till they had "drunk plentifully of wine."

The afternoon jollity was abundant, both up at the Castle and down in the Town; but it had a good precedent and a good consequence. As the day had commenced with prayer at St. Lawrence's, so now was it concluded with "Evening Sacrifice" at the Castle Chapel;—"all attendant with gatherings and marchings, and musicke of delicious variety, and thundering vollies that shook the very windows of the Prince's tower." Nor was this all;—when feasting and frolic were over; and the evening service brought to an end, the Chief Justice of Chester reminded the good people that if they had met that day in prayer for the prosperity of a new prince, they had also to meet on the next day in thanksgiving for a King preserved. And the good folk not only cheered him lustily, but went to church with him the next day in grateful gladness of heart for the saving of the sire of the Prince of Wales from the Gunpowder Plot. And they listened cheerfully to Master Thomas Kaye, the King's Chaplain, who gave a longer text and made a shorter sermon than the preacher of the day before;—at all events, Daniel the Chronicler does not pause to register its length; and the holiday was carried out to the conclusion of the second day, all being done,

as Daniel piously and loyally records, "for the glorie of God, the honour of the King and Prince of Wales;—as well to testify and express his (the Justice's) duty and service, as also the loyalty and hearty joy of all his Majesty's loving subjects there assembled."

In such wise did Ludlow celebrate the creation of the Prince of Wales;—expressing hopes that were never to be realized, and uttering prophecies that were never to be fulfilled.

So pass we on to other matter, leaving to conjecture which of the discourses preached at Ludlow on this occasion, belonged to that class which Swift enumerates among the felicities of the life of a Country Parson :—

> Parson, these things in thy possessing
> Are better than the bishop's blessing:
> A wife that makes conserves; a steed
> That carries double when there's need;
>
> . . . . . .
>
> A huge Concordance bound long since,
> Sermons to Charles the First, *when Prince.*

Charles, however, when Prince, had no more liberty allowed him, at first, than when he was Duke of York. People remarked that he ran not with reins loose, at so early a period as his brother. To keep him from Popery, two sober divines, Dr. Hackwell and another, were placed with him, and were ordered never to leave him! That he preserved a regard for his own church under such a process, bespeaks his own good sense, and the discretion of his spiritual gaolers. Masques, in which were introduced a pair of goats and a speech in Welsh, reminded him occasionally of his connexion with Wales. Indeed, that he might not forget *that*, Dr. John Davies

composed and dedicated to the Prince, a Latin and Welsh Dictionary,—intimating to him in the dedication, that if there were any language with which he was bound to be acquainted, it was with "the ancient language of this isle, now peculiar to their own Wales," (*antiquam hujus insulæ linguam, nunc Walliæ tuæ peculiarem*)*

In 1618, fell the mortal sickness of his mother, whose bedside he was reluctant to leave. "I am a pretty fine servant to wait upon," said the Queen, who, more than once, on Charles returning, bade him retire to his room. At the supreme moment, however, the son was kneeling by the side of his mother's bed, and in that position the Queen gave him her blessing, her hands being guided and placed upon the head, which was not made safe by the maternal benediction. At her funeral, Charles went on foot, preceding the hearse.

After her death, she was found to have left her jewels to her son, a course not altogether pleasant to the King, who, with a different end in view, had previously sent a message to Charles, to induce his mother to make a will. The delicacy of the Prince impelled him first to send through Lord Montgomery to his father, asking if he had comprehended the message rightly. The question enraged "the Sow," as the Queen was wont irreverently to name her husband; on which the Prince wrote to Villiers: "That which made me think this message would not displease the King, was the command

* The erudite and enthusiastic lexicographer adds:—Sic etiam et operi huic a me consultum erit optime si jam recens natura et ad pedes tuos, Illustrissime Princeps provolutum, hilari fronte in clientelam suscipere dignaris.

you know he gave a long while ago, that I should use all the means I could to make the Queen make a will whereby she should make over to me her jewels. Therefore, I sent to have the King's approbation of that which I thought he had desired, and, therefore, I thought he would rather be glad than any way displeased with the message. My meaning was never to claim anything as of right, but to submit myself to the King's pleasure."

A letter written the same year to Villiers indicates the growing evil influence of "*Steenie*" over "*Baby*" Charles. "The King," writes the latter, "gave me a good sharp potion, but you took away the working of it by the well-relished comfites you sent after it. I have met with the party that must not be named, once already; and the colour (*pretence*) of writing this letter shall make me meet with her on Saturday. . . . . I hope ye will not shew the King this letter, but put it into the safe custody of Mister Vulcan." Three years later, when Charles was in his twenty-first year, a passage in a note to Villiers shows the growth of the spirit in Charles which led to such fatal consequences. "The Lower House, this day (Friday, 3 Nov., 1621), has been a little unruly, but I hope it will turn to the best, for, before they rose, they began to be ashamed of it. Yet I could wish that the King would send down a commission here (that if needs were, such seditious fellows might be made an example to others) by Monday next, and till then I would let them alone. It will be seen whether they mean to do good or to persist in their follies; so that the King needs to be patient but a little while. I have spoken with so many of the Council as

the King trusts most, and they are all of his mind, *only*" (adds this Charles le Hardi) "*the sending of authority to set seditious fellows fast is of my adding.*" Thus early, in 1621, did Charles of Dunfermline, Prince of Wales, commence the ill-advised and self-dependent course which closed on the scaffold at Whitehall in 1649! It was a course which the Prince pursued with vigour. In 1622, the House having granted a subsidy and petitioned to be dismissed, the Prince writes, "This they have done is not so great a matter, that the King need to be indulgent over them for it. Yet, on the other side, (for his reputation abroad at this time,) I would not wholly discontent them." Charles insists that the King should command the House to keep silence on certain subjects named, and adds, characteristically, "This, in my opinion, does neither suffer them to encroach upon the King's authority, nor give them just cause of discontentment;" one of those illogical conclusions which recoiled heavily on the head of the princely maker of it.

Four years previous to the creation of the Prince, the King had conferred on him the reversion of the office of Lord High Admiral of England for life, conceding to him all the profits arising therefrom, except "pirates' goods," the King being unwilling that the conscience of his son should be "burdened with things of so litigious a nature." To the ordinary source of revenue which he enjoyed as Prince of Wales, were occasionally added others of a singular nature. Thus, in 1618, I find a warrant issued, granting 2200*l.* to Adam Newton, the old tutor and now secretary of Charles, for the use of the Prince of Wales. This sum was a portion of the

first instalment of a fine of 20,000*l.* laid by the Star Chamber on the Countess Dowager of Shrewsbury. With these moneys, Charles kept a princely house, loving to have all things in perfection; even his running footmen were selected from men who had come off victoriously, or, at all events, with honour, in the foot-races then so frequent in Hyde-Park. He was hospitable too, as became a Prince. When, in the ninth year after his creation, he entertained the Duke of Brunswick as a guest, he supplied the ducal visitor even with money, making him a gift on one occasion of 3000*l.* The Duke led a joyous life, in which the Prince participated. He made such demonstrations of gallantry at the houses of the nobility where he visited, that the Duchess of Richmond stipulated before receiving him that he was not to kiss her. The Brunswicker gaily assented. The duchess received him, surrounded by a bevy of pretty maids, and the Duke simply bowing to the Duchess, went up and kissed the hilarious maidens twice round. A dozen of them was very good change for a Duchess.

As among the regal titles of James there continued to be borne that of "King of France," it was the less singular perhaps that the idea entered any English head of making something like a reality of that foolishly assumed title. Yet among the State Papers of the domestic series of this period, there is a letter from Captain Jackson to Salisbury, recommending a war with France, advocating the King's right to the sovereignty of that country, and suggesting that when conquered, it should be converted into a kingdom for the Prince of Wales.[1]

On the other hand, it is to be collected from the same

papers, that a conspiracy is said to have existed, the object of which was to dethrone James and place the Prince in his stead. When pressure was being applied to compel the King to break the treaties into which he had entered with Spain, Buckingham is accused of having declared that if James did not yield, it would be as well to leave him to his sports, for that the Prince was now (in 1624) of sufficient years to take his place. The Spanish ambassador himself informed the King that unless he looked to it, the Prince and Buckingham would shut him up at Theobalds, and his son would be King in the lifetime of his father. James wept, as was but natural, when he communicated what he had heard to Baby Charles and Steenie, but found comfort in their assurances that the report was but calumny.

"There never was braver Prince, nor fitter to command," writes Conway to Carleton. "The Prince has grown a fine gentleman," writes Chamberlain to the same person. The warmth of the affection entertained for him by some individuals, is illustrated in the case of Sir Noel de Caron, who made him his heir. He had not only grown into graceful form himself, but he could not bear to see his own old deformity in others. Sir Robert Killigrew had a son in the Prince's household, who was crooked-legged, and Sir Robert hearing that the Prince disliked his son because of this defect, wrote to Carleton, offering to mar the boy's prospects, by withdrawing him from service under the Prince of Wales. That the Prince's house, where the bow-legged page offended his master, was a dwelling where harmony made home, is indicated by the fact that Charles authorized Sir William Uvedale, the treasurer of his Chamber, to pay very nearly one thousand pounds per

annum, in annuities granted to the Prince's musicians.* If he loved music and the fine arts generally, ran successfully at the ring, rode gracefully, and tilted with success, he was not less addicted to graver studies, especially to theology. "Charles," once said the delighted King to his chaplains, "shall manage a point in controversy with the best studied divine of you all."

Then his chivalrous ardour as a lover is a familiar story to us all. It is only rendering justice to the Stuarts to say, that when they wooed a lady, in honour or in dishonour, their gallantry was unimpeachable. The narrative of the Spanish match proves that Charles was worthy in this respect of his race. During seven out of the nine years that Charles was Prince of Wales, negotiations for his marriage with Mary, daughter of Philip III. of Spain, were in progress, or in retrogression. They commenced in 1517, and in 1523 so uncertain was the conclusion to which they were likely to come, and so desirous was the Prince that they should end favourably, that then occurred that famous journey, the King's consent to which had been so often accorded and withdrawn, and which was undertaken by Charles and Buckingham, under the names of John and Thomas Smith, with a few gentlemen attendants disguised like themselves, and Archie Armstrong, the King's fool, who was not the least sagacious personage of the party.

In three weeks, after many adventures by the way, the party reached Madrid, the 7th of March, 1623, and the cost of this romantic trip exceeded 50,000*l.* They remained there about six months, England all that time being in a state of the greatest anxiety for the

* State Papers. Dom. Ser. Edited by John Bruce, Esq. F.S.A.

safety and orthodoxy of their then beloved Prince. At first, as soon as the English ambassador, Lord Bristol, had announced who John Smith really was, Spain was in a fever of delight. Charles was lodged splendidly at court, and gorgeously or insidiously invited to become a Romanist. He entered into a correspondence with the Pope, in which the Prince seemed to have a leaning towards the papacy, and he was the idol of the nation, for an hour. During his half year's sojourn in Spain he was never but once able, during a few moments only, to address a few words to the Infanta, without a witness. He had first been permitted to look on her as she passed him, blushing the while, in a coach. At Court he was subsequently allowed to address her through interpreters. Jewels to the value it is said of above half a million of money, forwarded to the Prince from England, were presented to the lady, not by, but in the name of, her lover. Once, when she had gone a May-dewing, he contrived to join her and kneel to kiss her hand, but he was speedily compelled rather than induced to withdraw, for the very tips of the fingers of the Princess were sacred, as long as no dispensation had arrived from Rome. The match was unpopular in England, for it would give a footing whereon Popery might solidly establish itself. Whether Spain ever seriously intended that it should be really effected, is still a matter of controversy. The intrigues of one week only served to undo all that had been accomplished during the preceding week, till Charles, Buckingham, and Archie the Fool became all equally weary of their never-ending work, and in August, the Prince of Wales wagered a thousand pounds against a fair diamond of Lord Bristol's that he would be out of the country in three days—and won the diamond!

The ——— ——— not broken off, it was simply deferred. Charles took what was supposed a temporary leave of his mistress—a blameless lady throughout the whole affair,—on the 12th of September, 1623. He was well-nigh drowned on going on board his ship, an incident which elicited some weak verses from a never very forcible poet, Waller. On the 6th of October, the Prince reached Portsmouth, glad at his return, and wondering that the Spanish government had not prevented it.

As for England, she fell into an uncontrollable ecstasy at this joyous return. The people feasted in the highways, drank sack till they reeled, and lit stupenduous bonfires, to express their delight. At one of these, on Blackheath, all the wood that could be procured in the vicinity was set blazing, and a timber-wain happening to pass that way, the loyal mob took out the horses, and set light to both load and waggon. As the Prince of Wales passed through London, on his way to Royston, to present himself to the King, he encountered a cart full of wretches on their dreary way to Tyburn gallows, and these he sent back with a promise of their lives, for a criminal could not, on his way to death, come under the shadow of a prince without being made to feel that the substance which flung such shadows was a princely heart—rock and fountain of mercy.

Little recked England that Spain raised obstructions which rendered the marriage definitively impossible. That the Palatinate would not be restored to the husband of James's daughter, Elizabeth, was a small sorrow to the English. They were delighted to recover their Prince. Chamberlain wrote to Carleton after the return of Charles:—"The Prince has scarcely vouchsafed to look

at a present of three cartloads of provisions, fruits, and sweetmeats sent him by the Countess Olivarez. He attends Parliament daily, and is ever so watchful over our several affairs, that all the good that results will be owing to him. He is free from all vicious inclinations, his actions gracious and graceful, and his journey to Spain has much improved him."

The joy of King James at the return of his son was not long-lived. On the 27th of March, 1625, that monarch died, painfully, yet naturally, though many have suspected he was poisoned; and Milton, in a letter to Salmasius, accuses as his murderer—his own son, the Prince of Wales! The Prince was proclaimed King, at the gates of Theobalds, where his father died. Sir Edward Zouche, the Knight Marshal, styled him, by mistake, "the rightful and *dubitable* heir!" His own first chaplain in his house as Prince of Wales—namely, Senhouse of Carlisle—was appointed by him to preach his coronation sermon, and the prelate ominously took for his text the words from the 10th verse of the second chapter of Revelation:—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." In the "Calendar of State Papers," edited by Mr. Bruce, there is an entry which shows that one of Charles's first acts had reference to certain business of his as Prince of Wales, and involved an attempt at an illegal course; for example:—"March 31, Whitehall. Conway to Coventry. To draw warrant to Lord Chief Justice Hobart to pass under his Majesty's Great Seal, as Prince of Wales, such things as had been signed, but were not passed at his father's death." It is added: "*This was not pursued, being held invalid in law.*"[111]

CHAPTER XIV.

III. CHARLES OF ST. JAMES'S.

BORN 1630. DIED (KING) 1685.

ON Ascension Eve, 1629, the Queen Henrietta Maria gave birth to a son, at Greenwich. "God had shown them," writes Mayerne to Secretary Dorchester, "a Prince of Wales, but the flower had been cut down the same instant that it saw the light." The Muses took to weeping. In the Calendar of State Papers relating to this year, Mr. Bruce cites an epitaph on this short-lived Prince, commencing thus :—

Snatched from our longing, hoping, eyes,
Here all that Heaven could promise lies.
Long wish'd, then born, he had scarce cried,
But he despis'd the times, and died;
Whom Heav'n but show'd to th' age's scorn,
And then resum'd ere hardly born!

For "the hope of Christendom," as this lucky little Prince is questionably called, the mourning poet bids all nations dissolve into tears; adding :—

Nor ever let the shower be done,
Till my King sees his second son!

The shower would have lasted about a year. The first-born Prince was a May-flower. He lived long enough to be christened, Charles James. On the 29th of May, 1630, the second son, Charles, was born at St. James's. On his birth—so his father wrote to Marie de Medicis—the King set all his hopes of future prosperity. Lady Eleanor Davys prophesied that the royal prosperity would

exist not longer than sixteen years after the day of the Prince's birth! The King, well content, went in solemn procession to St. Paul's to evince his pious gratitude before the face of the nation. A bright star twinkled in the heavens on that brilliant May morning, last of the glittering watchers that had not sunk to its rest; and poets and seers accepted the omen as indicating that unto our Isle in the West was there born a conquering child whose lot it would be to eclipse all the glories of kings and kingdoms of the East. The poets were ill-inspired, and the seers were mistaken!

"Charles Stuart" was the first of our very ugly Princes. Even his young mother recognised the ill-favour of her boy. "He is so ugly," wrote Henrietta to Madame St. George, "that I am ashamed of him; but his size and fatness supply the want of beauty. I wish you could see the gentleman, for he has no ordinary mien. He is so serious in all that he does, that I cannot help deeming him far wiser than myself." Of the Plantagenets, Prince Charles had only the stature. "He is so fat and so tall"—it is again the mother who writes to her old friend, her "Mie" St. George—"that he is taken for a year old, and he is only four months. His teeth are already beginning to come. I will send you his portrait as soon as he is a little fairer, for at present he is so dark that I am ashamed of him." In this respect Charles did not improve; and, to the last, "Rowley" remained as swart as a raven.

For the young Prince, on whose birth the planet Venus shone out in full day,—Heaven, according to old Fuller, having opened one eye more than ordinary on the occasion, the poets and poetasters rushed into various de-

grees of rhyming nonsense; Oxford poured forth unreadable stanzas, and Cambridge had the good sense to be silent. Charles who was the object of all this homage, was declared Prince of Wales soon after his birth, but he was not created a knight of the Garter till he had completed the mature age of twelve years.

The first occasion of this Prince of Wales appearing in public was at his own christening: and as this particular ceremony was the first and last at which a Prince of Wales was admitted into the church with circumstances of what would now appear extraordinary state or solemnity, according to the Protestant rubric, a few words may be devoted to the subject. On Sunday, the 27th of June, at an hour appointed, four royal chaplains, the gentlemen of the King's Chapel, and some other officials, went in procession, "surplices and copes in decent order," to the young Prince's nursery door. On the door being opened, there appeared Mrs. Wyndham carrying the infant, at whose side stood a Welsh wet-nurse. Under a canopy of cloth of gold, this group thus escorted (the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal as yet all silent) proceeded to the lower chapel door, where the Archbishop of Canterbury, the dean of the chapel, and the clerk of the closet received the unconscious neophyte. At this moment the organ rolled forth its sounds of welcome, and continued playing till the Prince had arrived in the traverse of the chapel, and the gossips had taken their seats on rich stools, on the right side of the font.

These gossips were the Duke of Lennox and the Duchess of Richmond, as representatives of the Roman Catholic King of France, Louis XIII., and his mother, the Queen Marie de Medicis. The second male gossip was the Marquis of Hamilton, who stood for the Pro-

testant Frederick, the Pfalzgraf, and uncle of the Prince of Wales. The Roman Catholic element was here predominant.

The King was alone in his "closet," or royal pew. In the order of this service, as given in a document in the Lansdowne Manuscripts, I find no mention made of a place for the mother of the Prince, who, though married by Protestant rites to the King, yet refused to be crowned with him according to the same church forms. The peers and peeresses present sat on either side of the chapel, according to their sex.

When all were seated, the Dean of the Chapel commenced Evening Prayer; and when the anthem had been sung, the Prince was brought up to the font. Two countesses bore the infant's train, and "two great lords" acted as his supporters. At this moment, the King sent "a gentleman-usher to the gossips, signifying his pleasure what the name of the Prince shall be." The usual ceremony was then performed by Laud, and in the name of two of the most bigoted Roman Catholics in the world, solemn promise was made, which was little heeded even by the Protestant gossip, that the newly-christened Prince of Wales should be virtuously brought up to lead a godly and a Christian life.

The Evening service was then proceeded with; and at its close, his Majesty handed forth "the Thanksgiving, set by Craufurd, to be sung;" which being done, the heralds stepped forward, and Garter King-at-Arms proclaimed the names and titles of his "princely highness." This little matter of pomp and glory—worldly vanities, which two minutes before had been renounced,—having been duly celebrated, the organ again broke forth, playing what was then called the "Offertory." At this hint,

the Prince of Wales was carried up to the altar, where, by the hands of the Lord Treasurer, he made his first offering, the Dean of the Chapel receiving the same. So good an example set by the young Christian was speedily followed by the gossips. These personages presented for themselves, and not for their constituents. The most liberal of all was the old Duchess of Richmond, who paid profusely for the honour of standing for the young Prince's grandmother. She had come to the palace in a royal carriage, escorted as if she had been Marie de Medicis herself. Six plumed horses drew the ponderous vehicle, around which rode lords, and knights, and gentlemen. To the knights, who were perhaps representative knights, she presented 50*l.* each; the coachman also received 50*l.* from her; and each of six running footmen was made glad by a gift of 10*l.* It was well for them that they had charge of a duchess and not of a Queen-dowager. When she and her fellow-gossips had placed their offerings on the altar, their "gifts to the baby" were brought from the vestry, under a salute from the organ. Here, again, the generous-hearted old duchess was prodigal,—her gift being a jewel worth 7000*l.* Moreover, to the Welsh wet-nurse, Mrs. Walton, she gave a gold chain worth 200*l.*; to the midwife and ordinary nurse, services of massive plate; and even to each of the cradle-rockers, a cup, saltcellar, and a dozen silver spoons! At the christening of Edward of Caernarvon, it was the officiating prelate who was prodigally rewarded; at that of Charles Stuart, the archbishop was made none the richer in land; costly jewels fell to the infant, and the subordinates came off better than their superiors.

From the first, there was an obstinate self-will in the otherwise easy and good-natured Charles. He took an early liking to a billet of wood, from which he stoutly refused to be separated, at any time. He lugged it with him abroad, and it accompanied him to bed. The searchers after omens concluded that he would ultimately, perhaps, have an affection for worthless people, or prove a sort of sovereign King Log: and on this occasion the soothsayers were not far wrong. Further, the young Prince's fixed and reasonable aversion from medicine brought on him remonstrances, and admonitory or menacing notes from his mother; but, as Charles wrote to his governor, Cavendish, afterwards Earl of Newcastle,—"I would not have you take too much physic, *for it doth always make me worse*, and I think it will do the like with you." Such was the little gentleman touching whom John Evelyn afterwards said—"I do most perfectly remember the jubilee which was universally expressed for the happy birth of the Prince of Wales now Charles the Second, our most gracious Sovereign."

Cavendish remained the Prince's governor from 1638 to 1641, at which period, for the King's sake, and knowing himself to be unpopular with the Commons, he resigned that office, and was succeeded by the Marquis of Hertford. At the earlier date, young Charles already kept house apart from his parents, as is specified in the deed of appointment. The deeds naming the respective governors of the Prince are, word for word, the same throughout, except in the names of the individuals appointed; and I select the document which confers on the Marquis of Hertford the governorship of Prince Charles, it being brief enough to merit to be cited, even were it

less rich than it is in illustrations of the manners and customs of the times, and of the affection gracefully expressed by the King for "so great a jewel" as his son Charles Stuart. After the usual high-sounding and ostentatiously affectionate preliminaries, the decree proceeds thus:—"We have found it convenient for the better education of Prince Charles, our son, to remove him out of our own house, and place him in a house apart, where he may have better commodity to attend, as well to his studies as to recreations for his health, and so to be continued for a time. And for the good proof we have long had of your singular affection to our person, and for the trust we repose in you, as well in regard to your zeal for religion as for your discretion, we have made choice of you to have principal charge and custody as well of the person of our said son, as also the oversight of all his household and family attending him, who being to us so great a jewel as he is, the charge likewise is of great weight and care to you, wherefore we have thought good to accompany so great a burden with sufficient authority to you for the execution and discharge thereof: and we therefore direct these our Letters Patent to you, under our Great Seal of England, whereby we do give you power and authority for the better execution of the charge committed to you, to command, rule, and direct, as well all persons which shall be of ordinary attendance about our son the Prince in his house, in all things that may concern the safety of his person, or the observation of good rule in his house, as also all Justices of Peace, Mayors, Bailiffs, Headboroughs, and all others our officers and ministers in places next adjoining to the house wheresoever for the time our said son happens to be, to

be aiding and assisting you in all things concerning this your charge; and, namely, in visiting of houses in towns and villages, next to the place of abode of our said son, to discover infection of sickness, or any lewd or suspected persons that shall presume to haunt near to his said abode; wherefore we will and command all Justices of the Peace, Mayors, Bailiffs, Headboroughs, Constables, &c., &c., to be ready and obedient to all your directions, from time to time, as you shall have occasion to require their aid and assistance, and therefore not to fail, as they will answer the contrary at their peril." This deed is signed by the King himself, and dated from Westminster, August 10, 1641.*

The Marquis ("the Mr. Seymour" who married Lady Arabella Stuart, and was knighted when Charles of Dunfermline was created Prince of Wales) was at a subsequent period succeeded by the weak and witty Earl of Berkshire; and something of Charles's careless character has been attributed to the little zeal of his governors to render him better than he was by nature. Had he had the benefit of the governorship of Hampden, as was at one time proposed, his after acts might have proved as wise as his sayings were witty. Not those lords, however, but two notable men had charge of important branches of the Prince's education. Hobbes of Malmesbury instructed him in mathematics, and Charles reflected credit on his teacher. A Kentish clergyman, Brian Duppa, who from a humble curacy had risen to college offices of which his scholarship rendered him worthy, and who subsequently died, Bishop of Winchester, was charged with making the Prince a

* Rymer, vol. xx.

classical and good general scholar. Duppa did not succeed like Hobbes; but Charles loved the man, however little he may have heeded the master. The latter was a loyal, learned, and pious man, at whose sermons Pepys, in after life, sneered as being "cold;" but considering how that little man was often engaged with some pretty neighbour while the preacher was expounding, we are reluctant to judge of the quality of the Prince of Wales's tutor by the testimony of the gay clerk of the Admiralty.

The Prince's governors were not all selected by the King and Queen. When the latter visited the Earl of Newcastle at Bolsover, in Derbyshire, in 1634, the host treated his guests with a masque of welcome, including "a dance of Mechanics," by Ben Jonson, and the taste displayed, and the hospitality exercised, are said to have led to the appointment of the earl, four years later. He was a stately and foolish, but brave man. Hertford was a man of another character. He was the great-grandson of the Protector Somerset. This Protector's eldest son, Lord Hertford, was the husband of Lady Katherine Grey, sister of Lady Jane Grey. This marriage, broken by Elizabeth, was declared valid by the Stuarts. From it was descended the Prince of Wales's second governor, who had, when plain "Mr. Seymour," as much offended James I. by privately marrying Lady Arabella Stuart, as his ancestor had offended Elizabeth by marrying Lady Katherine Grey. In the widower of Arabella, the representative of the Greys, and the hereditary leader of the Calvinistic party, the opposition saw a man who seemed to them fitter to be placed near the Prince of Wales than Lord Newcastle. Hertford was accordingly forced upon the King, who

found in him the noblest of the cavaliers—faithful beyond the scaffold and the grave. Lord Berkshire was more simple and less stately than Newcastle, and the least efficient of the governors of Prince Charles, whose boyhood, under them and his tutors, was not a joyous period. It opened brightly enough, but the dissensions between King and Parliament broke up his home and separated him from his mother in his early youth.* There is a letter (printed in Halliwell's collection) written by him from Royston, in March, 1642, to Mary, Princess of Orange (his young sister, married the preceding year), in which the Prince says:—"My father is very much disconsolate and troubled, partly for my royal mother's and your absence, partly for the disturbances of this kingdom." He daily prays, adds the Prince, for a perfect concordance between the King and his opponents, for "the removal of the grievances of the country, and the renewing of our decayed joys." And after some very stilted passages and illogical phrases, and a confusion of epithets—such as that of calling the overthrow of the Irish rebel, O'Neill, a "sad misfortune"—which it undoubtedly was for the rebel, the young letter-writer characteristically adds,—"Dear sister, we are, as much as we may, merry; and, more than we would, sad, in respect that we cannot alter the present distemper of these turbulent times." In conclusion, the Prince informs the "Princess of Aurania," as he styles her, that his "father's resolution is now for York, where he intends to reside, to see the event or sequel to these bad unpropitious beginnings, whither you may direct your letter."

The Prince, when he wrote this epistle, had been for

* The Queen escaped to Holland in February, 1642.

about a fortnight the companion of his father, first at Greenwich, then at Theobalds, and afterwards at Royston. Lord Hertford had taken his ward to the first-named place in spite of a parliamentary order to the contrary. At Theobalds, the King was waited on by a Committee of both Houses, requesting him to leave the Prince of Wales at St. James's or any other of his houses near London; but Charles replied, that "for his son he should take that care of him which would justify him to God as a father, and to his dominions as a King."

With the heir to the throne, Charles made his progress towards York, leisurely and mournfully visiting his different (and now desolate) country seats by the way. From March to August, 1642, the Prince of Wales was with the fugitive court of York, and when the King raised his standard at Nottingham, and seriously began the contest which was to end with his ruin, the Yorkshire gentry sent with him "two or three troops of good horse for the Prince of Wales's regiment, to be commanded by Sir Thomas Byron." * At that melancholy opening of the great struggle, "to occupy the minds of his followers," says Mr. Warburton, "probably rather than for any other motive, the king then held a Chapter of the Garter, with such state as was practicable under the circumstances." This was to do honour to his young kinsman, Prince Rupert, and was well calculated to impart a chivalric character to the raising of the standard. Charles, Prince of Wales, at the same time received the honour of the Garter. Mr. Warburton adds that, "this was the only Chapter ever held out of Windsor;" in which statement he is in error, Henry VI. having held a Chapter at the Lion Inn, at Brentford,

* Warburton's "Rupert and the Cavaliers," vol. i. p. 319.

for the creation of Sir Thomas Hastings and Alonzo d'Almade.

I have noticed the Prince of Wales's regiment of cavalry; the progress of events brought it with the royal army to Edgehill, where the King fought for access to the London road, from which Essex was unable to keep him. The Prince of Wales was then in his thirteenth year, and the King appointed him, on this occasion, captain of a troop in the regiment of horse named after him, and took him and his brother James to witness, rather than join in, the fight so obstinately contested on Edgehill field. As the issue began to look doubtful, the King commanded the old Earl of Dorset to convey the young Princes to a safe distance from the battle. Dorset, like the tutor of young Rutland at Wakefield, would have willingly taken the two boys into the thickest of the fight, there to learn the art of war, or die before the instruction was completed; but the brave old man scorned a commission which drew him away from danger. "I will not be thought a coward," exclaimed that gallant heart, "for e'er a Prince's son in Christendom!" and therewith went forward to encounter peril and win glory. At that moment, the King and his sons, few guards being near them, were in imminent danger. In attendance on the young Princes was a philosophic man of peace, Dr. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and to him the King gave directions to withdraw the boys to a neighbouring hill, whence they might view the fight, in comparative security. It was a bright October Sunday afternoon of the year 1642—the 23rd of the month. Harvey, accompanied by Mr. Hyde, and a few of the King's pensioners, by way of escort, accordingly withdrew to a neighbouring eminence, where the great physician seated him-

self behind a hedge, took out a book, and forgot the bloody game playing out, on the plain below. Not so the Prince of Wales and his brother. The two boys, side by side, gazed through the hedge, and marked the perplexing chances and changes of the fray—the royal standard lost and won, and loyal Lindsay shot down at the head of his valiant infantry. The Princes were still gazing, and Harvey was absorbed in his book, when a cannon ball came crashing through the hedge, and roused the tranquil group to a sense of their peril. The philosopher closed his volume, and rising, took the Prince and Duke by the hand, and under instructions from the King, Hyde and Harvey conveyed them on to Edgeworth.

From this period to 1645 we hear no more of the Prince of Wales in the field. Meanwhile Rupert won Chalgrave, and the Parliamentarians lost Stratton, and there had been an indecisive but bloody fray at Landsdown; and Wilmot gained the day for the King at Roundway Down, and at Newbury victory sat not decisively on either helm; and Marston Moor had shaken, and Naseby was about to annihilate, the royal cause, before the young Prince, who had idly enjoyed the little Court at Oxford, where his mother presided during the period after her second return to England, and whence she had again departed to the Continent, was despatched into the West, "to unboy him," as the King remarked, "by putting him into some action and acquaintance with business out of his (the King's) own sight." Such was the King's public declaration, but he is said to have privately resolved that the Prince should merely "keep his Court in the West, that they might be separated from each other, without engaging himself in any martial action, or being

so much as present in any army."* The Prince had with him his weak and foolish governor, the Earl of Berkshire, whose weakness and folly were to be controlled, so the King said, by the Prince's council. The council themselves were not overjoyed with their commission, and perhaps the Prince's old tutor, Duppa (now Bishop of Salisbury), was the best friend who accompanied for a time the royal and youthful Generalissimo: such was his title. Rupert had requested that there might be no General-in-Chief in England but the Prince of Wales; but he bore the more modest title of leader of the Western force, when, on the 5th of March, 1645, father and son parted at Abingdon, never to meet again.

When the Prince of Wales was thus appointed Generalissimo of a not yet existent royal army of the West, the struggle between King and Parliament having then nearly drawn to a close, he was fifteen years of age, and the King most anxious for his safety. The young Generalissimo was subject to a council, composed of Richmond, Hyde, Southampton, Capel, Hopton, and Colepepper, to be rid of whom, Digby and Ashburnham, who remained with the King, rejoiced exceedingly. The military career of Charles of St. James's is in remarkable contrast with that of Edward of Woodstock. It was the privilege of the latter ever to victoriously lead his own countrymen against a foreign enemy. It was the mischance of the Stuart ever to find his own countrymen triumphant against their opponents on the King's side. As "Generalissimo," he was merely conducted in humiliating progress from Oxford, through Bath, to Bristol, where the Prince lived for a time in Lord Hopton's house, entirely at his host's expense. The King was unable to provide

* Hoskins's "Charles in the Channel Islands."

his son with a single penny, or furnish him with a single man.

From Bristol, the plague raging there, Charles moved to Bridgewater, where he found the old superintendent of his nursery, Mrs. Wyndham, wife of the governor, Colonel Wyndham. This lady kindled a faction in the Prince's household, spoke with rude familiarity to him in public, sneered at the council, asked for places for her own kindred, and fulfilled the King's dread lest she should turn her influence over his son to bad account, knowing as he did that she was in the habit of speaking disdainfully of his sacred person to his son.* The lady, in short, took entire possession of the young gentleman, over whom she speedily began to exert such very unwholesome influence, that his alarmed council very unceremoniously laid hands upon the royal heir and carried him off to Exeter, thence to Pendennis, and finally to the Scilly Isles.

The council did well, for bad company gathered around the Prince. At Barnstaple, for instance, a young fellow named Wheeler intruded himself with great boldness about the Prince, and the Bishop of Salisbury complained to the council that Wheeler "was very debauched, and of so filthy a behaviour that it was not to be spoken of, and that Sir Hugh Wyndham had complained of some beastliness of his that was not to be named." Clarendon adds that "both Wyndham and Wheeler were subsequently forbidden to come near the Prince's court."

Before embarking for Scilly, the Prince had resigned his command to Lord Hopton, who fought and lost the battle of Torrington, the dreaded consequences of which drove Charles from Launceston to the Cornish Isles, where he arrived in the *Phœnix*, on the 4th of March. Lady

* "Charles in the Channel Islands."

Fanshaw, who was of the party, certifies to their great privations, lack of clothes, with not meat and fuel enough to last the court for a month. Nevertheless, "there was no more thought of leaving the island than of going to Virginia."

Previously to his reaching that place of safety, it had been proposed that the Prince should be conveyed to France. In "Perfect Passages" (Jan. 27th, 1646) we find it said:—"The match of Prince Charles with the Prince of Orange's daughter," writes a journalist, "is still on foot. The chief officers in Cornwall have used their endeavours to send him beyond sea into France, or elsewhere; but his Highness puts them off, and cries, and stamps, and vexeth, and saith he will not leave the kingdom, he had rather come into the Parliament, if he cannot stand out long."

There was a noisy, merry, and yet anxious court, for a brief period, in St. Mary's Isle; but soon was there also such chance of Batten or some other Parliamentary sea-captain, swooping down on the defenceless place and snatching up the Prince, that his guardian council, declining to carry him to France, as his fugitive mother there required, resolved to wend with him to Jersey. The Parliament had lovingly invited him to come to *them*, and had, with a fleet, endeavoured to get at him, but a storm dispersed it, and with the first fair weather Charles escaped.

While, however, the Prince of Wales was yet in St. Mary's Isle, the King contrived, through his agent Montreuil, to convey to Henrietta Maria, then in France, the pictures that belonged to both his sons. The Prince had not yet left Scilly for Jersey, when the King wrote to his wife to express his desire that the heir to the throne

should be with his mother: "It is true," he writes, in March, 1646, "my person will not want danger, but I want not probability if reasonable good security, the chiefest of which is Prince Charles his being with thee, concerning whom I desire, as thou lovest me, first, that thou wouldest not endeavour to alter him in religion, nor so much as trouble him upon that point. Next, that thou would not thyself, nor suffer him to be engaged in any treaty of marriage, for I believe that with the Prince of Orange his daughter to be broken, without having my approbation."

Meanwhile, Henrietta Maria, who had protested against her son remaining in a locality so defenceless as the Cornish isles, looking on his possible capture as the certain annihilation of the royal cause, hailed with joy the resolution of a change to Jersey. "I have strained" (thus she writes to Hyde, April 4th, 1646) "to assist you with present provisions, shipping, and money necessary for the Prince's remove to Jersey; where, be confident of it, he shall want nothing." She adds, that if storms or foes should compel him, on his way, "to touch in France," she had solemn promise from the French Government that "he should have all freedom and assistance from thence in his immediate passage thither, which is granted with great cheerfulness and civility."*

Twelve days after the letter, from which the above extract is made, was written, namely, on the 16th of April, 1646, the frigate *Proud Black Eagle*, of 160 tons and 24 guns, set sail from Scilly, carrying Charles and his council and officials; two smaller vessels followed, conveying his troops and household servants, to the amount

* "Letters of Henrietta Maria," edited by Mrs. Everett Green.

of 300 individuals. During the few days the passage lasted, Charles himself for several hours each day took charge of the helm, and gaily steered the bark which carried him from England. The Prince of Wales was then a wanderer on the seas, his mother was an exile in France, and his father was in the power of his questionable friends, the Scots.

Jersey received the princely wanderer with an outburst of loyal exultation. The islanders, who were, however, forced to let lodging gratis to the hangers-on of the court, were half mad with delight at having amongst them a King's son, who charmed them by his affability and joyous temperament, and who admitted them to witness his dining in state—where he was served with feudal ceremony, the board resplendent with gold and silver plate, the Prince uncovering while a Doctor of Divinity said grace, the Doctor then standing a little behind him during the repast, and groups of Cavaliers circling near him, with their plumed hats held in their gloved hands. Then carvers cut and tasted, and pages served the Prince on bended knee, and a youthful cup-bearer, reverently handing him the goblet, stooped and held a golden cup beneath his master's chin, that no drop of the wine might soil the princely garments.

With such splendour before them, they bore easily the pleasant princely command to obey a fixed tariff for the sale of provisions, under the penalty of being publicly flogged. And if they were heavily taxed for the new forts about to be raised, the plans of these were drawn by the Prince himself, and the islanders approved of the skill of a gay young gentleman who had studied mathematics to such purpose under Mr. Hobbes of Malmesbury.

There, too, the Prince of Wales exercised a prerogative granted by his father—that of conferring titles of honour on meritorious Cavaliers; this office he performed with admired grace; and the islanders had admiration, too, for his piety as well as for his graceful carriage; and beheld him going in state to, and praying in state at, the church in St. Heliers, with infinite pleasure and edification. Profusion of flowers and herbs of sweet savour were cast about the aisle along which he passed, and on the carpet of state, and around the throned chair, and on the table placed for his convenience. The Gothic pillars of the building were enveloped in verdant branches and wreaths of flowers; and, true illustration of that royal ignorance, helplessness, or indifference, which used to be thought so dignified, there stood at the right hand of the Prince a royal commissioner, one Doctor Poley, who handed him the prayer-book, and industriously looking up the passages of Scripture cited by the preacher, submitted them to the consideration of the young gentleman lolling in the chair of state.

The English service a little puzzled the Anglo-Norman islanders, but they admired even what they failed to comprehend; and to them a Prince who went to church thrice every week, and took the sacrament in public with a devout bearing they had seldom witnessed, was a source of fascination to which they delivered themselves with alacrity.

The chief recreation of the Prince of Wales at Jersey consisted in his being afloat, and managing a little yacht or barge sent to him from St. Maloes. No one dared touch the tiller of the gilded boat but he—the royal helmsman, who, seated on velvet cushions in the stern sheets, and with companions round him careless as

himself, joyously sailed, or with sweeps out, glided about the picturesque and land-locked bay in safety, thoughtlessness, and rare enjoyment.

While the Prince of Wales was disporting himself in Jersey, sailing on its circumjacent waters, or keeping gay household at St. Heliers, his father was urging Henrietta Maria "to continue the same active endeavours for Prince Charles as thou hast done for me, and not whine for my misfortunes in a retired way, but like thy father's daughter, vigorously assist Prince Charles to regain his own." Learning something probably of the light and unrestrained course of life led by the Prince in the Norman isle, the King writes to the Queen, from Newcastle, on the 28th of May, 1646:—"I think not Prince Charles safe in Jersey, therefore send for him to wait upon thee with all speed (for his preservation is the greatest hope for my safety), and in God's name let him stay with thee till it be seen what ply my business will take; and for my sake, let the world see that the Queen seeks not to alter his conscience. As for his going to Ireland, I am not for it, yet if the Queen should command him to go, I will avow her in it; for I know if the Queen does it, she will have good reason for it."*

Charles also wrote to his son, bidding him obey her "in everything except religion, concerning which I am confident she will not trouble you;" and this letter Henrietta forwarded to Jersey by Sir Dudley Wyatt, with a note in which she writes:—"Your coming hither is the security of the King your father; therefore make all the haste you can to show yourself a dutiful son. There is no time to be lost, therefore lose none, but come speedily."

The Queen wrote in equally urgent terms to Lord

* Charles I. in 1646. Letters, &c. Edited by John Bruce, F.S.A.

Culpepper, impressing upon him the necessity of convincing the Prince of Wales's council that "the King's commands must be executed." Meanwhile, the parliamentary party took an interest of another sort in this important young personage. "I find," writes the King to his wife, from Newcastle, June 3rd, 1646, "that their style somewhat changes whensoever they speak to me of the Prince of Wales, expressing a great desire that they should have the comfort of his company, which, God knows, is not for my sake, but for their own ends." France! France! that is the only port of safety he can see, "whether it be for contributing to a happy peace or a gallant war; wherefore now command him, in my name, to wait upon thee, and not go to Denmark." So intent was the King on getting the Prince of Wales into France, that he wrote a second letter to the Queen on the same day, June 3rd, and to the same purpose, ending it with the words:—"If this finds any opposition at the place where he now is, I would rather have thee endure the trouble of going to fetch him thyself, than to suffer him any longer to be absent from thee."

Added to all this is to be noted a letter from Mazarin, shown to the Prince, in which the cardinal stated as of his own knowledge, that a conspiracy existed in England to seize upon and surrender the Prince to the Parliament for a sum of 20,000 pistoles. More moving still, the Queen sent him a large sum of money, and the portrait of his cousin, the grand heiress, Mdlle. de Montpensier. And therewith came Jermyn, and Digby, and Widdrington, and Wentworth; and these lords overruled the scruples of the council; and Charles, contemplating the portrait, the money, and the prospects of a joyous

life in France, proclaimed his obedience to his parents, took grave leave of his doubting tutors and counsellors, and on the 25th of June, supported on the arms of Jermyn and Digby, embarked for France, after a sojourn of ten weeks in the island, where all that remains of him, as a personal memento of his visit, is one clumsily made leather riding-boot, preserved in the armoury at Elizabeth Castle.

The fugitive Prince reached St. Germains about the middle of July, unaided and unwelcomed by the French authorities. Masters of ceremonies were hard put to it to settle the forms to be observed on his introduction to French royalty, and Mazarin was busied in assuring the English Parliament that the Prince's residence in France should not be a passage towards a Restoration. In August, Culpepper writes from St. Germains to Chancellor Hyde, at Jersey, with a superb indication of his ignorance of French: "The Prince goeth this week to Fountain Bileau for four or five days;" and a week later, in a letter from John Jane, at St. Germains, to a friend in the loyal island, the writer says:—"The French allow the Prince nothing of their great promises; and I thinke the Corte wish themselves at Jarsey agayne." At Fontainebleau, as Murray writes to Hyde, "the Prince was received as civilly and with as much respect as could be." That is, the boy-king and his mother Anne of Austria met Charles a league or two from the palace, took him into their coach, and so conducted him to the royal residence in the forest; and, says Murray, "though we are not to be restored by ceremonies, yet these civilities are better than neglects." Murray intimates that the Prince of Wales had so borne himself

that he was beloved by the women as well as the men, but he bewails the unpleasant fact that, however merry the English Court in France may be, they are all, from the Prince downwards, as poor as they are gaily careless.

The ceremonious formalities of the three or four days passed at Fontainebleau, the salutations, bowings, curtseyings, the mock humility offering Charles precedence, and then coolly assuming it over him, was in some degree compensated for by huntings and pleasant visits to radiant court ladies, and finally, by the introduction to the "Grande Mademoiselle," the great heiress, Mdlle. de Montpensier, daughter of the Duke of Orleans, and a damsel with a dowry that might have tempted an emperor.

It was the dowry of the "Grande Mademoiselle" that formed her chief merit in the eyes of poor Henrietta Maria, who was determined to secure it and the lady for her son. Mademoiselle de Montpensier was an extremely dashing, self-willed, well-favoured, audacious girl of nineteen, coquette to her finger-ends, and accomplished in all the French arts which availed so little against Charles when the young Prince had gained more years, more courage, and a little more experience. When the Prince of Wales's anxious mother presented her son to Mademoiselle, the latter saw before her a tall well-formed lad of sixteen, with ruddy-brown cheeks, like a ribstone-pippin, long, clustering, dark-brown hair, and eyes as brilliant as they were black. The young queen of coquettes, with all the right and might of her additional years, studied her youthful and silent adorer. Henrietta left them alone to cultivate a closer acquaintance, but she had also—wonderful circumstance for a

French mother—left her son without the means to attain such an end. She had forgotten to instruct him in her own tongue, at all events sufficiently to enable him to express himself in it. "Now," says the Grande Mademoiselle in her Memoirs, "what *could* I do with a young fellow who could not speak French?" Charles looked, smiled, spoke English, and—worse than speaking no French at all—spoke broken French, which from an English throat is at once the most odious and ridiculous sound that ever was uttered. To Mademoiselle it was all as nothing: and "what could I reply," she asks, "to a lover who had nothing to say?" and then, contemplating that graceful head, the fresh beauty of youth gracing the dark brow, she remarks—"Could he only have spoken for himself, Heaven only knows what might then have happened!"

The following this superb coquette, however, had its particular attractions for the Prince of Wales; and the dashing and imperious young lady received his homage as a matter of course; never touched by it, but speculating the while on the possibility of her winning the hand of the young Louis XIV., or of the Emperor of Germany. The silent yet assiduous Prince had formidable rivals in the potentates whom the Montpensier chose to place on the list of men whom she might condescend to marry. Meanwhile, Charles was first in her train at every fête, nearest to her at every play, always prompt, plumed hat in hand, to escort her to or from her ponderous carriage, and altogether serving an apprenticeship in the courts of love which stood him well when his hand, a "'prentice hand" no longer, touched the responding fingers of the Lucys, the Barbaras, the

Eleanors, and of other nymphs a score, who listened to him after youth had vanished from his brow, and when a sarcastic expression ever played around a mouth which, even in his salad days, was the worst feature in his face.

But Henrietta Maria desired to see in her son a thriving lover, and not the mere lacquey cavalier of the laughing beauty of the French court. She assumed, or was induced to believe, that the lady was willing, but that the swain was indifferent, and her woman's wit resolved upon a course that was to render the said swain subdued in completeness of love to the fairest of nymphs out of Arcadia. Some grand festival was about to be celebrated at court; some occasion when beauty put on a panoply of charms which should be irresistible. At this toilet for conquest, Henrietta Maria had arranged that she herself would array the young French beauty, and that the younger Prince of Wales should be present to witness the unusual spectacle, under colour of an assistant at the ceremony. And as the Queen of England decked the French coquette, Charles stood by, candle in hand, moving as he was bidden, from right to left and left to right, now extending a hand to adjust the brilliant chain on Dian's snowy shoulders, now receding a foot or two to view a craftily-designed effect and give his required opinion as to the taste from which it sprung. In short, the diamond was played before him till, dazzled by every separate ray, he became, as it was supposed, blinded by the concentrated splendour when Mademoiselle turned from the toilette-throne, a little more dressed and not much less beautiful than Anadyomene herself.

The stricken squire attached himself nearer than ever to tend this well-graced beauty, happy in his service,

and seemingly not thinking of her heart. On a subsequent occasion, Anne of Austria tried *her* skilful hand on the tiring of the nymph for a court ball at which the latter appeared, as Madame de Motteville assures us, "as if all the beauties and riches of nature had been exhausted to contribute to the adornment of this fair creature." A chorus of adorers acknowledged the powers of face and form and adornments adorned by *her*, as she entered the ball-room. The young King ceded to her his throne, and with the Prince of Wales, sat on the steps of the dais at her feet. She felt an empress, and does not fail in her Memoirs to avow that fact. She gloried in having the great ones of the earth below her footstool, where several of the blood-royal had taken their places. She felt as an empress, and she says, "from the throne to which my high birth fully entitled me, I could not help looking down upon the Prince of Wales with my heart as well as my eyes, for my mind was filled with the idea of espousing the Emperor." She had been told that the Germans longed for her, that the Queen of France would aid her to that greatness, "and under those circumstances," asks the "Grande Mademoiselle," "how could I do otherwise than regard Prince Charles as an object of pity?"

The Prince, and his acute mother also, became sensible of the altered feeling which took the form of compassion; but the former consoled himself with spirit. As time wore on, and the ambition of Mademoiselle was fain to lower itself, and she became conscious that her interested relations were not likely to aid in disinheriting themselves by assisting her to a marriage with *any* individual, she in *her* turn began to woo the Prince.

At a court-ball, in the spring of 1647, she condescended to ask him to lead out Mademoiselle de Guise to dance. Charles perhaps would have obeyed, or might have been gallant enough to have taken out the Grande Mademoiselle herself, but his royal mother interfered, and to pique the lady to whom she herself had stooped in order to win her dowry for the Prince of Wales, she requested him to take the hand of Mademoiselle de Guerché. Charles obeyed, and moreover, of his own movement, subsequently led out Mademoiselle de Chatillon, for whom he manifested that night so much regard that, what with the ardour of its exhibition, and the fact that the Prince of Wales did not ask Mademoiselle the whole evening even to dance the *courante*, the Montpensier overwhelmed Prince Rupert with the clamour of her grievances, and swept from the ball-room, an irresistible beauty in an uncontrollable passion.

Mademoiselle threatened to bury herself in a convent; she took to reading good books; donned uncouth attire; neglected her person, and then shook this all off when the Prince of Wales came next year from St. Germains to Fontainebleau, where every one found him improved in manners and appearance, the hereditary hesitation of speech being less remarkable, as Madame de Chatillon found, to whom the improving lad made love with the perfection worthy of a French abbé.

But all the various moods of the Grande Mademoiselle were assumed in vain, and none of her imaginary lovers were ever attached to her car. M. de St. Aulaire, indeed, in his *Histoire de la Fronde*, asserts that when Charles returned to France after the battle of Worcester, he wooed the Montpensier with the most passionate

gallantry, offering to turn Romanist if she would agree to become his wife. The Prince, at all events, was lucky in not obtaining what he is said thus to have sought. Charles was too well suited with Catherine of Braganza. What would have been his life with a woman who loved and fought with the sentimental energy of a dragoon? who repeated obscene phrases uttered in her hearing by courtiers, with all the wicked pertness of the abandoned Ver-Vert? who won a triumph against Mazarin by turning the King's cannon on the city of Paris, and who made epigrams on the victims in the days of the Fronde?

Meanwhile the Prince of Wales is still in his first exile at St. Germains, where the Queen, in her little court, was a strict mother to the children whom she had about her—to the Prince, the Duke of York, and the little Henrietta Maria. Especially was she strict with the Prince of Wales. The latter never entered her presence, it is said, with his hat on; but to uncover in presence of a parent was then the universal and graceful custom of all well-bred children. Otherwise, in the condition of a mere child she maintained him; made him sign whatever document she pleased to lay before him; took to herself the small bounty granted by the French Court to the English Prince, on the ground that it would be unbecoming in the latter to be reduced to a pensionary of a foreign King—a condition which Charles never had the manliness to consider humiliating; and finally, Henrietta, taking upon herself what she considered the satisfaction of all his requirements, paid his tailors' bills, and never allowed him to be "master of ten pistoles to dispose of as he desired."

If we were to read only the Memoirs of Madame de Motteville, or those of the "Grande Mademoiselle," we might conclude that the life of the Prince of Wales in the French Court was one of unbroken gaiety; but there were the sad days as well as the gay nights, the time well-spent as well as the seasons abused. There were clamourings with prayer for money; and reconcilings of quarrelsome English courtiers. Even Hyde did not think ill of the young Prince for occasionally attending the French Presbyterian Chapel at Charenton, which had been visited by the orthodox episcopalian Evelyn. Light as he was by nature, he could be grave when gravity was a duty, and he "gave worthy Dr. Earle, one of his chaplains, leave to read to him an hour in the day; and Mr. Hobbes, to teach him the mathematics, another." There was, in short, a great mixture of virtues, vices, noble endurance, inconsistencies, pride, and poverty. When Evelyn went to St. Germains, in 1649, to kiss the hand of the Prince of Wales, then nineteen, he rode in Lord Wilmot's coach, and with them Lucy Barlow, the mistress of the Prince of Wales, and subsequently "mother to the Duke of Monmouth, a brown, beautiful, bold, but insipid creature." Then again, if the high ministers of King Charles, grouped around the Prince of Wales, in Paris, were possessed of means which enabled them to make some show and keep some state, there were English cavaliers there, of a Knight's degree, too, who were in straitened circumstances. Evelyn furnishes us with an example when he writes, "29th Dec. 1649. I christened Sir Hugh Rilie's child with Sir George Radcliffe, in our chapel, the parents being so poor that they had provided no gossips,

so as several of us drawing lots, it fell on me, the Dean of Peterborough (Dr. Cosin) officiating."

These poor knights did not allow misfortune to tempt them to crime, as the followers of the brother of the Prince of Wales, when that brother was the exiled King, James II., residing in the palace at St. Germains, which had afforded him an asylum in his boyhood. These cavalier gentlemen occasionally *took to the road*—delicious euphuism for "highway robbery;" and some of them were broken on the wheel in the square of St. Germains. The followers of the Prince of Wales did not indeed rob, or cut other people's throats, but they gambled, quarrelled, and savagely fought, or were hardly kept from savagely fighting. The young Prince had difficulty in restraining a murderous fashion, the force or charm of which was acknowledged by his cousin Rupert, and was therefore adopted as the proper course to be taken when offence was given and had to be wiped out.

From these dissensions, and from balls, hunting, love-making, and mathematics, the Prince of Wales was called away to action. In 1648 a chance seemed to present itself of recovering much that had been lost. The King of England was a captive, but there was a revolted ex-parliamentarian fleet ready to acknowledge the Prince for their admiral, at Helvoetsluys. Charles, at the end of June, posted to Calais, sailed thence for Holland, and took command of the fleet there, in spite of the attempt to assert the claims of his brother, the Duke of York, as Lord High Admiral, and by help of his brother-in-law, the Prince of Orange.

A naval demonstration followed, but no fight. The Prince of Wales's squadron was about to attack that of

Warwick near Queensborough, but a storm separated them. There was no danger, and under these pleasant circumstances "the Prince is said to have exhibited great courage." On returning to Holland, Van Tromp stood in between him and Warwick, merely to "keep the peace." Miserable dissensions followed; the Prince went on shore, and the command of the royal squadron was ultimately conferred on Prince Rupert. The Duke of York returned to St. Germains, and the Prince of Wales, retiring to Breda, resided there in extreme poverty, which was only rendered not intolerable by the charity and other good offices of the Prince of Orange. When he was in his deepest poverty, his father was daily drawing nearer to the great catastrophe. Partly to gratify the filial affection of the Prince, Dutch ambassadors were sent, but sent in vain, to induce the Parliament to spare the King's life. It was from Holland, too, that the Prince of Wales despatched a blank sheet of paper, bearing his signature at the foot, thus signing by anticipation any terms as regarded himself, provided the life of his father was not taken. This is perhaps the noblest trait in the Prince's career, and not the less noble because it was fruitless. When the fatal news of the King's death reached the Prince, "the barbarous stroke so surprised him," says Hyde, "that he was in all the confusion imaginable, and all about him were almost bereft of their understanding."

The Prince, however, recovered from his surprise and confusion in so very brief a period, that Clarendon feels constrained to apologize for it, on the ground that his friends had earnestly solicited him to assume all the courage demanded of him in his new condition. That new con-

dition, of King, did not raise him out of poverty and degrading dependence. The Prince of Orange "furnished him with black, and other mournful emblems of his father's death, besides all things necessary for his support. Towards any other support for himself and his family he had not enough to maintain them one day, and there were few among his followers who could maintain themselves in the most private way." By "his family" is probably meant Lucy Barlow, *alias* Walters, who in the month of April following became the mother of "John Croft," better known afterwards as "Duke of Monmouth." A month after the birth of this unlucky child, Charles proceeded to Paris, went thence on a brief visit to Jersey, returned thence to Breda in March, 1650, and there met the Scottish Commissioners, who invited him to repair to their native country to be crowned King. Accordingly, in the July following he sailed up the Frith of Cromarty, and signed the Covenant on shipboard as the purchase of a permission to land on Scottish territory. He remained, as a sort of prisoner at large, till the New-Year's Day of 1651, when he was crowned at Scone with some magnificence, and afterwards lectured in a dreary, bitter, insulting sermon, which, to judge by the printed copy published at Aberdeen, must have occupied two weary hours of that eventful day, and with which he was lustily cautioned, menaced, counselled, and pummelled, until he must have felt inclined to pull the reverend Mr. Douglas from the pulpit.

As even the English Independents acknowledged as "King of Scotland" the Prince crowned by the Scottish Presbyterians, I here take leave of Charles of St James's.

Nine years elapsed before he entered as a monarch the palace in which he was born. To bring him there earlier, Dunbar was fought for him in vain, and he himself with fruitless gallantry maintained the four hours' fight at Worcester. His after-story has been narrated in the King's own words, and does not belong to my subject. I will therefore conclude this sketch by stating that, in October, 1651, the fugitive monarch succeeded in escaping from his pursuers into France, whence the force of political circumstances compelled him to withdraw to Spa, and subsequently to Cologne. In various cities of Flanders and Holland he led a life of poverty and pleasure, and appears to have borne the former with a gay sort of philosophy, till the year 1660, when he was restored to his father's throne. That father left for the instruction of the Prince of Wales a document of considerable length, the purport of which was to enable him, should he ever gain the crown, to wear it with dignity, and to be remembered rather as Charles the Good than Charles the Great. To effect this, he enjoins his son to learn wisdom from his trials, to be faithful to the Church of England, never to strain the law, to use and not abuse the prerogative, to manifest himself by his virtues, to respect truth, and never leave a promise unperformed;—and the living son profited only as sons of his quality do, by his dead father's counsel.

BOOK V.

PRINCES OF WALES

OF THE

HOUSE OF HANOVER.

CHAPTER XV

PRINCES OF WALES OF THE HOUSE OF HANOVER.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS OF HANOVER.

BORN 1683. DIED (KING) 1760.

FROM the year of the execution of Charles I. (1649) to that of the creation of George Augustus of Hanover, as Prince of Wales (1714), that title was unknown in England,—and yet it was borne by an heir to the crown, born in this country, and by that heir's son, born in Rome, who found no lack of followers to acknowledge its legality. I allude to the son and grandson of James II.; and although their right to assume such title was not recognised by the law, some notice of the two unfortunate Princes of the House of Stuart, who, successively, called themselves, and were called, by it, may be connected with the more lengthened details referring to their more fortunate cousins of the House of Hanover.

Four sons of James II. (when Duke of York), by his first wife, Anne Hyde—three of which sons had borne the title of Duke of Cambridge, and one, Duke of Kendal, died early. One son by his second wife, Mary of Modena, Charles Duke of Cambridge, was born, and died in the year 1677. Eleven years later, in 1688, when his parents were on the throne, was born the Prince James Francis Edward. "People were not a little surprised," says Sandford, "to hear the Queen

was brought to bed of a Prince; however, this account was published by authority:—Whitehall, June 10. This day, between nine and ten in the morning, the Queen was safely delivered of a Prince, at St. James's; his Majesty, the Queen Dowager, most of the Lords of the Privy Council, and divers ladies of quality being present." On the 15th of the following October, the Prince received private baptism, on which occasion he may be said to have been "Gazetted" Prince of Wales; the notice, by authority, running thus:—"Whitehall, Oct. 15. This day, in the chapel of St. James's, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, being before christened and solemnly named (amidst the ceremonies and rites of baptism) James Francis Edward; his Holiness, represented by his nuncio, godfather, and the Queen Dowager, godmother. The King and Queen assisted at the solemnity, with a great attendance of nobility and gentry, and concourse of people, all expressing their joy and satisfaction, which was suitable to the place and occasion." In this way, amid a rejoicing concourse of people, was *privately* baptized the first English Catholic Prince of Wales that the country had seen since the creation of Henry, afterwards eighth King of that name.

The birth of this Prince of Wales removed William and Mary from their presumptive heirship to the throne, in some wise as that of Edward of Westminster deprived Richard, Duke of York, of his expected inheritance. But the Stuart Prince soon ceased to be an impediment in the way of the Prince of Orange. At six months old he was, in his mother's arms, a fugitive. With his family, James Francis resided

at St. Germains, under the title of Prince of Wales (*late* Prince of Wales he was commonly entitled in the English papers), till 1701, the year in which his father died. The year previously he had been publicly confirmed, or "taken his first communion." The Earl of Manchester, English ambassador in France, writing to Lord Jersey, informs the latter that the Archbishop of Paris received the so-called Prince of Wales at the gates of Notre Dame, with the honours ordinarily accorded to a King. The rite impressed the young communicant, for he subsequently declared to his delighted mother, that he would now rather die than offend God mortally. Poor boy! like wiser persons, he forgot his own resolution, as he did the counsel of his dying father, who, following the course of many dying men, gave excellent advice which had never formed the rule of his own conduct.

During the period he was acknowledged in France as Prince of Wales, he won the hearts of not a few, who willingly indeed paid tribute of their love, where they never intended to offer tribute of loyalty. He grew up, —witty, lively, bold, and graceful; and made the poorer Jacobites ecstatic, by sharing among them his own small revenue in pocket-money. At the age of thirteen, he was tall for his age, of a slender figure,— and looking so attractive in his little bright cuirass and his rich point-lace cravat,—that Innocent XII. pronounced him, what no fine-art critic would ever have thought of calling him, in such attire, —"truly an angel!"

In 1719, the titular King espoused Clementine, granddaughter of the heroic Polish monarch, John Sobieski.

It was an unhappy marriage; and the vices of the husband drove the wife to seek refuge in a convent, within six years of their union. A formal reconciliation was effected, and Clementine for forty years lived under the roof of the titular King,—as St. Bridget did with Prince Ulpho; and then died. Her consort followed her to the tomb the following year, 1766.

At that date, George III., proud, as he said, of being born a Briton, was firmly seated on the throne of England. In his person the country had seen the third Prince of Wales of the House of Brunswick; but at the period of his accession, both the sons of James Francis were alive, the elder of whom, Charles Edward, had borne for some time, on the Continent, the title which distinguishes the first heir of England. Charles Edward was born at Rome, in the year 1720, at which time George I. was King of Great Britain; and his son, George Augustus, first Prince of Wales of the Hanover or Brunswick line, was in the thirty-seventh year of his age, and the sixth since his creation as ruler of the Principality.

There was still a strong antagonism between the two branches of our ancient house. Five years only had elapsed since the affair of '15, and a quarter of a century later the male line made a bold and almost successful stroke to unseat the descendant of James I., through his daughter, Elizabeth of Bohemia. Hitherto the chiefs of the houses of Stuart and Brunswick observed dignity in their position of antagonists. Their respective partisans, however, had neither the temper nor good sense to follow so excellent an example. Seldom has there been so reckless a disregard for truth as that

exhibited on this occasion by the party-writers,—paid party-writers, chiefly, on behalf of the family reigning or of the family that had ceased to reign. He who reads the effusions of authors of one faction only will find ground enough therein to curse the opposing faction. Men high in authority or power furthered this employment of "Captain Pen," and neither side is free from the reproach of having calumniated the other. This ignoble course commenced early. The fable of the warming-pan was devised to prove that the Stuart Prince of Wales was an impostor. For virulent slander against the father of that Prince, it is now known that Titus Oates,—at a time, too, when his rascality had brought upon him the confiscation of his civil rights,—was receiving the liberal wages of 10*l.* per week. During ten years, Walpole expended more money in rewarding the newspaper and pamphlet writers adverse to the Stuarts, than was expended by Louis XIV. in annual pensions to learned men in various European countries. Best paid of all these slanderers was Arnall, whose glory was in writing for hire, and whose venal pen gained for its unscrupulous wielder, in four years, little less than 11,000*l.* Warburton has pilloried this fellow in his "Notes to the Dunciad;" and he adds, that the hireling, in his unclean fury, sometimes so exceeded the terms of his commission, that his very employers blushed at his scurrilities.

At a later period it was the practice of writers in what they chose to call the Hanoverian interest to "write down" the courage of the Stuart Prince of Wales. It was the great fault, at once, indeed, a blunder and a crime in that unhappy Prince, that he bore arms against

his country, and had the blood of Englishmen on his conscience. Bearing arms, however, he bore them like a gallant soldier. Equal terms of praise may be awarded to his son, who fought as bravely and as foolishly as he; and not less to their cousins of Brunswick, who fought like the sons of a line that, man or woman, had never known fear. The Princes of both houses went under fire at as early an age as that in which the Black Prince saw his first field. On some occasions, they met as foes in the same contest. At Oudenarde, in 1708, the Stuart Prince of Wales, James Francis, was ranged against Prince George (afterwards George II.), whom Queen Anne had created, two years previously, Duke of Cambridge. In 1709, at Malplaquet, James Francis had well-nigh recovered the lost fortunes of the day by his vigorous charge against the brave German cavalry, whom he completely routed; but the English troops were there, and against their "antique valour" and the skill of their glorious commander, no courage nor ability could prevail; and the Stuart rode from the field, honoured but not triumphant.

When George I. landed at Greenwich, on the 17th of September, 1714, he was accompanied by his only son, George Augustus, then in his 31st year. Ten days later, this son was created Prince of Wales. He had been already married nine years, to Caroline of Anspach, and he was the first Prince of Wales, since Edward the Black Prince, who had children of his own in the lifetime of his father.

George Augustus was born at Hanover, on the 30th of October, 1683. His mother was Sophia Dorothea of Zell—a woman of much beauty, but small discretion, who

was hated by her husband and loved by her son. The hatred of her husband has been attempted to be justified by the recent publication of her alleged correspondence with Count Königsmark, which are supposed to be conclusive of her lack of loyalty as a wife.* We have her own repeated assertion, made when taking the Sacrament, and finally reiterated on her death-bed, that her fidelity to her husband had never been violated. Against this assertion we have the correspondence in question, with no shade of satisfactory proof that the letters are genuine. "In no age," say a writer in the "Athenæum," No. 1522, "has literature been free from the intrusion of spurious records into the domain of truth. One man forges in pure love of sport—throws his forged papers into a collection, to be found a hundred years later, merely to perplex the pundits. Another forges to sustain a crotchet or a principle. But the most industrious and the most facile are those who forge for profit. Every one familiar with old papers is aware that the publication of historical documents—letters, plays, poems, maps, charts, and cylinders—has now ceased to be a learned profession, and has become a manufacture. As the Old Bailey had its tribes of rascals ready to witness against anybody and anything for money, so literature has its race of outcasts ready to furnish any document that may be wanted, from a Wardour Street pedigree, derived from scrolls in a Cheshire muniment-room, up to a copy of Homer from a monastery at the summit of Mount Athos." With this passage in view, and the conviction that it was important for those who murdered Königsmark, and destroyed the reputation of Sophia Dorothea, to blast

* Blätter für litterärische Unterhaltung, &c.

the character of that Princess for ever, we may find fair warrant in disregarding the correspondence to which I have alluded, and to accept the love of the son as a better testimony to his mother's innocence, than the hatred of a faithless husband as evidence of the guilt of his wife.

At the Electoral Court of his father, George Louis, George Augustus was brought up under the superintendence of his grandmother, the "old Electress" Sophia. That remarkably clever lady gained no credit by her pupil, nor is there any appearance of her having desired to do so, although she loved her grandson better than she ever did her son. Educated under the influences of superabundant precept and most unsavoury example, the Electoral Prince became unruly of temper, of contracted intelligence, and of an ever-recurring indiscretion.

Till the Act of Succession little interest was felt in this country touching the young Prince; but when that Act placed him near the English throne, reports of English travellers sojourning in Germany used to reach these shores; and such as referred to George Augustus were received with curiosity, if not satisfaction. Nothing could well be more contradictory than these reports, for while some were in praise of the Prince, others were couched in terms of violent censure; and a Jacobite pamphlet, addressed "To the Thing called Prince of Wales," repeats a current assertion of the day, that till the passing of the Act above noticed, George Augustus was brought up in a farmhouse; and the book intimates that the habitual rudeness of that personage was owing solely to this early training, or the want of it. If one could credit this assertion, it would be more reasonable

to refer the superstitious quality of the young Prince's mind to the teaching of his rustic tutors, than to the influence of the Electress Sophia, who was a woman distinguished in most things for her strong common-sense.

The Jacobite pamphlet further reports that (for some cause not named) the Prince's "French schoolmaster, and others, had been whipped to death"—a fair specimen of the exaggerations of the lower members of the Tory faction of that day.

But that faction could not deny the young fellow's bravery. Compared with that of his Stuart cousin at Oudenarde, it suffered nothing in its lustre; and, saving a little too great exclusiveness of spirit, the birthday versifier was justified, who sang of the fair-haired and stout-hearted young soldier:—

> Let Oudenarde's field your courage tell!
> Who look'd so martial, or who fought so well?
> Who charg'd the foe with greater fire or force?
> Who felt unmov'd, the trembling, falling horse?
> Sound, sound, O Fame, the trumpet loud and true;
> All, all, this blaze to my Prince George is due.
> In early life such deeds in arms were done,
> As prove you able to defend the throne.

"He is hot-headed," said his father of him; "but, nevertheless, he is not without heart." This is the most affectionate speech on record, of that sire of whom St. Simon has remarked, that he always hated his son because of the bad opinion he entertained or affected to entertain of that son's mother, Sophia Dorothea.

The imprisonment of that princess commenced when George Augustus was ten years of age. He was, therefore, sufficiently old at that period to remember with an affection that never seems to have diminished, her early

good offices towards him. This filial memory will account for and justify the attempt he made, when yet a youth, to escape from a hunting-party and obtain entrance into the Castle of Ahldin, where his mother was detained. He was pursued, overtaken, and brought back, a sort of prisoner, one at least condemned never to behold again the mother, to look on whom he had made such bold, though fruitless essay.

At the age of twenty-two, he married Caroline Wilhelmina Dorothea of Anspach, who was of the same age as the Prince. This lady had refused the Archduke Charles, with a crown in view, rather than change her religion for his sake. The spirited Protestant princess did not immediately accept Prince George; and as the definite acceptance happened not to take place till after the decease of her brother, the Jacobite writers gave a reason for her delay, at the very memory of which the heart itself turns sick.

In the ensuing year, Queen Anne created him an English peer, under various titles, culminating in that of Duke of Cambridge; but when Baron Schutz, the Hanoverian minister, applied to the Lord Chancellor for the Duke's writ of summons to the British Parliament, the Queen affected to believe that the Baron had acted without authority, and she wrote to the Duke that his presence here would interfere with her comfort and his interests; and so he was fain to remain at Hanover, till the arrival here of his father, as King. This disappointment was compensated for by the Queen consenting to be godmother to the Prince's eldest daughter—that sharp-witted little Anne (born 1709), who was so vain and so ambitious—who admired male beauty and yet

married the ugliest man of her day—the Prince of Orange—and who ultimately disliked her own father because he would not be ruled by her as he had been by his wife.

Previous to the arrival of the Hanoverian family in England, there were born of the marriage of George Augustus and Caroline, four children, namely, Frederick Louis, born in 1707 (subsequently Prince of Wales); Anne, born two years later; Amelia, born in 1711; and Caroline, born in the following year. The three daughters accompanied their mother to this country, which was not even visited by Prince Frederick until after his father's accession to the throne.

The new Princess of Wales did not reach London with her young charge until after the creation of her husband as "*Prince* of Wales." The first appearance of the party in public, after the coronation, in October, was at a corporation festivity at Guildhall. At this serio-comic affair, the Princess declined to kiss the Lady Mayoress—Queen Anne having broken through that civic formality—whereupon the chief lady in the city bawled loudly for her train-bearers, to show that she was as great a person on her own ground as any Princess of them all; and she cried to her page, "Boy, bring me my bucket (Bow-bell euphuism for *bouquet*), and altogether behaved so strangely, that some court wag told the chief members of the royal family present, that the Lord Mayor (Humphreys) had only hired her for the occasion.

Ten days later was the anniversary of the birthday of the Prince of Wales. On turning over the newspapers of the day, I find none so satisfied with that anniversary and with the Prince and his family, as the

"Patriot." From columns of sugared laudation I cite a few passages, as they reflect something of the persons as well as of the opinions of the immediate period, and, I may add, the occasional quaintness of style then prevalent, however little approved of.

"This," says the "Patriot" of October 30, 1714, "This is the anniversary of the birthday of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and by being so, in a more particular manner is made valuable to us, who daily reap the advantage of his virtue and valour." The valour at Oudenarde was thus remembered; the virtue was attributed to the chief of the House, of whom it is drolly said:—"All the virtues of the King are so happily infused into his successor, and throughout his whole illustrious family, that he will ever live to make us happy, though (if I may so express it), he may *sometimes change his dress.*" Could Madelon or Cathos have invented a prettier euphuism than this, for death and metempsychosis? But, turning to the sire and son, the "Patriot" remarks:—"To have an heir to a crown, young, brave, and active, in all monarchies, has been esteemed the next blessing to the Sovereign's being just, wise, and valiant; but to have a Prince upon the throne, valiant, courteous, compassionate, politic, and religious; to have his successor possess all the charms and gaiety of youth, furnished with all that knowledge and those accomplishments which are necessary for a gentleman, a prince, and a Christian,—these are distinguished blessings here only to be found." And then of the Prince of Wales alone, we find it said:—

"To have the successor stand in the near relation of a son, a husband, and a father, and to fill each station with

that duty, that tenderness, and affection which they severally require, is a happiness to be found in no other nation in the world but our own."

So much for the Prince; of the Princess we find a character in prose, which Addison did not write, but which he copied closely in his panegyric in verse:—

"In other reigns, a gentleman and a Christian have been esteemed inconsistent appellations, but in this all approved gallantry and fashion will take its rise from the religion we profess. The exemplary propriety of her Royal Highness the Princess has already broken in upon a custom which is no way agreeable to the purity of our religion. To be a tender wife and a fond mother will now be no longer a fashionable jest, but piety and affection esteemed as additional ornaments to beauty and wit. In short, virtue and innocence now surround the British throne."

This last *jubilate* brings the writer to speak of the children of this marriage, and especially of the future Prince of Wales, who, however, hardly did justice to the generous praise of the "Patriot."

"I have mentioned *Innocence*, which, methinks, sets before me those surprising infants which are the reward of their parents' virtue. The young Prince is not yet indeed, arrived in these happy kingdoms, but the greatness of his parts, at an age in which those of other children are scarce discernible, the majesty of his appearance and the gracefulness of his deportment, have already gained him here a reputation, not as a child, but as finished man."

And, finally, of the royal young ladies, we are told that "His sisters, the young Princesses, who are daily

the admiration of the British court, in every entertaining answer which they make, and question which they ask, discover a capacity as much superior to that of other children as is their condition." So wrote an independent Briton of an heir-apparent, whose father and mother never loved and always reviled him; of a father whose own sire was wont to fling at him a whole vocabulary of filthy terms, and a mother for whom "she-devil" was the mildest term vouchsafed in his anger by her father-in-law.

Indeed, in justice to the Jacobite writers, it must be said that in the epithets which they applied to the Prince, and Princess in particular, they only a little exceeded in bitterness those nearest akin to that illustrious pair. The Jacobite pamphlets show the hopelessness and the worthlessness of their authors in their want of temper and the unseemliness of their epithets. The Prince is told, in one, that as to his being a man, he is only "*Quelque chose,*" resembling one. He is told that "the land is cursed with him and his," and that the east wind will be more than ever execrable in England, since, by its favour, he and his family arrived on these shores. All public calamities were laid to the charge of him and his family. Fires, storms, bankruptcies, diseases, and sudden deaths, seem to have come in only with Hanover and Hanover rats. I should disgrace myself and disgust my readers if I were to repeat the least offensive of the suggestions whispered to the Prince touching the Princess of Wales—they are filthy beyond the most crapulous imagination. The writers, indeed, spare neither father nor wife; and the writer of a pamphlet addressed to the "Thing they call the Prince of Wales," while attributing

to the presence of the Hanoverian family the murrain which had been destroying the horned cattle, expresses his wonder how, when such *beasts* were perishing, his father, "the Elector," had been so lucky as to escape. How the authors and printers of such infamous books escaped, *we* may well wonder. That the authors were not necessarily low or illiterate men may be conceived from what learned and virulent old Hearne himself has left on record, touching the alleged drinking propensities of Caroline, and their exceedingly nasty consequences.

In contrast with these men, if the anonymous Jacobite writers *were* men, stands fair, prattling, self-satisfied, brave-hearted Susan Centlivre. In May, 1714, she had boldly dedicated one of her plays to George Augustus, then Duke of Cambridge, and as the period was one in which, as the Whig "Patriot" remarks, it was esteemed almost a crime to name the electoral family, the dramatist lady was in 1715 extolled as "a mistress of a true British principle." So this gentle yet vivacious Susanna was the first to wish the Princess of Wales a "happy new year," on the 1st of January, 1715, in some highly-flown stanzas which represented Caroline at her toilette and admitted the universe to a contemplation of her charms. Susanna then told our ancestors that if Apelles could have seen the Princess at the toilette in question, he would have taken her as a model for Venus, rather than the goddess herself; in which case, says the powdered Sappho to the wife of George Augustus,—

> Your charming figure had enhanced his fame;
> And shrines been raised to Carolina's name.

The poetess, however, reflects that no artist could fix

as his own the grace which bloomed in *her*, and is then disposed to envy the glass which if gazed upon by the royal beauty—cold glass, she thinks, if not fired to something exceedingly impertinent by the light and warmth of such eyes! Of those eyes Susanna becomes enamoured, as Cretan ladies were wont to be of one another. In *them* she beholds Love's conquering arrows; on her locks, Susanna distinguishes, carelessly hanging, Dan Cupid's darts, "a sharpened dart at every hair," and, seeing in Caroline the sum of all singular and several beauties which distinguish some few poor mortal women, pronounces her divine, and gifted with an immortality of youth. It is difficult to believe that such exaggerated homage could ever have been offered or received; assuredly, the Sappho will have small chance of being awarded a gilded laurel leaf, who may venture to compare our next Princess of Wales against all womankind, after this fashion of Mrs. Centlivre:—

> Beauty from Fancy takes its various arms,
> And ev'ry woman some one breast may move;
> Some in a shape, a lip, a look, find charms,
> To justify their choice and boast their love.
> *Here* in one form Nature's whole forces join,
> And fix the standard of her sacred coin.

The Prince and Princess of Wales had come to this country with very different feelings. The former could with difficulty control his joy, or conceal his pride, or repress expression of his first honest impulse to fulfil every duty in the higher and more responsible station to which he had been raised by the accession of his father. It was otherwise with the Princess, if we may believe Baron Pilnitz. She was coldly indifferent to the new honours awaiting her; and, considering her husband as

good as any King before he became heir to one, thought nothing the better of him or of herself as they stood next to a throne. Such *may* have been the real sentiments of Caroline, but it is to be remembered that there never lived a woman so well able to conceal her true feelings as that accomplished and, in many respects, admirable Princess.

George Augustus remained Prince of Wales, from the year 1714 to that of his father's demise in 1727. Those thirteen years were years of ignoble family dissension, and not of pure example either in father or son, whose differences were aggravated by the selfish interests of politicians, and by the want of self-respect (and of mutual respect) in the unnatural adversaries. Long before the heir was driven from the royal palace by the King, people spoke and wrote of the "two courts," and of their widening disagreement. The first public display of this feeling was exhibited at the christening of the Prince's first son born in England. This was George William, in behalf of whom the Prince had asked the King and his brother, the Prince-Bishop of Osnaburgh, to stand as sponsors. The King had acquiesced, but he appeared at the bed-side of Caroline on the day of the christening, with the Duke of Newcastle, who was execrated by the Prince, as his co-sponsor. The Prince of Wales nursed his wrath till the officiating prelate had concluded the sacred ceremony; and then little edified the high personages present by raising his hand menacingly to the Duke, calling him a rascal, and warning him of future vengeance for the present insult. Whether the confusion that followed frightened the baby or not cannot be certified; but in

a few weeks that lucky baby had the good chance to die; and the Duke of Newcastle, he being Lord Chamberlain, had the unenviable superintendence of the funeral; so that wicked people said that his grace had not only introduced the infant Prince into the bosom, but also into the bowels, of the church.

From this period there was never real reconciliation between the father and son. They quarrelled so intensely that the power to be mutually hateful seemed innate in them; and Lord Carteret expressed a belief that the family would quarrel everlastingly from generation to generation.

The christening-scene led to some unhappy results. A deputation of noblemen waited on the Prince, by order of the King, to know the exact words used by him; which, the Prince said, were not "You rascal, I will fight you!" but "You rascal, I will find you!" meaning an opportunity of having vengeance, as was still his Royal Highness's intention. The King's envoys drew up a number of articles binding the Prince to the most absolute, not to say abject, dependence on his father. These he refused to sign; though he was strongly urged to do so by the lords, on the ground that he had had a taste of the King's power, and had probably found it greater than he had believed it to be. This sample of potentiality was in the ejection of the Prince and his family from the royal palace; an account of the dissensions leading to which, and consequent correspondence, will be found in a manuscript once belonging to Sir Robert Walpole, and now deposited in the British Museum.*

* Egerton MSS. 921.

When the Prince and Princess, on the night of that unfortunate christening, in November, 1717, were ordered to leave the palace, people began to cast about for other reasons for such a violent conclusion than the ebullition of the Prince. They found it perhaps in the King's jealousy of his son, for the latter had executed his office of Regent the year preceding, during his sire's absence in Hanover, with such ability, that he had achieved a popularity which, if it did not alarm, very much disgusted the King, who never after reappointed his son to the same office. With the popularity of his son, that of his daughter-in-law had increased, and his Majesty's aversion from the "she-devil" became more marked than ever. Added to this, the Prince of Wales had a natural desire to be independent in his pecuniary affairs, whereas the King wished him to be in dependence on his father, and to be satisfied with a small revenue. "A small revenue," and one may fancy what the royal feeling was when the Tories joined in demanding for the Prince 100,000*l.* a-year, free from all paternal control! So the quarrel went on from what was unseemly to what was criminal, exhibiting the latter phase, when the Earl of Berkeley saw such unnatural ferocity in the King's mind as to authorize him to offer to relieve the monarch and father of his intolerable torment, by carrying off the Prince of Wales to America, where the Earl undertook so to dispose of him that he should never again be heard of in England. A document containing this offer at the hands of the over-zealous Earl was found among the papers of George I., after his decease; and the Earl himself died abroad in the year 1738. If this oft-cited circumstance be true, I take it as a proof of great im-

provement in the tone and morals of the times as compared with any preceding period beyond a hundred years or so. *Then*, unpleasant kinsmen were got rid of with alacrity, by dagger, smothering, or drowning in Malmsey casks, or judicial murdering. *Now*, a single peer is found who only proposes deportation and perpetual imprisonment. To the latter, the King had already condemned his wife. The Earl only proposed to add banishment to captivity in the person of her son. For the assassination of the first Prince of Wales of the House of Plantagenet, Lord Berkeley lent his castle; and for the kidnapping of the first Prince of Wales of the House of Brunswick, we find another equally ready. Is this an instance of the instincts of race? If it be true at all, it clearly shows an improvement in certain social principles, indicating at least a respect for the sacredness of life, unknown to the grand unscrupulosity of the feudal period.

However this may be, nothing serious came of it. The King was satisfied with ejecting the Prince and his family from the palace, when both were in delicate health. They took temporary refuge in "private lodgings," in Albemarle Street, where, in fact, Lord Grantham, Chamberlain to the Princess of Wales, gave up to them his own residence. Subsequently, they removed to old Leicester House, in the north-east corner of the square. There the Sidneys had domiciled, there Imperial ambassadors had resided, there the ancestress of the Prince, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, had found a home. It might well suffice, therefore, for a royal couple in disgrace. There, accordingly, they proceeded to keep house, establish a Court, and receive company;

but visitors were menacingly warned off by a thundering proclamation in the "London Gazette." Since the days when Caracalla would not receive those who paid their respects to Geta, nor Geta ever bow to the visitors of his brother Caracalla, never had quarrel of royal kinsmen taken such a spiteful aspect as this.

London was but a dull metropolis under good Queen Anne. Gaiety, dissipation, and intrigue came in with the new reigning family. Even during the troubled year 1715, the Prince and Princess of Wales had established a brilliant court, and led a sort of joyous revelry of which St. James's had long been unconscious. The Prince loved pleasure, for the sake of the enjoyment, the Princess favoured it out of policy, and the fashionable world gratefully hailed them as public benefactors. For a season, the gay career of that section of the world was checked by the ejection of the heir-apparent and his family from St. James's; but when that household was established at Leicester House, the fashionable world breathed again, and resumed its hilarious race. The King's house was a dull house, that of the Prince was laughingly astir from morning till half through the night. *There*, fashion fixed her head-quarters, and people of quality risked being repulsed from the levees at St. James's for the dear delights of a night of it in Leicester Fields.

It was more a highly pleasant than an exceedingly proper court which was there established. Most conspicuous, and most dignified figure of all which there challenged attention was that of the Princess of Wales herself. That tall figure amid her maids, looked like Diana among her nymphs, towering over the tallest there. At a little distance, she wore an air of striking

beauty, but they who approached her nearly, distinguished the spoiling of that beauty, in the traces left by small-pox. In the later years of the Leicester House period, she grew corpulent; thereby, her beauty and dignity suffered a little; and therewith, Sir Robert Walpole conferred on her a nasty name.

The Princess had ladies about her not more fair than they were frivolous, but she was not attached to them because of their frivolity. She esteemed best those who were of better quality; and made Lady Cowper her confidante, because she knew that that lady had an inviolable regard for truth. For this virtue, too, did she and the Prince also especially love the third of her five daughters—the gentle and truthful Caroline, who is unobtrusive in history, but whose life had its own peculiar, cherished, yet painful romance.

It would be too much to say that Lady Cowper was the only honest woman at this court, but she was probably the only serious one. In other qualities the nymphs of honour excelled her, as might be seen any night, when the brilliant rooms were occupied by a select company, and the most accomplished of the maids and gentlemen were present, the Prince forming their centre, and the Princess seated apart with "Cowper," in an inner room, but still visible, playing at cards. Then might be heard the silvery laugh of the daughter of General Lepel, not yet out of her teens. The smartness of her humour passed for wit, and well sustained the general laughter. She was a sensible, well-bred, accomplished girl, of extraordinary vivacity, but this was under control of her discretion. This saved her from being merely frivolous; and, indeed, she could look as serious as Lady

Cowper herself, and could construe a page of Cæsar as readily as any clerk, except Swift, who visited the court. The clerics philandered with her in return as readily as the courtiers, and this circumstance justified the assertion of Chesterfield in his own eyes, that

> "Should the Pope himself ever go roaming,
> He would follow dear Molly Lepel."

His then erratic Holiness, however, would perhaps have hesitated, if he could have entered Leicester House, and beheld that other vivacious Mary, who had less discretion and more audacity than Mary Lepel—namely, Mary, daughter of Lord Bellenden. *She*, perhaps, touched more hearts than any other of the youthful and brilliant maids. She touched, at least, the Prince's, who wooed her in the mingled spirit of a miser and a libertine, and at whose adoration this Mary only laughed. Audacity was one of her characteristics, and yet Gay says she was "soft and fair as down." But, when in waiting, she would stand before the Prince with her arms folded, as if she were cold, as deliberately as newer maids of honour would thoughtlessly turn their backs upon the Princess herself. This exquisite creature's wit was of a coarser sort, but for that matter, so was her royal mistress's, who would both narrate and give ear to stories of the most *galliarde* description.

Loudest laugher at such stories was Sophia Howe—the wild, frivolous, daring, careless, irreverent daughter of the General of that name. She laughed as loudly at church as she did at court, framed unclean jokes on her vocation of maid of honour, and gained not only pardon but applause, by right of her intoxicating beauty.

In strong contrast with these young ladies, and with many other older contemporaries at this princely court in "the Fields," was the virtuous Miss Meadows, whom the fine gentlemen called a "prude," light poets sneered at as "chaste," and whose self-respect afforded as much amusement to the licentious courtiers as the startling wit of Lepel or Bellenden. Had Miss Meadows possessed the wit of either, she might have been as virtuous as Mary Lepel was, without incurring more blame or mockery for being so.

Amid these maids, love, true and false, found its way, especially when the Prince was not near, monopolizing the fair train; for he would sometimes take the whole bevy with him, on horseback, to Hampton Court, and there treat them or fatigue them with a whole day's hunting. Away they went, after a breakfast, at which Westphalia ham largely figured, on hired hacks, leaping hedges and ditches, and acquiring thereby a complexion that made them look like Philises of the dairy, and a constitution improved to the degree that rendered them eligible to be the wives of fox-hunting squires. When the Prince led his maidens back, and these had effaced the marks, and got rid of the consequences of their morning's fatiguing pleasure, then came the time for the lovers, who plied their vocation while the Princess looked more or less concernedly on, as she was interested in the swains, of whom her husband is one.

With the mental eye we may see him whispering to Mary Bellenden, or counting his gold before her eyes, till she contrives to knock the money out of his hand, and moves away to hold discourse with a likely young soldier, one Colonel John Campbell, whose earnestness

to further the young lady's immediate object is warrant of a wedding to come.

Meanwhile, who is that handsome but effeminate young gentleman by the side of Mary Lepel? He is one of the Prince's Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, and is fresh from Clare Hall, Cambridge. They are the prettiest pair of philosophic infidels within the limits of this easy court; and no one doubts that Lord John Hervey can fail in any suit to the nymph whose ear—nay, whose cheek—is so near to his eloquent lips.

With what a swagger does Nanty Lowther, Lord Lonsdale's brother, swing himself from the presence of the Prince, to pass over to the bold and beautiful Sophy Howe, who has displayed her telegraphic fan. I am not sure that she has not winked her eye to bring him to her side. Of that pair came much love, much trusting, on the part of the lady; much promise, much treachery, on the part of the wooer; and then followed despair and death to close the tumultuous life of this dazzling beauty.

At present, however, they look happy enough, and the general aspect of things might lead us to doubt the assertion of Pope, on the alleged authority of some of these giddy girls themselves, who had given him a dinner in their rooms, and walked with him by moonlight in the gardens at Hampton Court, that the life of a maid of honour was of all things the most miserable; that every one who envied it should try it in her own person; and that the worst portion of it all was at night, when they had to simper and catch cold in the Princess's apartment, and then walked, worked, or thought, till midnight. If Richmond or Hampton Court were held as dull as a lone house in Wales with a mountain and a

rookery, such was *not* the case with the court in Leicester Fields,—though men of gloomy aspect came even there. Is there not, for instance, something sinister in the aspect of that young peer whose attention the Prince is directing towards Mary Bellenden? He is one of the Prince's Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, young Lord Lumley, whose father, the Earl of Scarborough, distinguished himself at Sedgemoor. He is handsome, of graceful carriage, of amiable expression, and of profound gravity; rarely smiling, yet when he does so unbend, as cheering as a sunbeam; whose politeness sets on him as an easy habit, and whose dignity has in it no taint of pride. He is not without some fashionable vices, and Mary Lepel could jest with him about these, or read with him a fervent ode from Horace. He looks what he is, a perfect gentleman, whose virtues outnumber his vices, and whose excellences can hardly be enumerated. But his fine features are overcast with melancholy; he is absent, even when the Prince addresses him; is silent amid the crowd of courtiers by whom the Prince is surrounded, and moves from the circle as if he heeded neither man nor woman upon earth.

Nay, this son of gloom, whom incipient madness is rendering familiar with the thought of suicide, surely loves that intellectually-marked yet profligate-looking courtier, another Gentleman of the Bedchamber, who moves with him towards the table where the Princess is at cards. They look on each other as men who nourish a mutual warm regard. Lord Lumley's companion is the very young, if not very honourable, member for St. Germans, Mr. Philip Dormer Stanhope, who loves poor Dick Lumley more than all the world besides. As they

advance, the Princess is retiring from the card-table, and Mr. Stanhope begins to mimic her voice. The maids of honour titter, and Caroline turns sharply round, whereat Mr. Stanhope bows lower than he would ever bow to aught else human or divine. Acknowledging the homage, the Princess proceeds to the larger room, and the impudent Mr. Stanhope gravely follows her, imitating her walk; and Lord Lumley accompanies him, turning as he turns, but neither speaking, nor smiling, nor heeding the farce enacted at his side, but thinking of Roman heroes who flung off the load of life they could not bear, and of bold unfortunates nearer home who by swift death escaped from human ills.

Meanwhile, at one of the card-tables in the inner room there is a party still playing, although the Princess has retired from that wearying relaxation. The Prince approaches his wife, and by words not heard, directs her notice to one of the players, a supreme beauty, whose provoking loveliness had caused a pulsation or so the more in the Prince's heart. He would perhaps have felt increase of admiration were she accustomed to go less frequently to St. James's and come more often to Leicester House. In spite of London Gazettes, this is a Venus Victrix who goes whither she pleases, and visits either Court at her capricious will. She is the Duke of Kingston's daughter, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and is so charmingly attired that the Prince raises his voice to express his admiration of the taste therein displayed. The Princess looks for a moment at the glittering beauty, and then scornfully remarking that "Lady Mary always dresses well," leans on "Cowper's" shoulder, and is led by that lady to a couch. The Prince looks momentarily

as much troubled as when Mary Bellenden, after promising never to marry without his knowledge, and aware that he was disposed to impede her marrying with any one, went and privately married happy Colonel Campbell. Subsequently he would pursue the offending lady about the Court, and whisper ruder speeches in her ear than it were seemly for Prince or gentleman to utter.

The Prince might have admired his own wife when she was attired in a dress made from the piece of Irish silk which she condescended to receive from Swift. The Irish clergyman thought more of his gift than it was worth, and built more hopes thereon than the fact or the result justified. The Princess, however, was so graciously condescending, and the Prince so favourably inclined towards the "Irish Parson," as to exact a remark from Lord Peterborough that set the whole court laughing. "Swift," said he, "has now only to chalk his pumps and learn to dance on the tight-rope to be yet a bishop!"

If the Princess did not laugh at the remark, she was hilarious over the book he subsequently wrote. Arbuthnot relates that he saw her reading this work, and that at coming to one particular passage she laughed heartily. The laugh was at the expense of the Prince of Wales. He had been wavering between Whigs and Tories, the High-heels and the Low-heels of the romance; and when the heir-apparent of Lilliput was described as wearing one heel high and the other low, she recognised the aim of the satire, and laughed at the shaft so exquisitely feathered. Scott, in his Life of Swift, tells us of another incident, namely, that at the description given above, the Prince of Wales himself, who at that time divided

his favour between the two leading political parties of England, laughed very heartily at the comparison.

He laughed less heartily, but the Princess even more so, after he had sought consolation for the indifference of Mary Bellenden in the attachment of his wife's woman of the bed-chamber, the Honourable Mrs. Howard. This lady, who had all that a lady could desire, except beauty and virtue, was summoned by her very worthless husband to return to him when he affected to believe that her reputation was in peril at Court. He had summoned in vain; but at last he addressed a letter to his light-o'-love wife, under cover to the Princess of Wales, and that august lady never had a merrier moment than when she had what Walpole calls "the malicious pleasure" of delivering this epistle to her rival.

During the period of the residence of the "young court" at Leicester House, three children were added to the princely family. In 1721, that William whom the mother, at once, loved better than his elder brother Frederick, which latter she would fain have disinherited for the sake of her younger son, who became famous and infamous under the title of Duke of Cumberland. Two years later was born Mary, the wife subsequently of the brutal Prince of Hesse Cassel; and in 1724, Louisa, who died Queen, and an unhappy Queen, of Denmark.

The births of these children less interrupted the gay court-routine, than the determined attempt of the King, their grandfather, to keep them entirely under his own care and control. He sought to effect this by interpretation of law, but Lord Chancellor Cowper interpreted that law in favour of the father, and the grandfather

deprived him of the seals. Chief Justice Parker and nine other judges pronounced in favour of the King; but there were two others—Eyre, the Chancellor of the Princess, and sturdy little Price, the Welsh baron, who, by foiling William III. and Lord Portland, had saved the Principality, as he said, from being subjected to a Dutch Prince of Wales—these two so strenuously opposed the violation of the law, that the King was compelled to forego his pretensions; but he rewarded Parker for his unrighteous zeal by raising him to the Chancellorship, from whence the Prince of Wales and the Leicester House politicians subsequently toppled him down, with heavy attendant penalties and disgrace, under an accusation, well substantiated, of corrupt practices.

Some who were scandalized by the antagonism between father and son, and some, perhaps, who saw future profit to themselves by a reconciliation, effected this latter consummation, nominally, at least, if not really. The Princess of Wales had occasionally appeared alone at Court, where she not only presumed to speak to the King, but pertinaciously compelled him to render her an answer, more or less civil. The King would not have much more to endure by tolerating the presence of his son. Mutual friends induced that son to address a dutiful letter to his sire, one result of which was the private reception of the Prince of Wales at St. James's, at which there was much stiff civility, but very little cordiality. The external symbol, the sign to the public, that father and son were on friendly terms, was the attendance of a mounted escort to reconduct in honour the Prince and Princess to their home. The Muses celebrated this important event, but only in a drowsy and slipshod style,

as a sample of which here are five lines out of the best batch of rhymes produced on the occasion :—

"A Caroline at St. James's seen,
Great is her virtue who is beauty's queen;
A Prince whose wisdom in retirement shown,
I dare presage the future times shall own,
Will make him glorious on the British throne."

The opportunity to achieve glory soon presented itself to the Prince, after a few more years of court-life at Leicester House, and country-life at Richmond Lodge, where Swift sponged a breakfast once a-week, and decried the bread as stale; and where the maids abused their vocation, drank syllabubs, roamed about at moonlight, and enjoyed themselves to the utmost. Meanwhile, the reconciliation of the King and his heir caused a vast amount of claret to be drunk by loyal and tippling squires, whose loud hurrahs might have reached Richmond itself.

It was in that sunny retreat that, on the 14th of June, 1727, the Prince and Princess were residing, when they were aroused from sleep by no less a messenger than Sir Robert Walpole. The Minister came to announce to them the sudden death of George I. at Osnaburgh. The Prince listened to the startling intelligence, between asleep and awake, "with his breeches in his hand."* The Princess was in a fainting condition, for her first thought had been for her daughter Amelia, who was in delicate health. But the news was of a quality to thoroughly awake the one, and re-assure the other. They were King and Queen of England.

* "Coxe's Life of Walpole," vol. ii. p. 519.

CHAPTER XVI.

FREDERICK LOUIS OF HANOVER.

BORN 1707. DIED 1751.

"THEY were King and Queen of England," and the now heir-apparent was a young man in his twentieth year, who since he was seven years of age had never seen any of his family except his father, and him only at brief visits, when the latter was sojourning in Hanover.

Frederick Louis was born on the 20th of January, 1707. He had in him the "stuff" to make, if not a great man, yet one of some mark, but his education was defective, and was not cared for like that of his brother William, whose mother asked in vain the philosopher Halley to condescend to be his tutor. The gentleman who performed that office to Frederick did his best with his pupil, who when a mere boy was a sprightly, intelligent lad, self-possessed, courteous, and remarkable for one beauty at least,—that of his hair. He was little more than a boy when he gave up his many leisure hours to gambling and drinking, and became so coarse and violent in his manners, that the tutor complained thereof to his pupil's mother. The Princess said that the manners alluded to were doubtless those of a youthful page, but the honest tutor replied that they were rather those of a scoundrelly groom. The "young hopeful" was left to follow his own inclinations,

and he speedily imitated his father and grandfathers in one thing, the public maintenance of worthless women. It was not for his virtues that his grandfather is said to have created him Duke of Gloucester; but the patent for that title does not seem ever to have passed the seals. "On the 15th of July, 1726, George I. created him Baron of Snowdon, in the county of Caernarvon, Viscount of Launceston, in Cornwall, Earl of Eltham, in Kent, Marquis of the Isle of Ely, and Duke of Edinburgh, which patent *did* pass the seals, and was actually sent to him; for I know, from the generosity which afterwards appeared in all his actions, he made the messenger who had the good luck to be sent with it a very handsome present. Perhaps the reason for not passing the first patent was because it was deemed an unfortunate title; for Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, uncle to Richard II., was carried prisoner to Calais, and there murdered; Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, uncle to Henry VI., was clapt up in prison, and there privately murdered; Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., was slain in Bosworth Field; Henry, Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Charles I., died in the 20th year of his age, and just after his return from exile, so that he can hardly be said to have ever enjoyed any happiness in this life; and William, Duke of Gloucester, only son of Queen Anne, died in the 12th year of his age, after the death of his aunt, Queen Mary, and before his mother's accession to the crown.*"

* "A succinct and impartial history of all the regencies, protectorships, minorities, and princes of England, or Great Britain and Wales, that have been since the Conquest. With a profuse dedication to a great Duke. London. 1751."

They who take an interest in royal titles in the peerage, may be glad to know how the error arose as to the eldest son of George Augustus, Prince of Wales, having been created Duke of Gloucester. I cite the following from a communication made by Mr. John Gough Nichols to Sylvanus Urban, in November, 1851.

"On the 2nd Nov., 1717, was born at St. James's Palace, the second son of George Augustus, Prince of Wales, who was baptized by the names of George William. I possess a curious quarto print representing a woman seated, with her breast uncovered, and a child in swaddling clothes in her lap, which bears the following inscription :—

"*Nurse to William George, Duke of Glocester. Born Novemb^r. the 3^d 1717 Second Son to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. Sold by T. Bakewell in Cornhill.*

"This, then, appears to have been the prince who was designated Duke of Gloucester at the period in question; and probably the public announcement of such designation was made on the 10th Jan. 1717-18. He died on the 2nd of March following."

Mr. J. G. Nichols concludes by remarking, that "when Prince William Henry, brother to King George the Third, was created a peer in 1764, he was made Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh. Was this a consequence of the former supposed association of the titles in the person of Prince Frederick Lewis? If so, it proved the permanence, and in some degree established the triumph, of what I have now given some reason to conclude was originally the popular misapprehension of attributing to the Prince's eldest son Frederick the

title which had been really assigned to his son George William."

It was not out of any affection on the part of his parents that Frederick was summoned to England, but rather to appease the impatience of the people, jealous at the heir-apparent remaining in the continental portion of his inheritance. It was all the inheritance that the King and Queen would have permitted him to enjoy, could they have followed their own inclinations. George I., but for Lord Macclesfield, would have plundered *his* son of the electoral crown; and George II. and his consort were equally disposed to deprive *their* eldest son of the Crown of England. To this country, however, they were compelled at last to invite him; and in his 22nd year he came hither, in no very amiable frame of mind, for he was oppressed by debt in Hanover, and his sire refused all help towards liquidating his obligations.

Frederick was received with scanty courtesy, except by a political party who knew how to make a weak, vain, and angry man useful. Beyond his father's court he was at first generally popular,—and not without reason, since he was affable and condescending, but woe to them who presumed thereon, and attempted to be familiar with him! He was also a great advocate of liberty, and supporter of toleration, but he allowed of no conscience in his own faction, implicit obedience being required by him. He was courteous too—when he was not displeased; communicative or reserved, only as it suited his own purposes; and a man of excellent sentiments, only, like the younger Mr. Surface, he had too many of them on his lips, without corresponding

action. He was so meek of spirit as to appear in public followed by not more than a couple of servants; but this was subsequent to his never-ending feud with his father, when to ape humility was to place himself, as he thought, in favourable contrast with the stately royalty of his sire.

Never, probably, will light fall on the one great origin of that bitter feud which made of Frederick an outcast from his family, hated by his father, execrated by his mother, held in withering contempt by his brother, and in abhorrence by the most gentle of his sisters. But this feud had many feeders, and "money" was the name of one of them. The Prince was at once too ill-provided for, and too exacting in his demands; but the King was thought by some to have been sufficiently generous when he offered to allow his son 50,000*l.* per annum, free of all external control. The dissension referring to his allowance continued for years, but he was finally defeated when Pulteney in the Commons, and Cartaret in the Lords, moved for double the income named above, and the motion, all but triumphant in the Lower House, was all but kicked out of the upper one.

When he was ostentatious in dissipation and in his disobedience to his natural and legal superiors, marriage was thought of as a means to bring about an amelioration. Years before, there had been a project to unite him with a Princess of Prussia, but a State intrigue impeded that match to which Frederick was so inclined, that he displayed in connexion therewith the chivalry of a knight and lover. He privately offered to the mother of the young lady to contract the union un-

known to, or in spite of, his father. So runs one legend; and by a second we are told that when the Prince of Wales (a title the patent of which was granted to him soon after he reached London) was in sore perplexity for want of money, the old Duchess of Marlborough proposed to him to take her charming granddaughter, Lady Diana Spencer, with 100,000*l*. The Prince agreed, and this clandestine marriage would one day have astounded the gossips, had not Sir Robert Walpole impeded the eager swain, and saved the Prince from folly, Lady Diana from misery, and the old Duchess from a costly triumph.

It was evidently time to bind this wayward young man by some permanent bond. He was at this very period living in open disreputable fashion with Miss Vane, whose story Smollett has incorporated into his "Peregrine Pickle." When the Prince consented, with contemptuous indifference, to accept for his wife the Princess Augusta of Saxe Gotha, he was constrained to set aside Miss Vane, behaving at the same time with unprincely shabbiness to that unhappy lady, and taking in her stead the Lady Archibald Hamilton, a plain woman with ten children, and a brigade of kinsfolk for whom poor England was made to provide.

The bride was seventeen, the Prince twenty-nine years of age when this marriage, which had been preceded by no passages of pleasant wooing, was celebrated in the Royal Chapel at St. James's, on the 27th of April, 1736. For the courtship that had lacked, Frederick made up in some sort by his gallantry in the reception of his young bride on her landing at Greenwich, and on some subsequent occasions. She,

too, was but indifferently educated, but she was so young, so subdued, so well-possessed of good taste, tact, and admirable common sense, that she found a lover in every man and woman who had opportunity to look on and judge of her. For the details of this marriage, and, indeed, for a fuller account of the life of the Prince himself than my fast-vanishing space will allow me to give in this book of sketches, I venture to refer my readers to the fifth chapter of the first volume of my "Queens of England of the House of Hanover." They will there see how the betrothed pair dined and boated together; how the bride was received with as much cordiality as stately ceremony by the sovereigns; and how, in one afternoon and evening, she dined with the royal family, was "led to the altar" amid billows of sound from bells, and organ, and flourishing trumpets, and thundering of cannon, and roar of human voices; how the august party thence returned and supped, and how the weary grandeur and gaiety of the day concluded in a crowded state apartment, in which the oppressed bride sat in costly night-gear, on a gorgeous bed, and the bridegroom, in a silver-tissue gown and a lace night-cap, bustled among the visitors, acknowledged their compliments, or responded to their jokes.

Frederick, for a while loved to show his young bride to the people, of whose language she was altogether ignorant, and never became mistress. She was a child in character, pretty as a child, and even as self-willed as pretty children generally. Her most cherished amusement at first was the nursing of a great doll she had brought with her from Germany, but Frede-

rick speedily found for her other employment in making her take part in his system of annoying the Queen — a system which included annoyance of his mother even in the royal pew in the palace chapel. This was particularly the case when the King was absent in Hanover; on one of which occasions he had ordered that the Prince and Princess should reside in no other place than that in which the Queen-regent resided. That the King should order, was sufficient for the Prince that he should disobey, and the small vexations of one sovereign, and the insane wrath of the other, were met by an aggravating demeanour of mock respect on the part of the provoking offender.

Then ensued the at once great scandal and puerile folly — what would have been a farce but for its attendant ferocity, and what might have been a tragedy but for the overruling of Providence. The Prince of Wales had kept all domestic incidents in which his parents took interest, as far as in him lay, entirely strange to them. The fact that the Princess of Wales was likely to become a mother was only learned by them a month before a birth which was of political importance as well as of family interest. The whole of the royal family were then residing at Hampton Court, and the King desired that under that roof the expected heir should be born. This desire having been expressed, the Prince soon determined that it should not be gratified. The Queen, too, had, with some broad and coarse expression, signified her intention to be present at the birth, and Frederick accordingly resolved that it should take place when she was at a distance. The several royal personages were in

Hampton Court Palace on the night of the 31st of July, 1737, when the Prince of Wales, aware of the indisposition of his wife, resolved to carry her off to London. This resolution was made and accomplished in spite of the sufferings and entreaties of the poor Princess; she was borne to her carriage in the arms of Desnoyers (a French fiddler patronised by the Prince) and an attendant. Two or three other persons accompanied the Prince and Princess; among them Lady Archibald Hamilton, the favourite; and in the middle of the night the expedition made its way to St. James's from Hampton Court Palace, where their Majesties had gone to rest, only to be aroused to consciousness and fury by the intelligence of the flight. The Queen, suitably accompanied, set off in hot pursuit, but she arrived at the palace in London, only after the birth of the little "Lady Augusta," whom our grandfathers may remember in London, the widowed mother of Caroline of Brunswick. Lady Augusta had come into the world under circumstances of peril and disgrace. No preparation had been made for such an event at St. James's, and the chief attendant on the wife was the mistress of her husband! When the Queen arrived, the Prince received her with surly respect, and disgusted her with details of the journey and its consequences — which must have been gross indeed, if her Majesty found them unpleasant to her hearing.

Out of this step arose the next stern measure executed by the King. As soon as the Princess was able to be removed, she, her husband, child, and household, were ejected from St. James's Palace, with every circumstance of disgrace that could be heaped upon them.

Neither alleged sorrow nor verbose apology could touch the King and Queen—they flung, as it were, the offenders into the street; and even the Duke of Norfolk refused to let to them his house in St. James's Square, without the sanction of the Sovereign.

For the horrible and unnatural state of antagonism in which the son had long lived with his parents and nearest relations there has never yet been satisfactory cause assigned. The loathing of his mother for her firstborn son, the ferocity of hatred of the father, the aversion of the brother and sisters, must have been excited by some stronger offence than any of which Frederick is known to have been guilty. There is no foul and vituperative term in our language which the whole family did not spit at him. The commonest terms applied to him by his mother were "liar," "ass," "beast," "blackguard," with intensifying adjectives preceding them. She openly declared that her son was capable of murdering her, and she repeatedly expressed a wish that he were in his grave! The King's roll of strong epithets was equally scathing; that of the Duke of Cumberland was of not much milder quality, and one at least of his sisters branded him as a "nauseous beast!" One individual cognisant of the actual cause of this unnatural state of things would not commit it to paper. "Sir Robert Walpole," says Lord Hardwicke in his Memoirs, "informed me of certain passages between the King and himself, and between the Queen and the Prince, of too high and secret a nature even to be trusted to this narrative." Another individual (Lord Hervey), equally cognisant, no doubt, of the truth, recorded *that* in his celebrated Memoirs, but the

passage was erased by his son, the Earl of Bristol. The pages containing it were torn out of the manuscript, which was long kept from publication, "to prevent," says Walpole, "disgraceful truths appearing with regard to the late Prince of Wales." What these could have been it were not profitable to conjecture; all that we know for certain is, that one man acquainted with them would not entrust them to paper, and that the son of another man who had made record of them would not allow them to go down to posterity.

At Norfolk House, at Leicester House, and at Carlton House, at Kew, and at the palace reared by Villiers on the majestic terrace at Cliefden, Frederick meanwhile lived altogether a happy life, and quite as respectable as any illustrated by his father. The system of politics which had been essayed in Leicester House in the time of the preceding Prince of Wales by Pulteney, Wyndham, and Carteret, was successfully established by Bolingbroke, and illustrated in the papers devoted to the faction. The object was to break up the Whig ministry and influences which had prevailed, more or less, since the Revolution. Frederick, however, was personally, as well as politically, interested in the opposition he set up against his father. Among his own friends, Frederick might be seen close to them, "whispering through every curl," as Walpole graphically describes him. Walpole's brother, Mr., afterwards Sir Edward, was a favourite, but not a partisan, at Leicester House. He constantly performed with the Prince at his private concerts. When the latter was organizing his opposition, he pressed Sir Edward to absent himself from the House of Commons on a question of the army.

Edward Walpole refused, and on being pressed for his motives, answered, "You will never forgive me, Sir, if I give you my reasons." "By G—d, I will," said the Prince, who was walking about the room with his arm round Edward Walpole's shoulder. The latter rejoined, jestingly, "By G—d, Sir, you will not. Yet I will tell you. I will not stay away, because *your* father and mine are for the question." The Prince flung from him in anger, and the Princess Royal, who was at the harpsichord, exclaimed, "Bravo, Mr. Walpole." The offending gentleman attended at the next amateur concert at Leicester House, where there were also some hired performers; and the Prince addressed him as if he too were a fiddler by profession. Edward Walpole flew in a rage to the bell, ordered his violincello to be removed, and his servants to be called. He would be affronted, he said, by no man. He refused to come back, declared he would never return, and went out in a burst of rage, defying Prince, peers, and commoners who endeavoured to arrest or to soothe him. In course of time the Prince apologized, and Edward Walpole resumed his visits, but only to be importuned to join the Prince's opposition; and he wrote to the Prince of Wales, asking him, how he would like him to behave when he came to be King? in *that* manner he would behave, he said, while George II. was living. The Prince graciously exclaimed, "He is an honest man, and I will keep his letter;" and could he have kept similar men about him he might have been a better man himself.

A large and a contented family grew up around him and his exemplary wife, of which the eldest son, George

William Frederick, afterwards George III., was born in Norfolk House, St James's Square, on the 24th of May (or, according to the new style, the 4th of June), 1738. In these various residences might have been seen a varied company: the Earl of Chesterfield, as great a mimic as when he was plain Mr. Stanhope; Lady Huntingdon, who left *that* sort of world, and would gladly have enticed from it the Earl, who would not follow; then there were gossiping Bathurst, Queensberry, the friend of Gay, and factious Pulteney, with Cobham, and Pitt, the Granvilles, Lyttelton, and (hanger-on most obnoxious to Princes and their friends generally) a man who kept a diary—good-natured, weak-minded, gossiping Bubb Doddington. With these, and among others, were rude and half-crazed Baltimore, the two Hedges, of whom Charles wrote smart epigrams, touchy Lord Caernarvon, proud and surly Townshend, amusing North, stuttering Johnny Lumley, and the Earl of Middlesex, whose lady, full of learning and ugliness, was the Prince's lady rather than her lord's!

The "maids" in attendance on the Princess of Wales must have lacked the charming freedom and fascination which distinguished those of the Princess immediately preceding, or they would not have been so poorly appreciated by the Prince of Wales's "head coachman." This official had such experience of these young ladies that, on dying, he left several hundred pounds sterling to his son on condition that he never married a maid of honour!

At Leicester House was got up that declamatory and argumentative tragedy *Cato*, enacted by the Prince's

children before a select audience. Young George William Frederick played the part of Portius, and Quin, it will be remembered, "taught the boy to speak." At Cliefden, too, the drama was encouraged within doors, as well as manly games without. For the little theatre there Thompson wrote his *Alfred*, and Thompson was one of a class of men to whom the Prince exhibited considerable generosity, granting him 100*l.* per annum, to make up in some degree for the loss he had sustained when Chancellor Hardwicke deprived him of the secretaryship for briefs, which had been conferred on him by Chancellor Talbot.

Sometimes the Prince might be seen at cricket on the lawn, once receiving a blow from a ball which ultimately led to his death. At others, he would stroll on summer eves along the banks of the Thames, not unattended. On one of these occasions Shenstone was sojourning at the Sun, at Maidenhead, and his servant happened to be loitering by the river side. There he beheld a spectacle which sent him back ecstatic to his master. "Lord, Sir," he exclaimed, "I have seen the Prince of Wales, accompanied by his nobles!" The simple fellow took two authors—two Scotch authors—for peers of the realm! The two in question were lazy, lounging, loose-dressed Thompson, the other the equally elegant but less gloriously gifted Mallet!

As a country gentleman, the Prince of Wales distributed prizes at rowing-matches, and chatted with labourers at cottage-doors; sometimes passed the threshold and partook of a cottager's dinner, and twice he went to Bartholomew fair by torchlight; he paid to see mountebanks, feed fortune-tellers, and now and

then witnessed the baiting of a bull at Hockley-in-the-Hole. As a fine sort of gentleman, he wrote verses, indifferently to his wife and his mistress; and however meanly he may have treated the latter, he never failed in courtesy or civility to his consort. Although setting a vicious example to his children, he loved them as truly as if he had possessed a true father's heart, and therewith a wise father's head; but this was not the case, and that obnoxious fellow who kept a "Diary" noted down in it, of his princely friend,—that his head and his heart were of such a quality that nothing could ever be possibly made of them or of the owner of them. He lost much money—now at the gaming table, now at the hands of extravagant ladies, and he lost much time in laughing gaily in verse at these, or in satirizing alike the triumphs and reverses of his brother of Cumberland. The Prince had asked for a command, then for a regiment; both had been refused. He was not improperly jealous that his brother had been allowed to fight side by side with his father at Dettingen; and Frederick was sorely stricken by the wound which illustriously bruised William. When the heroes returned, the Prince of Wales was so far reconciled with his sire as to be able to repair to court to receive them. They acknowledged all such greetings from others by a word of thanks, but the welcome of the Prince of Wales was unnoticed even by a look of gratification. Accordingly, when the royal recruit at Dettingen was made commander-in-chief, and lost the battle of Fontenoy, his brother rejoiced in the defeat; and when William gained what he could not well lose, the day at Culloden,

Frederick flung no rose to make up a garland for the "butcher."

The corridor at Windsor Castle commemorates some other tastes of this wayward Prince, in a picture painted by an artist named Philips, and representing the princely founder, and some of his associates, of the "Harry the Fifth Club," or "the Gang:" around their leader, the Prince of Wales, are assembled Lord Inchiquin, Lord Middleton, Sir Hugh Smithson, General Dilkes, Mr. Howe, and Mr. B. Boyle. Of these especial favourites of the Prince, Lord Inchiquin was perhaps the chief, to make whom his secretary Frederick ejected Lord Lyttelton. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for September, 1854, Mr. John Gough Nichols describes a badge which had belonged to a Mr. Chamberlaine who was blinded in some wild frolic with the celebrated Marquis of Granby; and this badge, Mr. Nichols is inclined to believe, was that of the "Gang" under the Prince of Wales. It is thus described:—"The badge is oval in shape, and its size is about that of a large hen's egg. Each side is painted in colours enamelled on copper. One side is allusive to the exploits of the highway, the other to those of the tavern. On the former is represented at top a right hand open, with the forefinger bent down to perform some mystic symbol. Below is a distant view of a town, which has two spires, and some obelisical tower like that of a glass-house; in the foreground is a pair of stocks, and to the right a gibbet, with the iron framework used for hanging the body of a criminal in chains. Above and below are inscribed the words—'Jack Gang Warily.' On the other side

are three hands united, their wrists in ruffles: and around them this legend, 'Charity, Mirth, and Friendship United.'"

The mirth was probably of the loudest at the Gang meetings, but I suspect that the charity and friendship were of an inferior quality. The Prince at least was addicted to borrowing money, which he never intended to repay. He boasted of having "nicked" Doddington, his very familiar friend, out of several thousands, and he borrowed larger sums of Sir Thomas Bootle, his chancellor, which were never returned. This latter was one at least of the debts which the Princess should have acquitted when she became a widow, at which period she possessed not only a large dower, and a third of the revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall, worth four thousand a year more, but she had reduced her household, and "lived in a privacy that exceeded economy." Walpole, who thus describes her in his "Memoirs of the Reign of George III." adds that "her passion for money was so great that she obtained an additional annuity of 10,000*l.* a year from her son," which "was given under pretence of paying the late Prince's, her husband's, debts. Whether she did discharge any of them I neither know nor deny. Some, I have heard, remained unpaid, not only at her death, but in the year 1788." The sums which the Prince of Wales borrowed from Sir Thomas Bootle were never repaid at all. When the Prince's son came to the throne, he (George III.) remembered this flagrant case, and promised to make a peer of Richard Bootle Wilbraham, who had married Sir Thomas's niece, Mary Bootle. The son's promise was no more per-

formed than the father's debt was paid; but, after the accession of the next Prince of Wales to the throne (George IV.), the obligation was at length tardily cancelled, and in 1828, the great nephew of Frederick's old chancellor, Edward Bootle Wilbraham, was created Baron Skelmersdale, of the County Palatine of Lancaster.

I have alluded to the hatred of the Queen for Frederick—that feeling was repaid by the Prince, by hatred less open, but by an ostentatious disobedience and annoyance. Through his friends, he introduced her name into the debates which arose out of the mention of his affairs, in a manner which, aiming to destroy all respect for her in the popular mind, moved her to extreme wrath. In minor sorts of annoyance he was instructed by the example of Caroline herself, who in *her* time, as Princess of Wales, had lost no opportunity to accomplish any act that could give umbrage to her father-in-law. Such was her patronage of Friend the physician, who had defended the Jacobite Bishop Atterbury, when the latter was accused before Parliament of the crime of treason.

Mother and son bade high for the popular voice, and, to gain it, condescended to many actions to which they would not otherwise have stooped. They strove as hardly to excite the general ill-will against each other. She charged Frederick with being ready and willing to sell his right of succession to the crown to the Pretender, for a few hundred thousand pounds. Bishop Sherlock once ventured to ridicule him as a blunderer, and the Queen snubbed the prelate for not flinging a heavier stone at the head of the son whom

she affected to hold unparalleled for crime and meanness.

This terrific antagonism was carried on till death visited the mother. Even in the death-struggle, the expressed anxiety of the son unnaturally aroused her. She would neither pardon nor see him, nor send him her blessing. If she were weak enough, she intimated, to grant him an interview, he would hypocritically "blubber like a calf," and when he had left he would laugh at her, she said, for her weakness. In this she was not in error. When her death was near at hand, the spirits of the Prince of Wales rose high. "We shall have good news soon," he was heard to say at Carlton House, his then town-residence, "she can't hold out much longer!" She died in 1737, after seeing and blessing all her children who were in England, except the Prince of Wales.

The mother's curse, for the steady refusal of a mother's blessing amounts to malediction, was quite sufficient to satisfy more than the merely superstitious that he would never wear the crown, or he would, with it, inherit calamity. Hitherto, in each family that had succeeded to the throne, there had been one Prince of Wales who had never ascended it, but from this greatness not one had been debarred by the force of a mother's anathema. Edward of Worcester had exceeded his father in glory; his namesakes of Westminster, of the Sanctuary, and of Middleham, wore the mantle of "King Death," leaving mothers to weep for them and to bless their memories; around Arthur of Winchester circled the general love as well as that of the nearest and dearest at home; and thousands of hearts were wrung when Henry of Stirling was borne

to Westminster, not to be crowned, but entombed. It was different when, in course of time, in the year, namely, 1751, George II. lay ill, and Frederick Prince of Wales, with irreverend eagerness, was arranging the course to be taken now that he was about to be king. At that very time Death demanded the tribute of the sacrifice of the heir ere he should possess his inheritance. So it is satisfactory that the customary tribute has been paid in the person of a Prince who loved not his mother, nor whom his mother loved. Death smote him just as he was at the height of unfilial joy, and busiest in unnatural, silly, but ambitious projects. From the time of his mother's death, he had been a thorn in the side of the father; a thorn now to be removed. A cold caught in a March east-wind, foolishly neglected, led to pleurisy, and this, still neglected, led to death, at the very moment when his hand was outstretched to catch the sceptre from the grasp of a father who survived him several years. We learn this much from that friend to be dreaded who "kept a diary."

In the immediate circle of his home there were survivors who wept sincerely for a lost husband and father. If his mother's curse impeded his attainment to the greatness to which he aspired, it did not follow him to the sanctuary of his hearth. A few personal friends, too, mourned over a lost master and their lost places; and amid the public voices that were set ringing by his death, the pulpit showered satires on his corpse, or strewed platitudes, like Newton's, on his bier; while men, like his own brother, sarcastically hoped the country would survive his loss, and poetry pursued him with epigrams, to the grave.

CHAPTER XVII.

GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK, OF NORFOLK HOUSE.

BORN 1738. DIED (KING) 1820.

THIS third Prince of Wales of the House of Hanover was the eldest son of a family consisting of five sons and four daughters. Of the latter, the "Lady Augusta" was born a year before the Prince, and Caroline, the youngest, was born four months after the decease of her father.

There is little to be said that is not already known of the early life of this Prince, who was born on the 4th June (New style) 1738, in Norfolk House, St. James's Square, during the period when Carlton House was being prepared for the residence of his parents. Prematurely born, his life was in such peril that on the day of his birth he was baptized, with no more ceremony than is attached to the ordinary private administration of the sacrament. Three weeks later, a more public solemnization followed, but still at Norfolk House, where the healthy wife of a gardener was for a time the most important personage next to the delicate baby in the cradle. The sensible foster-mother took her young charge to bed with her, a sort of vulgar and novel familiarity which was vehemently objected to. "Nay, then," said the good woman, "you may nurse the boy yourselves." They wisely allowed her to have her way.

At this birth, the Laureate got upon stilts, and presented his best thanks to Nature that she had first amused herself with sketching a plan of a girl (an Augusta), and thereby had enabled herself to now dare and "complete the wondrous man," George! The more prosaic corporation of London went up to the King himself, and informed him of what he probably very shrewdly suspected—that the happy event was one of the effects of the alliance of the child's parents. The Bath municipality went further still in social science, and congratulated the father on his own birth, to which, as they justly, but superfluously, observed, they owed the sight of the royal presence in which they stood!

On his first birthday the youthful aristocracy, from whom his mother subsequently guarded him with great jealousy, seemed to claim him for their own. A deputation of five dozen of them, under twelve years of age, and attired as Lilliputian soldiers, entered Norfolk House, drums beating and colours flying, elected the little Prince for their colonel, kissed his hand, and then marched back again.

After a nursery career, the young Prince, at six years of age, was consigned to the care of men, and Dr. Ayscough (afterwards Bishop of Bristol) was appointed tutor to the Princes George and Edward. Ayscough congratulated himself on the taste of the former, who voluntarily learnt hymns by heart, out of the collection of the dissenting minister, Dr. Doddridge. The preceptor himself, Ayscough, was fonder of fun than of teaching, and when giving a lesson would amuse his pupils, and their royal father too, by mimicking the

style and manner of Dr. George, then head-master at Eton. For this preceptor Walpole at least had no regard, nor for some others; he writes in 1749, "When Prince George went to receive the riband (of the order of the Garter), the Prince (his father) carried him to the closet-door, where the Duke of Dorset received and carried him. Ayscough or Nugent, *or some of the geniuses*, had taught him 'a speech.' The child began it, the Prince cried 'No! no!' When the boy had a little recovered his fright, he began again, but the same tremendous scene was repeated, and the ovation still-born." On another occasion Walpole writes:—"Mr. Pelham said I know nothing of Dr. Ayscough. Oh yes, I recollect I was told by a very worthy man, two years ago, that he was a great rogue." He certainly had a very poor idea of his duty. At eleven years of age, the Princess Dowager complained that her son read English, as she was told, incorrectly. Ayscough said it mattered little; the Prince made such nice Latin verses!

Goupy gave him lessons in water-colour painting, and Redman instructed him in the use of the small sword. Quin, as I have before stated, "taught the boy to speak," and superintended the getting up of *Cato*, in January, 1749, when Prince George played Portius, and a boy, who was afterwards prime minister, enacted Syphax, namely the son of Lord North—the last named nobleman being the Prince's governor. Further, for the Prince's use, Dr. Freeman wrote the "History of the English Tongue;" while, for his soul's profit, "plain Parson Hales," his mother's clerk of the closet, accepted the task of instructing him in the rudiments of religion.

A month after the death of his father, Prince George was created Prince of Wales. He occasionally left his widowed mother, to reside for short periods with the King. At this time the Earl of Harcourt was his governor, and Hayter (Bishop of Norwich) his tutor. The sub-governor was Mr. Stone; the sub-preceptor, Mr. Scott. Lord Harcourt and Dr. Hayter were accused of attempting to induce the Prince to break with the old friends of his father, and even to render himself more independent of his mother. Intrigues ensued, during which Stone was charged with instilling Jacobitism into his pupil, and Scott was named as unfit for the post he occupied; but these gentlemen came out of the ordeal triumphantly, and the governor and preceptor retiring, were succeeded by the Earl of Waldegrave and Dr. Thomas, at that time Bishop of Peterborough.

Lord Harcourt was a less efficient governor than Lord North. He was an instrument of the Pelhams, whose object was to rule the household of the Princess Dowager of Wales; and, as Walpole remarks, was "fit to cipher where Stone was to figure." Dr. Hayter was without neither sense nor good-nature, but he was only an indifferent tutor to the Prince. His mother accused the Bishop of never teaching her son anything; and the prelate retorted by affirming that he was never permitted to teach him anything. Lord Waldegrave accepted the governorship with reluctance, but he was well fitted for the responsible post, which the Duke of Newcastle foolishly thought might be occupied by a cipher, but which really required a man of Waldegrave's good sense and honourable principles. Of Dr. Thomas,

Walpole says, "I know nothing of him; he had lain by many years, after having read prayers to the present King (George II.), which his Majesty remembered, and two years ago popped him into a bishopric."

"I don't know what they teach them" (the Prince of Wales and his favourite brother, Edward, Duke of York), "but I'm afraid not much," said the Dowager Princess to Bubb Dodington. The boys and preceptors were idle at Kew and Cliefden, perhaps they would be more diligent in town. Bubb not unwisely thought that the Princes might be learning something without poring over books—knowledge of the world, the science of government, and the conduct of public business. The mother's testimony to the character of the Prince was, that he was very honest, but reserved and childish—even after he was "in his teens"—shy, good-natured, cheerful, yet tinged with gravity; slow, yet not without application. In learning, she thought him backward—and she was right in this, but only by chance, for she was incapable of judging; and she was correct in asserting what might be said of a great portion of his life, that those most intimate with him knew him as little as if they had never seen him. The mother herself did not thoroughly comprehend him—but a good mother's instincts were aroused for him, and she kept her son from all companionship with the vicious and ill-educated aristocracy of her time, whom she properly held in healthy horror. The aunt of the Prince of Wales (Amelia) furnishes evidence, derived from the mother. She told Walpole that having one day, when the Prince was a boy, done some-

thing to please him, the Princess Dowager said to her—"Madam, you are very good to my children; but, madam, if you was to lay down your life for George, George would not be obliged to you."*

Lord Chesterfield, who was then training his only son, not to abandon vice, but to be a gentleman in the practice of it, pronounced the Prince to be "a most hopeful boy, gentle, and good-natured, with good sound sense." His royal grandfather, on the other hand, declared he "was good for nothing except to read the Bible to his mother"—a good, and homely, and not unprincely virtue. The Prince of Wales was, undoubtedly, of a less vivacious spirit than his brother and companion, Edward of York, and certainly had, through life, a more correct sense of propriety. I derive from a note of Mrs. Piozzi's, written in a copy of "Wraxall's Memoirs," which she was annotating, one evidence of the correctness of the Prince's conduct, and which evidence reached Mrs. Piozzi through a cousin, attached to the household of Prince Frederick. "The Princess was sitting one day of her early widowhood, pensive and melancholy, her two oldest sons were playing about the room. 'Brother,' said the second boy (Edward, Duke of York), 'when you and I are men grown, you shall be married, and I will keep a mistress.'—'Be quiet, Eddy,' replied the Prince of Wales, 'we shall have anger presently for your nonsense. There must be no mistresses at all.'—'What you say?' cries old (?) Augusta, 'you more need learn your pronouns, as the preceptor bid you do. Can you tell what is a pronoun?' 'Yes, very well,' replied Prince Edward, 'a pronoun is

* "Last Journals of Horace Walpole." Vol. I. p. 111,

to a noun, what a mistress is to a wife, a substitute and a representative.'" Whatever parts the Prince's tutors may have had, one of their pupils, at least, was not without a lively knowledge of the world. The Dowager Princess had reason to be afraid of the manners of the age—here was one of her caged birds with the audacity of a page, and an insight into social arrangements that would have made him popular with a whole club of Mohawks.

Fuller tells us what young Edward VI. had to say of his tutors, namely, that "Randolph the German spake honestly; Sir John Cheke talked merrily; Dr. Coxe solidly; and Sir Anthony Cooke weighingly." We are also enabled, through Sir George Rose's diary, to know the impression left on the mind of George III. by the tutors and governors appointed over him in his princehood. "His Majesty told me," says Sir George, "that most serious inconvenience had arisen from disagreements and intrigues among those who were entrusted with the care of his education; mentioning Dr. Thomas, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, and Mr. George Scott, afterwards a Commissioner of Excise, as men of unexceptionable characters,—preceptor and sub-preceptor. But he considered Dr. Hayter, Bishop of Norwich, as an intriguing, unworthy man, more fitted to be a Jesuit than an English bishop; and as influenced in his conduct by the disappointment he had met with in failing to get the archbishopric of Canterbury." His Majesty added, that "his lordship was the author of the gross and wicked calumny on George Scott, accusing him, a man of the purest mind and most innocent conduct, of having attempted to poison his wife." Lord Waldegrave

was pronounced to be a 'depraved, worthless man,' and the other well-intentioned, but wholly unfit for the situation in which he was placed." In this former opinion the King seems to have had an incorrect remembrance of the governors of the Prince.

It is very clear that the mother of the Prince, however scantily she may have been endowed with learning, possessed good sense, and was moved by healthy impulses. In her son's boyhood she remembered the honest letter which Edward Walpole had sent to her husband, when the latter was urging him to oppose the King in Parliament; Walpole had also presented the Prince with a valuable Cremonean violincello, which after his death was carefully locked up by order of the Princess. She pointed to it one day when the youthful Prince of Wales stood by, and said, "George, that instrument was given to your father by a man, from whom I will show you a letter. When you are king, get him about you if you can, you cannot have an honester man."* If she could only have followed the counsel which she gave, she would have better enabled her son to profit by her advice, and would have saved much trouble to her son's preceptors.

It must be said for the preceptors that they found an ill-taught pupil, who when he came into public life only saw evil example rife about him. An anonymous poet has described the court in which the Prince of Wales figured in his seventeenth year, and at which Lady Yarmouth, the mistress of his grandfather, only civilly gave precedence to the Prince's mother. The "Grand Presence" below is, of course, King George II.

* "Last Journals of Horace Walpole."

See the Grand Presence in the circle move;
Whilst all around is Joy, and Peace, and Love;
But see which way does the Grand Presence walk!
Say next with whom the King is pleas'd to talk.
Ha! with what goddess-like demeanour seen,
And lowliness, majestic like a Queen!
To meet whose smiles the god-like hero walks;
And first with Yarmouth pleasantly he talks;
Who yields, with grace superior, all her charms,
The Dowager Princess coming to his arms.
With the whole majesty of Heav'n she moves,
Pensive in thought. She smiles, she joys, she loves,
She loves—but not as erst, when Frederick,
Her joy, her life, her all, impress'd her lip,
Sooth'd her with blandishments, would fawn and play
Around her neck, or on her bosom lay.
That neck, that bosom, jewels still adorn,
But, ah! his hand, the living jew'l, is gone.
The King sustains her loss, and well he can:
Heav'n leaves the guardian, when it takes a man.

At this court, where the train of vice swept before the throne more proudly than that of virtue, the young Prince of Wales is thus described standing near his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, and is also thus counselled by the modest and nameless versifier:—

Close standing by his side, a princely boy
Invites my eye, and fills my heart with joy:
Climbing so fast to manhood, lo! a tree,
A blooming tree, sprung from a twig, I see.
The modest youth adorn'd with many a grace,
But the most fair, the blush upon his face;
Grow on in ev'ry virtue, grow and shine,
But make the patriot virtue wholly thine.
Your father, grandsire, uncle, study well;
The Court, the town, the country, wisely spell;
Learn how, before you are, to be a king:
Beware of party. Union is the thing.

However defective the education of the Prince may have been in some respects, he possessed one accom-

plishment in which he was never equalled by any of his own children, namely, that of expressing himself in his letters, in pure and correct English free alike from pretence or affectation.

With the Princess Dowager and her friend and counsellor, scandal adds, her particular admirer, the Earl of Bute, the Prince of Wales is supposed to have lived in as great seclusion as the heir of a sultan. For some time this was indeed the case, but emancipation seems to have come sufficiently early. When the Prince was eighteen years of age, the King granted him 40,000*l.* a-year, and offered him an apartment in Kensington and St. James's Palaces. The annuity was gratefully accepted, but the Prince declined the apartment, says Bubb Dodington, "on account of the mortification it would be to his mother; though," says Bubb, in one of those additions which render diarists so dangerous to their familiar friends or patrons, "it is well known that he does not live with her either in town or country." Thus the man whom Prince Frederick raised to greatness, was the first who put on record that his patron's son had not an invariable regard for truth!

At all events there is nothing to surprise us in the fact that the Prince, with all the respect he entertained for his mother, avoided residence with her; for there, too, was the inevitable Lord Bute, who, long before he held any ostensible office near the Prince, was wont to oppress him by didactic conversations on the "Commentaries" of Blackstone, which that learned judge sent to the Earl in manuscript. When Bute was absent, Bubb Dodington was in the company of the Dowager Princess, the intercourse between the latter

two being as familiar, he says, as that of brother and sister. On these occasions Bubb had confidential dialogues with the Princess, from whom he learned various family matters which, of course, he has registered in his diary. Thence, too, we learn how the Prince was under undue subjection to his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, and how his brother Edward charged him with lack of spirit in submitting to it. Altogether there seems to have existed an opinion that the intellect of the Prince of Wales was not of a brilliant order. It was, however, sufficiently useful for many very good purposes, and a Prince of eighteen who took pleasure and reaped profit from perusing Leland's "View of Deistical Writers," must at that age have been endowed with a common-sense intellect adapted for the accomplishment of some important objects.

Of his presence at his mother's literary evenings we also hear, but those were very dull affairs, consisting in the reading of the dreary classical tragedies then in vogue, compared with which any theological "view" must have been refreshingly lively. In naval affairs he took as much interest as Henry of Stirling, had a strong affection for the service, and could he have been at the head of it had spirit and Latin enough, I sincerely believe, to have replied to any hostile threat against the English fleet, in the words once forwarded by an English minister to M. Guizot, when the latter was sufficiently angry and unwise to hint a similar menace :—

> Maturate fugam, regi hæc dicite vestro,—
> Non illi imperium pelagi sævumque tridentem
> Sed mihi sorte datum

At this time, Saville House, Leicester Square, was the

residence of the young Prince, around whom gathered, as always will be inclined to gather round an heir with imminent expectations, the "Opposition," or party that happened to be out of place. From them he learned one side of political history. Lord Bute thought it would be as well for him were he to see the world, and accordingly he escorted the Prince to—the Isle of Bute. This was the longest course of travel ever undertaken by the Prince, and the only *foreign land* he ever visited was that little island off the land of the Gael!

These matters, however, bore with them symptoms of manhood, another sign of which is offered to us in the fact that on the 4th of February, 1760, he so far appeared prominent in Parliament that he was named on the commission for giving the royal assent to several bills. And there were other manifestions of dawning manhood in the Prince whom some took, at best, for a Cymon. If report may be relied on, he had already been subdued by more than one Iphigenia, but there is doubtless something of the romance of history mixed up with the narrative. This is especially the case with the story of Hannah Lightfoot, the young Quakeress of St. James's Market, whose charms were said to have had such potency in them that the Prince privately married his beautiful idol, at Curzon Street Chapel, May Fair, in the year 1759. Where the Prince and the Fairy kept household is not on record, but the romance goes circumstantially into details, the chief of which relate to the alleged offspring of this supposed marriage, to the awakening of the Prince from his dream, and to the subsequent marriage of the well-endowed fairy with a conveniently-found swain, named

Axford, who tabernacled with the Prince's repudiated love, in Harper Street, Red Lion Square.

About the real history, however, of Hannah Lightfoot, there still rests an impenetrable mystery. At the time of her disappearance from the house "at the corner of Market Street, St. James's Market," she was the guest of her uncle there, named Wheeler. The tradition still existing in her family is, that she left the house in St. James's to marry a "Mr. Axford," a perfect stranger to all but herself, at Keith's Chapel, in May Fair; and that in spite of every inquiry, she was never seen nor heard of afterwards by her relatives. Yet it is known that she sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds for her portrait; and it is not unreasonably supposed that this must have been by order of her royal lover. This fine work exists at Knolle Park, Kent, and is there described as the portrait of "Mrs. Axford." May not Axford have been the true *Beverley*, after all? One would certainly like to know what became of this shy, but successful young Quakeress. The secret *must* be with some one, however, for it is affirmed that the wife of one of the Prytherchs of Abergole is her granddaughter.*

There is more truth, and more of the true romantic spirit which may agree with truth, in the story of the second Iphigenia of the princely Cymon. As the latter used to ride between Kew and Leicester Square, his notice was attracted one sweet June-tide, by the appearance of a young girl making hay, in one of the fields which then bordered Kensington. Never had such a mortal haymaker, shedding fragrance over the fragrant heap she made, been seen on earth before. The young Prince

* "Notes and Queries," vol. i. 1856, p. 322.

was enchanted, and there was good reason, for Walpole affirms that the young lady was beautiful beyond conception, and that her loveliness and expression were above the reach of artists to emulate. This peerless fair one was Lady Sarah Lennox, whose mother, the Duchess of Richmond was more beautiful than even Lady Sarah, or her other two daughters, one of whom became the mother of Charles Fox, the other, of the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The lady who had touched the Prince's heart so nearly, was about seven years his junior, but the legend will have it that he made her an offer of marriage, which she accepted. It must have been a short-lived, however brilliant a romance, for when Lady Sarah appeared at her royal lover's wedding, when she was only in her 18th year, it was not as bride, but as bridesmaid! She found speedy consolation, too, in marrying Sir T. C. Bunbury, and subsequently the Hon. George Napier. The eldest child of this marriage was the gallant soldier, Sir Charles Napier, whose "very existence" is described by his brother, Sir William, as being an "offence to royal pride." Thus the Napiers seemed to have held that the Lady and not the Prince was to blame. An antagonism, almost comical, was established on the Napier side. When the two respective eldest sons f the two marriages once met at court, the son of ady Sarah's old lover (George Augustus, Prince of Vales) "took the liberty" of calling Lady Sarah's son, Charles!" A graceful condescension which the latter oung man, then nineteen, notified to his mother with n ungenerous, "Marry, come up, my dirty cousin."

It has been often said by those who wished to

damage the character of Charles Fox, that he employed very active influence, in the love passages which passed between Lady Sarah Lennox and the Prince of Wales, about the year 1760; and that this influence turned to induce the Prince to marry that fair cousin of young Charles. When, however, it is remembered that in the year above named Charles Fox was only eleven years of age, it is not likely, even if he were in the secret of the existence of the love, that he was in the confidence of the lovers;—or that he could have exercised any influence at all in an affair of such delicacy,—and yet his subsequent opposition to the King's government is sometimes said to have owed its origin to the non-fulfilment of this marriage!

In 1760, George II. died, and sudden as was the death of that King, some previous arrangement seems to have been made, in order that, whenever it might take place, the Prince of Wales should be the first to be informed of that very important event,—both to out-going King, and in-coming Prince. The former died at Kensington. The Prince was then at Kew, and he thus gives his own account of the conveyance of a message, about which there seems to have been much unnecessary mystery. Sir George Rose thus reports it in his diary:—

"His Majesty referred to a conversation he had held with me respecting Lord Bute; saying he would now tell me what he had then omitted to do. . . . . That on the day of the late King's demise, he was going from Kew to his house in London, to give some directions about an organ he had there being fitted in a room he had prepared for it. When near Kew bridge, he met

a person he did not know, who rode up to him and said he had something to say to him, and took out of his pocket a piece of very coarse white-brown paper, with the name of Schrieder wrote upon it, and nothing more, which the man said was given to him merely to obtain credence with his Royal Highness; and then went on to say that the King was taken suddenly ill, and that appearances were very alarming. He ordered him to say nothing to any one, but to ride on quietly. The determination his Majesty instantly took was to return to Kew, to colour which, he observed to his attendants that his horse went lame; and although his groom assured him to the contrary, he went back directly, and immediately repaired to the Princess of Wales, whose unremitting and careful attention he spoke feelingly of, to communicate to her what had occurred; in doing which he enjoined her in the warmest manner to say nothing on the subject to Lord Bute, lest he should entertain some notion of endeavouring to be placed in a political situation; of which, however, the Princess Dowager assured him there was no danger. The King, not satisfied with that assurance, repeated the injunction, and obtained from her Royal Highness a positive promise of a compliance with it, adding, that if she should be mistaken, it would entirely alter her opinion of his Lordship. That after leaving his mother, and before reaching his own house, he met a messenger with a letter from the Princess Amelia, directed "To his Majesty," which led to his being certain of the event that had happened. Her Royal Highness, in it, requested him to come directly to Kensington; the impropriety of which he was so sensible of, that, after

again waiting on his mother, he went straight to his own house in London."—That was to Carlton House, his mother's residence, where he met his ministers, and revised his first speech to the nation, putting in it those famous words—"Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton,"—words which, brightly gilded, headed the printed address, which was framed, glazed, and suspended in many a house at that period, and which is still to be found, something the worse for wear, the gilding tarnished, and the printing soiled, hanging against the walls of some remote cottage,—a tradition and a "hatchment" of the buried past.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK OF ST. JAMES'S.

BORN 1762. DIED (KING) 1830.

Chronologically, the life of the eldest son of George III., may be thus registered.

He was born at St. James's, on the 12th of August, 1762, and was only a few days old when he was created Prince of Wales.

In 1770, he passed from the nursery to the guardianship of men; the Earl of Holdernesse, and the reverend Dr. Markham, and Cyril Jackson, being his governor, preceptor, and sub-preceptor.

In 1772, he is reported to have manifested his earl opposition to his father, by shouting within his hearing the obnoxious cry of "Wilkes and 45 for ever!"

Two years later he and his brother, the Duke of York, received some instructions in farming, on which they practically entered, with the success of amateurs; and in 1776, the Prince passed from the superintending care of the trio of gentlemen named above,—to that of Lord Bruce, Bishop Hurd, and the Rev. Mr. Arnold. The noble lord, however, speedily made way for the Duke of Montague, as governor.

In his eighteenth year he demonstrated the utility of the restrictive system under which he was kept by parents and tutors, by alluring Perdita Robinson from the stage, and by making his first and deep plunge into

indiscretion and extravagance, by entering into a bond to pay her 20,000*l.* when he came of age.

When that time came, the Prince and the lady were no longer friends, and the bond was redeemed for an annuity of 500*l.* per annum, which was not paid many years. This was not for want of means, seeing that when he reached his majority, the people, by their representatives, granted him 100,000*l.* to form a household, and half that sum, annually, to support it. He took his seat among the Peers, commenced his political career as a Tory, but soon fell into dissipation, extreme and costly follies and fopperies, and the hands of the Whigs, who seized on him as a pupil, for the good of their country, the welfare of the heir-apparent, and no especial purpose, good or bad, in which they were themselves interested! So at least they said,—but with all natural inclination for Whigs and gentlemen, I do not give more than provisional acceptance to such assertions.

They must, at all events, have speedily become ashamed of their pupil, for he acted neither as true Whig, nor honest gentleman. As for his Whiggism, I believe it was very much like Charles the Second's Protestanism, which was a cloak serving to hide a genuine Roman Catholic. So did the Prince of Wales's Whiggery cover a Tory, at heart; when he could safely profess the latter creed, he took to it, and kept it through life, as honestly as it was in his power to keep to anything.

Between the two, he very much resembled himself between Mrs. Crouch the actress and Mrs. Fitzherbert. He married the latter fascinating widow, at the risk of

bringing about a war of succession, and he instructed his own familiar friend, Charles Fox, to deny the marriage in the face of the House of Commons. He had sworn to be faithful to his wife, but while lavishing a world of wealth upon her in the form of a splendid establishment, the expenses of which he promised to pay, he was on such friendly terms with the actress that he did not think 1400*l.* per annum too much to pay, or engage to pay, for the enjoyment of them.

At this time, young, handsome, and courteous, with means and appliances about him to become an accomplished, a patriotic, and an exemplary Prince, he was bankrupt in estate and character. Prodigal as the people had been to him, through the House of Commons, he abused their liberality, recklessly exceeded his income, anticipated that of years to come, and amid the ruin which he had gaily brought upon himself, standing impudently penitent, asking his father and asking the people to rescue him—who would not rescue himself.

"Impudently penitent," because he played out a short farce of reduction and economy, which the patient public took for fixed and shining morality; and, moved by the example of his softened sire, who consented to allow his son an additional 10,000*l.* a year out of the Civil List, they flung into his lap the splendid donation of 160,000*l.*, wherewith to satisfy his creditors, and an additional 20,000*l.* for himself, under the name of repairs for Carlton House.

At the age of six-and-twenty, he came for the first time within reach almost of the sceptre, as Regent. In 1788, constitutional disease, public calamity, private

anxieties, and a life of constant irritation, either from intractable ministers who would ride over him, and not be ridden over by him, or from his son, whose ingratitude was worse than the serpent's tooth, as the sage calls it, the King, with the weight of only half a century on his shoulders, but with the intolerable burden I have indicated on his mind, made first, but not yet total, shipwreck of his reason, and then it was proposed that George Augustus Frederick should be Regent.

When this crisis of his life was reached, the Whigs, ordinarily anxious to preserve, or make reserve of, the rights of the people, and place healthy bonds on those in possession of power, asserted that the King being mentally dead, the next heir naturally succeeded to all but the title of his predecessor's greatness, without restriction, and as a matter of course. The Tories, on the other hand, usually jealous of too much interfering with the potentiality of those whom they acknowledge for sovereign, or vice-sovereign, argued in favour of submission of the matter to public opinion, and of a regency under such restraints as to be under the control of the people's representatives. The bill with the restrictions in question was going through the House, when, on the 12th of February, 1789, the whole matter was overturned by the unexpected recovery of the King.

Therewith, the Prince, under the cold shade of his father's inveterate displeasure, turned away from politics, took to philandering, to horse-racing, and then abandoning that, to attending prize-fights; and then, in better taste, leaving them with a denunciation against them; to the exhibition of much fickleness and other follies, and to the wooing of many ladies, who received the homage

with more or less alacrity, while Mrs. Fitzherbert kept a state rarely broken in upon by her inconstant husband in her compact little palace in Park Lane.

In 1795 was carried into fatal completion that unhappy project of marriage with his lively cousin, Caroline of Brunswick. It was not that he loved, even on report, the lady he had never seen. He was hopelessly embarrassed again by debt, and the marriage was proposed as the grateful service to be performed in return for the payment of his debts. And hither came, accordingly, that then lovely and never very clean lady, her young heart occupied with the memory of a lover, to accept as her husband a man who was already married, but who did not scruple to marry again, standing at the altar and perjuring himself under the strong tonics of brandy, hatred of his bride, and, let us hope, some disgust at himself.

That ill-matched pair were wedded on the 8th April, 1795. Parliament again behaved munificently on the occasion, and the married couple had every means of happiness within their power save one; wanting which, felicity is unattainable. They had no esteem each for the other; hence came separation within a year, shortly after the birth of the Princess Charlotte of Wales; and thence ensued scandals, and misery, and guiltiness, such as threatened to make the popular heart sick of the name of royalty, uneasy under the present condition of things, and nearly hopeless as regarded the future.

There was a moment when the Prince had an opportunity to recover the goodwill and respect of the people; and, to do him justice, he did not neglect to avail, or

rather, to try to avail himself of it. When we were threatened by invasion, in the early part of this century, he sought eagerly, and no doubt sincerely, to be permitted to have a foremost place among the martial defenders of the country. His creditable effort was treated with cruel scorn, and, while his incapable brother, the Duke of York, was entrusted with a supreme command, the Prince of Wales was contemptuously thrust back into ornamental uselessness, and with such insulting circumstances, as to lead the vigilant public to believe that he was personally the coward which his vindictive father most unjustifiably declared him to be.

To pursue the chronological outline of this life, there remains to be recorded that, in 1804, when he claimed sole power over the education of his daughter, the King preserved the rights of the mother of the princess. In 1805, the coalition of Grenville and Fox had the support of the Prince. Then followed the indiscretions of his wife, the calumnies which sprung from them, and her triumphant issue, marked by her re-appearance at Court; where, in 1807, the ill-starred couple met for the last time, exchanging a few cold, civil words. The final derangement of the "old King" led to Perceval's Regency Bill, with the limitations of Pitt's previous measure—to continue only for a year. This arrangement enabled the Prince to start unshackled from the year 1812. His new career opened with war abroad and awful suffering at home, where the expenditure greatly exceeded the income. But the refusal of the Prince to receive, at such a period, an increase of revenue, gained him some popularity, and his desertion

of his Whig friends hardly affected this temporary regard on the part of the people.

The year 1814 was a real year of jubilee. The war was brought to a glorious close; emperors and kings came over here as guests; and, though the nation was on the verge of bankruptcy, the Prince's wife had retired to the Continent, and to her husband there came a consequent joy free from all alloy. Waterloo hardly raised it higher. Algiers, in 1816, gave a fresh lustre to his regency; but at this time his popularity was altogether extinguished; of which circumstance he had an unpleasant assurance on being fired at in 1817, as he was passing in his carriage, accompanied by Lord James Murray, the father of the present Duke of Athol. In that same year, died his daughter. The succeeding year was marked by the death of his mother, Queen Charlotte; an event which seems to have cost him as much sorrow as that great calamity which the nation suffered in the death of the Princess Charlotte—"Fair Rose of England," as some poets, and a vast number of the sincere and common people called her. The Manchester Massacre, in 1819, and the Cato Street Conspiracy, in 1820, indicate sufficiently the feeling of the authorities and the party by which they were resisted. It was in the latter year, amid gloom, discontent, and exasperation, that George Augustus Frederick became King.

"It is the fashion," says Mr. Thackeray, in "The Newcomes," "to run down George IV." The kindliness of feeling evinced in this phrase was made, even by the eminent man who uttered it, to yield to the lively sense of justice subsequently manifested in the Lectures

on the Georges. It *is* a "fashion to run down" this Prince; but he himself afforded the opportunity, and any man seizing it, or finding himself unable to avoid it, may experience comfort—a strange sort of comfort indeed—in reflecting that no man has ever spoken of the Prince in such withering terms as have been applied to him by his own father.

And yet his own father exaggerated his faults, or, if that were impossible, was partly accountable for them; refusing subsequently to make allowance for errors which were in some degree the result of inefficient, however well-intentioned, training.

It is to be remembered, too, that this Prince especially had one great disadvantage wherewith to contend, when his way of life was being judged of, and was very properly condemned. Happy, ordinary, men live, according to their good or bad principles, within a restricted circle, and are answerable for their actions only towards God. But here was a Prince—every hour of whose life was watched, every action noted, every word and deed witnessed, registered, and variously represented. He was not like a Japanese prince, who has a social spy eternally at his elbow—he had a million, the entire public; and, except by the few miscalled friends who lured him—nothing loth, but lured him, nevertheless, into acts which have stamped a disgraceful fame upon his name—there was maintained against him a continual fire of sarcasm and reproof.

The most blameless man that ever lived, before his fellow-men could not stand the ordeal which this Prince of Wales was compelled to undergo. In every circumstance of his life he was "found out;" for him there

was no privacy; the universal eye was for ever upon him, the universal tongue assumed the "fashion" of wagging against him. At every breakfast-table there was a report of the night-doings of the Prince; at every supper-table there was a review of his day's history. Men not only dragged him forth to hourly judgment, stripped him, exposed him, deserted him, and pronounced him rotten, but in letters and diaries they have transmitted him, naked, all his blemishes apparent, anatomized and condemned, down to everlasting posterity. In his earlier days, misled and misrepresented, he became reckless, and therewith plunged into an abyss from which, though he arose, it was only to remain polluted for ever. His lack of filial duty, his heedless gambling, his low pursuits, the meannesses to which these compelled him, his faithlessness to woman, his betrayal of friends, and his beastly addiction to drinking,—all these have inflicted pain on the good and true men who, recording them, could not but condemn them; and have afforded a dear delight to men a thousand times worse than the Prince they affected to scorn; who reviled him for the sins in which they indulged, but in the practice of which they were not followed—day and night, unceasingly, by eyes eager to discover, tongues ready to report, and pens pointed for records to render them infamous for ever.

I am unwilling, therefore, to follow the "fashion" of "running-down" this Prince of Wales; and, failing altogether in the space necessary to make fair record of his history, with its lights as well as shades—and it certainly had both—I will confine myself to noticing some salient points in his character; leaving him, then,

to what every human being greatly needs—charity of construction when condemning him absolutely, or when comparing him by the better standards which now regulate the lives of princes and their fellow-men.

George Augustus Frederick has been severely censured for the extravagance of his tastes. This taste and attending extravagance were gently instilled into him in his infancy. At five years old he was made to hold the most gorgeous juvenile drawing-room that England at least had ever seen. The little god was there supreme; and better means could not have been found to render him drunk with vanity. The "common people" made practical remark on this splendid mistake, by driving a hearse into the court-yard at St. James's, and saluting the glittering drama and its sparkling actors, by shouts of execration.

Consigned, with his brother, to successive tutors, the King gave free license to these, to flog his boys if they deserved it. The Prince and his brother Frederick have been alike stigmatized as early addicted to rebellion, because they once manfully united and flogged their tutor. Accepting this as a fact, I have always considered it creditable to their spirit and their sense of the fitness of things. A blow is the most offensive outrage that can be inflicted on a gentleman; and here were two royal lads who knew that well, who were menaced with such outrage in the most degrading way in which it could be levelled at them. Would that they had always been as rightly prompted, and ever as careful of preserving their self-dignity, and of avenging it when insulted.

It is a common thing for improvident people of all

classes, to remark with some self-complacency, that if they are ruining themselves, they, at all events, are only their own enemies; no one else, they think, is injured by their improvidence. This is a fatal mistake; and it is fatally illustrated by a circumstance connected with the extravagance of the Prince of Wales, and, in this case, of his two next brothers.

When the Duke of Orleans was on a visit to this country, an unpleasant report got abroad, to the effect that the Prince of Wales had stooped to borrow money of the Duke, for which the former had given bonds, his brothers uniting with him in accepting certain liabilities. There was some delicate questioning in Parliament, and some delicately-evasive answering on this point. At length, Fox himself repaired to his royal pupil, and asked him directly if he had ever entered into such bonds to a foreign prince. The pupil of Fox swore that he was guiltless of such act; whereupon Fox convicted him of lying by taking one of the bonds, bearing the signature of the Prince, from his pocket! This was bad enough, but still worse results arose out of this act of degrading folly. The other bonds were negotiated in France. They were there taken up, and circulated at a heavy discount. They had been thus running on for three years, when a Fermier General refused to receive them at par. The holders of them were then republicans, and these immediately denounced this particular Fermier and the brother financiers of his class, as aristocrats of the most villanous quality. Thirty-one of that once money-making tribe were immediately thrown into prison; among them was Lavoisier, the celebrated chemist; and in May, 1794, the

whole thirty-one suffered death under the guillotine.* Thus, some jollity in Pall Mall, a little deep gambling, hard drinking, and friendly borrowing and lending of money, led to this terrible catastrophe on the Place de la Révolution. When the bonds were signed, the Princes probably thought they were only injuring themselves. They were signing the death-warrants of above thirty fellow-creatures.

The above incident shows also at what light value the Prince regarded truth. This was, unfortunately with him, more a rule than the exception; and the pledging of his word was, in his eyes, no sacred thing. At the very time above noticed, of the visit of the Duke of Orleans, that unhappy individual was accompanied by his illegitimate brother the Abbé St. Phar. They were once assembled with the Prince of Wales and other personages of quality, when the Abbé, to exhibit some specimens of his power over fish, had to stoop low down to some water. This he did not do till he had exacted a promise from the Prince of Wales not to take advantage of his position, in order to play any tricks upon him. The Prince pledged his word not to molest the Abbé; but at the first opportunity he toppled St. Phar head over heels, into the stream. The enraged priest, on scrambling forth, attempted to chastise his cruel assailant, and the Prince only escaped by taking to his heels.

He might have consoled himself by reflecting that Cœur de Lion had once run away from a peasant in Sicily, and therefore he might, without disgrace, escape

* Memoirs and Correspondence of the Marquis of Cornwallis. Note, by C. Ross, Esq., *in loc.*

as he best could, from the wrath of a semi-Bourbon priest. Not that he was not occasionally menaced by less noble persons, whom he was wont to insult. Thus, Mr. Sumner, a member of parliament, was always spoken of by him with some unpleasant phrase, which so annoyed the legislator, that he exhibited a thick stick to "Jack Payne," the Prince's confidant, and bade him tell "his master" that he would knock him down for his insolence, whenever he had an opportunity. Such little respect did men then pay him!

The forfeiture of that pleasant tribute from gentleman to Prince was a consequence of his own conduct. How could Fox ever have a rag of deference left for his pupil after the latter had married Mrs. Fitzherbert, and had coolly denied the fact to Fox, and bade *him* deny it, on authority, in the face of the House of Commons? With regard to this supreme defect in the character of the Prince, Lord Holland was himself once sorely perplexed. Sheridan had informed him that (at a certain crisis), he had written for the Prince one of those letters which were intended to pass for the Prince's own. In an immediate interview which took place, the Prince told Lord Holland that he himself had entirely composed the letter in question, and appealed to Sheridan if such was not the fact. The latter only politely and silently bowed. "I could not, for the soul of me, tell which was the liar!" is the exclamation of Lord Holland. He knew them both so thoroughly.

The worst of the Prince's vices came, I think, of his drinking; and in this vice he instructed his next brother, York. In Lord Cornwallis's Memoirs, there is a letter from General Grant to my Lord, written in 1788. In

this the General states that at the Irish Club the young Prince and the young Duke reciprocally obliged each other—York learning from the Prince to drink copiously, and the Prince learning from the Duke to gamble recklessly. Walpole, too, records a dinner, at which "Prince and Duke 'drank royally.'" Major-General Granville writes to Lord Cornwallis: "We (meaning the Duke of York) are totally guided by the Prince of Wales, and thoroughly initiated into all the extravagance and debaucheries of this most virtuous metropolis;" and Lord Bulkeley, in a letter to the Marquess of Buckingham, informs his correspondent that the Princes attend Beef-steak Clubs, Freemasons' gatherings, and other popular assemblages, simply to make proselytes. At Brookes's, the Duke of York is described as attending every night. "The 'hawks,'" says the Major, "pluck his feathers unmercifully, and have reduced him to the vowels I. O. U." The Prince, too, is pourtrayed as "taking kindly to play."

The Prince's fraternal instructor set no good example of paying his losses. Keatinge, an Irish member, once actually reminded the Duke that he owed him money lost at cards, asking at the same time that the debt of honour might be acquitted. The Duke *did* send him a cheque, and Keatinge wrote back in reply—

> "Now is the winter of our discontent
> Made glorious summer by *the sun of York*."

At which familiarity York laughed heartily. For half as much, the Prince would have dismissed the dearest friend he had. But therein lay two of the most marked characteristics of the two brothers—York never abandoned a friend, the Prince of Wales broke friendships with the greatest alacrity.

Neither of these Princes understood the real value and purpose of money. The Duke once gave the "Health of Mr. Coutts, who has been my banker for thirty years." That gentleman replied to the honour by saying, "I beg your royal highness's pardon, it is your royal highness who has done me the honour to keep my money for thirty years."

The only profit, indeed, that we derive from the vices of these illustrious personages, is to be found in the smart sayings to which they gave rise. Thus, Lord Lewisham, son of the Earl of Dartmouth, once gave a dinner to the Prince, at which there was some very hard drinking. In this condition the tipsy guests took to talking of matrimony. The Prince said "he envied the Dukes of Devon and Rutland who, though high and mighty princes too, had been at liberty to wed two charming women whom they liked; but, for his part, he supposed he should be forced to marry some ugly German b——;" I forget the other letters of the word; and then turning to the Irish Master of the Rolls (Rigby), asked what *he* would advise him to do? "Faith, sir," said the Master, "I am not yet drunk enough to give advice to a Prince of Wales about marrying." "I think," says Walpole, who tells the story, "this is one of the best answers I ever heard;" and he well adds the query, "How many fools will think themselves sober enough to advise his *altesse* on whatever he consults them?"

The habit of drinking was followed or attended by the unprincely habit of ill-speaking. The Prince swore like the young Duchess of Burgundy, and she, it will be remembered, swore like a whole squadron of dragoons. "Those d—d fellows!" was the polite

phrase by which he designated the House of Lords and the faithful Commons. When a deputation of these great personages was once assembling at Carlton House, and waiting to see the Prince, he asked Michael Angelo Taylor, "Are these fellows come?" "Yes, sir, some of them," answered Taylor. "*Some* of them!" growled his Highness, "d—n them *all!*" On this last occasion, there was some political irritation connected with the expletive, but the Prince employed it on small provocation. When shoe-buckles were in fashion, he ridiculed Lord Essex for returning from Paris with shoe-ties. Lord Essex remarked, that in six months the Prince would be himself wearing ties in his shoes instead of buckles. It was a small matter, but the Prince was pleased to be so energetic as to say, "I'll be d—d if I'm ever so effeminate." Small rudenesses were also practised by "the first gentleman" of his day, as readily as he uttered strong expletives. In 1787, after the motion was withdrawn for the payment of his debts, when Pitt had promised to set the Prince at ease, but was resolved that he should not be able to give much trouble, the minister sent a message to him by Lord Southampton, in order to make some explanation on the subject; "but," says Lord Cornwallis, "a warm answer was given, that he did not receive verbal messages, and that if the minister had any business with him, he should come himself!"

One especial mark of unmanliness about him was in the readiness with which he was moved to tears. Moore, who was so fascinated by him at first, informs us that when Lord Moira took leave of him, on the noble lord's departure from England, the Prince fairly

"blubbered" at the thought of being deserted in his need by his old friend—who, by the way, made the matter more risible by a solemn assurance that he would certainly come back and sink with his master under the ruins of the throne! It was not mere sentiment, healthy or sickly, that inspired the solemn shower. The Prince cried at everything. When Brummel once found fault with the cut of his coat, the august wearer of it, himself an amateur tailor, sat down and wept bitterly!

And yet no man had in him a stronger sense of the humorous! His power of mimicry, or, as the elder Charles Mathews would have said, of imitation, was very great. He could not only take-off Lord Thurlow to the life, but invent capital stories wherewith to heighten the imitation, and could even *look* as wise as that chancellor—which was said to be a much more difficult thing to accomplish than it was to *be* as wise.

This habit of mimicry clung by him to the last, as the readers of "Raikes's Journals" will remember. That journalist states that the Duke of Wellington told him how, on being summoned to Brighton to form an administration, he found the King half dressed, and rather dirty, in bed, and how he amused the Duke by describing the visits of resignation he had just had from the out-going ministers, whose voices, manners, and salient characteristics, the sovereign imitated with a ludicrous fidelity, that caused actor and spectator to indulge in explosive hilarity.

The Prince enjoyed this power in others quite as

much as he did the practice of it himself. There was a time when, as Lord Cornwallis remarked, with some scornful disregard of Lindley Murray, "there was not a more violent Foxite than him in the kingdom." This was written in 1784, when, as at many other periods, Fox's servant, Basilico, used to attend with his master when the latter was staying with the Prince. On one of these occasions, the latter was especially delighted by a bit of acting on the part of Basilico, which was admirably imitated by the Prince before the company to whom he related the circumstance. This consisted in the lacquey's saying to him: "I have had de honour, sare, of being at Windsor. I have seen your fader. He *look as well as ever.*" And these words were whispered confidentially, with a rueful face, which the Prince repeated with as bad taste as the lacquey had rendered them with impudence.

Want of taste in many other things painfully distinguished him. He at one time seriously proposed to dress all naval officers in red breeches and waistcoats! To the remonstrance made against this barbarism, he replied with the old expletive tacked to a sweeping criticism: "D—n 'em," said the Prince, "dress 'em as you will, they'll never look like gentlemen!" Such was the taste of the man who would spend hours watching Brummel at his toilet; who created rolled neckcloths, first built the high coat-collar, introduced deportment, and (as Mr. Thackeray gratefully remarks) invented Brighton.

As a lover, the first gentleman of his day does not appear to advantage. Artists of the next century may perhaps be able to lend a picturesque and poetical aspect

to the moonlight landing of young Perdita Robinson in Kew Gardens; but it will only be when the subsequent meanness of the youthful adorer is forgotten. The pretty piece of mischief was led to the Prince by his younger brother, York; and when that tremendous institution "society," occupied itself with this matter, the most gossiping member of it was lenient. "I make the greatest allowances," says Horace Walpole, "for inexperience and novel passions."

Perdita, in her Memoirs, speaks of meeting at the Pantheon with the celebrated beauty, Mrs. Grace Elliott. She little thought that this latter lady was an especial favourite with the Prince, who seems to have transferred her with his bonds to the protection of the Duke of Orleans. Anything less romantic and more business-like can hardly be imagined. Grace Elliott passed into such complete oblivion, till her autobiography was recently published, that, on the appearance of that singular work, its authenticity was for a moment doubted. If the blood of this Prince of Wales be ever worth tracing up to himself, this curious volume alone will throw light on that genealogical pastime. The daughter of the Prince and Grace Dalrymple Elliott married into a ducal family of England. As far as beauty is concerned, she even excelled her almost matchless mother, with whose picture, at Haughton, by Gainsborough, the Prince became enamoured before he had seen the then peerless original.

Where a spark of sentiment was connected with these transient attachments, they may be looked on with some of the leniency liberally awarded to the first of them by Horace Walpole. There were other cases

where the friendship expressed reflected discredit on the taste of the Prince. There were several in which the homage paid brought less discredit on *him*, than public scorn and reprobation on the husbands of the ladies who profited by the infamy of their wives.

Then to his wives—Mrs. Fitzherbert and Caroline of Brunswick—he was but the sorriest of husbands. With the former, there was, at least, some wooing, though it had an insupportably ridiculous aspect. He was then divided between her and the bottle, but the beautiful widow prevailed over *all* rivals—like Joan of Kent herself. To the first homage offered she was coy, really had no honest relish for it; but the man who was in the habit of bleeding himself, that he might wear an interesting look in the eyes of the Cynthia of the minute, was not to be easily foiled. He threatened to have recourse to all sorts of improper extremities, and Moore records his tendency towards suicide, when lying a-bed, sick of love, he fired a pistol through the head of the bed itself. He went further than this on the present occasion. He did actually fetch blood by stabbing, or pricking himself in the side. While the blood was flowing, he despatched a couple of lords and two plain esquires, to entreat the lady to come and look upon him with feelings of compassion. If woman was ever to display the quality of tenderness, it must be now, when a dying Prince—a Prince dying for *her*—petitioned for a look of favour. Accordingly, to save his life, she visited the quasi-moribund lover, and engaged to espouse him. Lord Stourton asked her, subsequently, if she were satisfied of the Prince's peril and sincerity. How should she not be, since she had been permitted to

"see the scar frequently," and, as she conclusively added, "there was some brandy-and-water near his bed side when she was called to him on the day he wounded himself!"

A year intervened before the strange marriage of these opposite parties was solemnized; the ardent Prince accelerating it by a monster love-letter of seven-and-twenty pages,—the chief ingredient in which must have been the assurance that the writer's sire, George III., would not oppose the secret union! How the Prince himself, subsequently, denied its existence, and how faithless he was, even when feigning loyalty, are matters too well known to authorize me to dwell upon, even if I had space, and corresponding inclination.

But if the incidents of this wooing were ridiculous, and the marriage was romantic, yet the whole story is relieved from contempt by the sentiment which pervades it. The lady, especially, is above all reproach, save for consenting to save the Prince's life by marrying him. In the eye of the law alone the marriage was invalid; and, therefore, when at a future period, a proposal was made to the Prince to marry Caroline of Brunswick, he readily, or indifferently, assented;—simply, because the condition was the payment of his debts. He had never beheld that luckless lady; liked her less than he had hoped to do when his "favourite" Lady Jersey escorted her to the palace; and he stumbled towards her, at the altar, brimful of brandy and disgust.

For the consequences of this ill-advised match, the married couple themselves should be the *last* to be censured. Far indeed are they from being worthy to be called blameless; but for the devilish hatred which

they maintained one towards the other, for the wolfish with which the one persecuted, and the reckless with which one dishonoured the other, they are responsible who made that execrable marriage inevitable. Least blameable of all, perhaps, was the unhappy woman, for ever flung into a position in which she was too impetuous to meet its requirements with dignity.

The child of that marriage, the Princess Charlotte of Wales, had only the capricious affections of her father to make tolerable a childhood and youth, which by nature she could have thoroughly enjoyed. It is a singular fact, as we learn from Mr. Langdale's Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert, that the Princess had recourse to that lady, to protect her from the severity of her own father!

I am happy to be enabled to add that that father was not altogether heartless, that tender sentiment did not altogether perish within his breast, and that, after years of a discreditable life, he showed that, through them, he had preserved (to and for himself) an avowal of his attachment to his first wife. He possessed a portrait of her, which he valued greatly; it was with him on his death-bed, when he perused with strong emotion, the request of Mrs. Fitzherbert, to be permitted to attend on him in that extremity; and suspended round his neck by a silver chain, it went with him to the grave.

This is a redeeming trait; the Prince to whom it applies would have required no apologist, had he not from early life been condemned to be an idle man. Universally, in whatever grade of life, the idle man is

the devil's man. Idleness was imposed upon him. He was condemned to it. It was not of his seeking. Indulgence in it led to all his errors. In his nonage he was fond of sitting in the House of Commons, to listen to the debates, and thence learn, both theoretically and practically, the history, the nature, and the workings of the Constitution. He would sit there for five hours together. Some jealous members took umbrage at the presence of this knowledge-seeking lad; and his political studies were abolished for ever. In his father's cabinet he met with equal obstruction; and then, turning from the science of governing the world to that of ruining himself, he fell into bad hands, to men who dragged him into pollution, to friends who plucked him at play, and to farriers (type of other tradesmen), who presented him with bills for shoeing horses, to the amount of 10,000*l.*

Thence, perhaps, it came, that in his difficulties, he manifested himself more as a political intriguer than a statesman. Lord Cornwallis has shown how he was addicted to the furthering of political jobs, and applying for appointments for protégés whose advancement had been previously sold. Of his own rights he had an incorrect idea, and could not even express *that* in more than tolerable English. In 1789, May 30th, the Prince writes to Lord Cornwallis, from Carlton House: "How things have chang'd, and what a chequered scene of Life I have been oblig'd to go thro' for the last six months! Ere this, I suppose you will have heard of the King's Indisposition, and how the Minister attempted to destroy *my Rights*, bent to deprive every other individual of our family of the common

liberties and rights of Englishmen. Supported I have been by some *real and true friends*, at the head of whom, your Friend, my Brother stood foremost, w^h has gained immortal Honor. . . . Everything has fallen into very different hands. The King is convalescent, that is to say, he certainly is better, everything is thrown into the hands of the Queen, every Friend y^t supported me and the common cause of Succession in the Family if they had any place have been dismissed. . . . . they have had the Insolence to threaten the Duke of York with taking his Regiment of Foot Guards, and when they at last did not dare do that, they have brought officers into his Regiment, and committed towards him every species of Indignity, to force him to resign, w^h he has had prudence and coolness sufficient as well as firmness enough to resist, not only those great Officers, but numberless of a lower class whose sole dependence in life and sustenance depend upon their Places, have been disgracefully dismissed from their offices for their disinterested support of me and our Family. . . . . However, the very precarious nature of the King's health renders some People a little upon their guard who are not driven to a state of dispair, such as not only pervades the Minister himself, but his Adherents in general."

At a later period, in 1790, Lord Sydney writes to Cornwallis—"The Prince of Wales is taking all possible pains to form a strong party against the Government. He affects a great regard for the King. The Queen is held out as the object of the most inveterate as well as the most ungenerous and undeserved abuse. His Royal Highness governs his two brothers (the Dukes of York

and Clarence). Another (Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of Kent) has lately returned post from Geneva, but is going to Gibraltar."

At a period of another political difficulty, his instability is rather vindictively described by Moore, who in 1812 writes:—"There is no knowing what the Prince means to do; one can as little anticipate his measures as those of Buonaparte; but for a very different reason; I am sure the powder in his Royal Highness's hair is much more settled than anything in his head, or indeed heart, and would stand a puff of Mr. Perceval's much more stoutly." He had spirit, however, when too hard pressed. It was the threat of Grey and Grenville to ride rough-shod through Carlton House, which led to his sending for Liverpool, and the establishing of an extended career of often assailed but long unshaken Toryism.

The worst feature in the character of George Augustus was that of his want, not merely of duty, but of decency, as a son. The heavy affliction which fell upon the old King never affected him, except in a disposition to deny the recurring prospects of his father's recovery. On these occasions he spoke with unpardonable coarseness. He exhibited strange indelicacy when assuming control, accompanied by much confusion, during his father's attacks; and he reported the worst features of the case, rudely and without caution, to the Queen. When festivals were held to celebrate the temporary improvement in the King's health, he, and not he alone, did his best to mar them. When the decaying monarch was mourning over the death of the best loved of his daughters, Amelia, and was composing

programmes for the Concerts of Ancient Music, made up of all subjects from the old masters referring to blindness, and concluding with Jephthah's Lament for his Daughter, the Prince of Wales was making of Carlton House the locality of the most gorgeous and disorderly fête that ever celebrated the attainment of power. He spoke in the public streets, says Lord Malmesbury, more like an opposition member of Parliament than the heir-apparent; and on one occasion, when the King passed in procession through the streets, there were agents of the Prince stationed to shout—not for the father, but the son.

No amount of provocation could justify conduct such as this. On the other hand, we have little conception of the vindictiveness of the King towards his erring son. That vindictiveness culminated, when the Sovereign once intimated to Sir George Rose (who has recorded the alleged fact in his diary) that there was *one coward* in his family, but he would not mention his name, because he was to succeed him! The King's mind was at that time unsettled, or he would never have uttered a speech so absurd in its manner of expression, and so entirely unsupported by proof. Whenever the Prince had been desirous to display his courage in the field, he had always been contemptuously set aside. The Prince is open to so much reproach, that this calumny can only be met with all the more energetic protest. There may have been among the Brunswick princes some who had not head to dispose the bloody chances of a field; but there never was one who lacked stomach for a fight, or who, being in it, wanted heart to meet its perils with the dignity of valour.

There remains very much more to be said with re-
rd to the character of this Prince,—character which
d its fair as well as its sombre aspects; and this I
ay one day show when I have more space than is here
t me, at my disposal. I will terminate by recording
proof of his early good impulses, as told by Lady
negal to Moore, showing how the Prince came down
sguised to Lord Donegal's house, with one thousand
unds in his pocket, which he gave to Lord Spencer
amilton, then threatened with arrest. To Lord
lward Bouverie, when in difficulties, he made the
me gift. These impulses had left him after he had
en in contact with the worst side of the world, and
ien his old associates in jollity sorely needed succour.
With this record of the early healthy impulses of the
ince of Wales, I take my leave of readers whose
tience I may have already too severely tested, and
iose indulgence I solicit with respect, and with con-
ence born of experience. I will only express a hope
at it may be long before an author has to add another
the roll of Princes given in this volume; and, that
ien that time comes, he may have to record the career
one, braver than the bravest in my list; happier
an the happiest; the promise of whose youth was
pt in his manhood; whose friendships were those
iich the severest might approve; whose faults—for
inces are human—were venial in themselves, and
st altogether in his virtues; and whose whole career
forded another proof of the assertion, that great and
od men are especially the work of noble mothers.

THE END.

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